



GENERAL LIBRARY
MAY 24 1912

Digitized by Google

Everybody's
Magazine



Bon Ami

Best for Metal Ware

Bon Ami is the most effective and the most economical metal polisher made.

It will not scratch, stain or corrode.

Brass, copper, nickel and tin surfaces polished with Bon Ami have a shimmer and sheen that nothing else can give—and the *polish lasts*.

Bon Ami will not injure the hands nor any article upon which it is used.

It is the one scouring soap that does not scratch.

Not only is Bon Ami best for polishing metal ware, but it is unequalled for cleaning windows, painted wood work, enameled ware, linoleum, etc., etc.

*Twenty-one years on
the market
"Hasn't scratched
yet!"*



THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK for JUNE

JUNE hath 30 days

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

1912

Predictions

In June, 1912, the cut-glass almond dishes given as wedding presents to June brides in 47 states would, if placed end to end, reach from Oconomowoc, Wis., to Worcester, Mass. The Philadelphia Athletics will take the lead in the pennant race. Eighteen successors to O. Henry will come forward. Four ministers will denounce the bathing-suit as the cause of all crime. The cost of living will increase.



TO JUNE

*My pipes of Pan are all in tune;
I am about to trill a lay
About the excellence of June,
The well-known month that follows
May.*

*(See—let me recommend it highly—
"Knee-deep in June," by Mister Riley.)*

*O leafy June! O lovely month!
O month of hymeneal bliss!
Pray think me not a poet unth-
Ankful for dodging thee like this;
But I can not address thee so well
As did (q. v.) James Russell Lowell.*

*Shakespeare and Swinburne wrote of
thee.*

*Then who am I that should attempt
Add to thy praise a small degree?
Nay, June, I hold I am exempt.
So, giving thee honorable mention,
I thank thee for thy kind attention.*

Editorial Notes

Any mistakes in time occurring in this department may be referred to as almanackronisms.



Anagram

Alike are the first and the last
of my name,
My second and fourth are exact-
ly the same;
My third, in the alphabet, fol-
lows my first,
My whole is too small to slake
any one's thirst.
But millions—so runs the pro-
verbial notion—
Of me go together to make up
the ocean.

Answer: MINIM.

Fascinating Facts

The average annual rainfall at Fort Haskins, Ore., is 66 inches.

The first almanac was printed by George Von Furbach in 1460.

A train going at a uniform rate of 60 miles per hour traverses one mile each minute.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters and 773,746 words. One year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK to the first person under 17 years of age proving that our count is wrong.

Antimony melts at 842° Fahr.



A Joke in Rhyme.

A lady who purchased a pair
Of stockings (oh, say, this is
funny),
Remarked, when they started to
tear:
"I am getting a run for my
money."

DIAGRAM: A tear in a stocking is often known as a run.

- 1—Sa. —Brigham Young, inventor of Brighamism, born, 1801
- 2—Su. —Maine prohibition law passed, 1851. *Trinity } Warmer and humid.*
- 3—M. —Alcoholic beverages sold in Bangor and Portland, 1851.
- 4—Tu. —Mexico declares war against U. S., 1845.
- 5—W. —After-dinner oratory invented by Beelzebub, B. C. 1677.
- 6—Th. —Nathan Hale born, 1755.
- 7—Fr. —Roosevelt forecasts result of Rep. Nat. Convention, 1912.
- 8—Sa. —Lord De la Warr arrives at Jamestown, Va., with supplies for first settlers, 1610. Increased cost of living introduced into Virginia, 1610.
- 9—Su. —John Howard Payne, author satirical poem "Home, Sweet Home," born, 1791.
- 10—M. —Strawberry shortcake invented by Proserpine and Hebe on Mt. Olympus, B. C. 1066.
- 11—Tu. —New York Sun attacks Roosevelt, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911.
- 12—W. —New York City incorporated, 1665.
- 13—Th. —The Chicago Stock Yards discovered by Upton Sinclair, 1905.
- 14—Fr. —Flag of stars and stripes adopted by Congress, 1777. Approved by George M. Cohan, 1902. John Bartlett, compiler "Familiar Quotations," born, 1820.
- 15—Sa. —Franklin draws electricity from clouds and proves identity with lightning, 1752.
- 16—Su. —Pharaoh's daughter discovers Moses, B. C. 2760.
- 17—M. —Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775. Washington made commander-in-chief of army, 1775. Two ball games in Boston, 1912.
- 18—Tu. —Hydrogen peroxide (H_2O_2) discovered by Cleopatra, B. C. 42 (Cf. Antony's "I am dyeing, Egypt, dyeing").
- 19—W. —Plans for New York subway completed, 1887.
- 20—Th. —Daniel Saunders, founder of Lawrence, Mass., born 1796.
- 21—Fr. —American army arrives in Cuba, 1898. ☉Enters☽SUMMER BEGINS.
- 22—Sa. —Theodore Roosevelt has photograph taken in Cuba, 1898.
- 23—Su. —Wm. Penn puts real estate deal over on Indians, 1683.
- 24—M. —Editor EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK wishes he could afford vacation, 1912.
- 25—Tu. —Schedule K discovered by Nelson W. Aldrich, 1902.
- 26—W. —Serenio E. Payne born, 1843.
- 27—Th. —Cornelius Vanderbilt born, 1794. *Rain }*
- 28—Fr. —Turkey trot barred by Sodom and Gomorrah Pleasure Club, B. C. 1635.
- 29—Sa. —Tax on tea, glass, and paper imposed by Great Britain, 1767.
- 30—Su. —Fiscal year ends. Time to cut coupons.

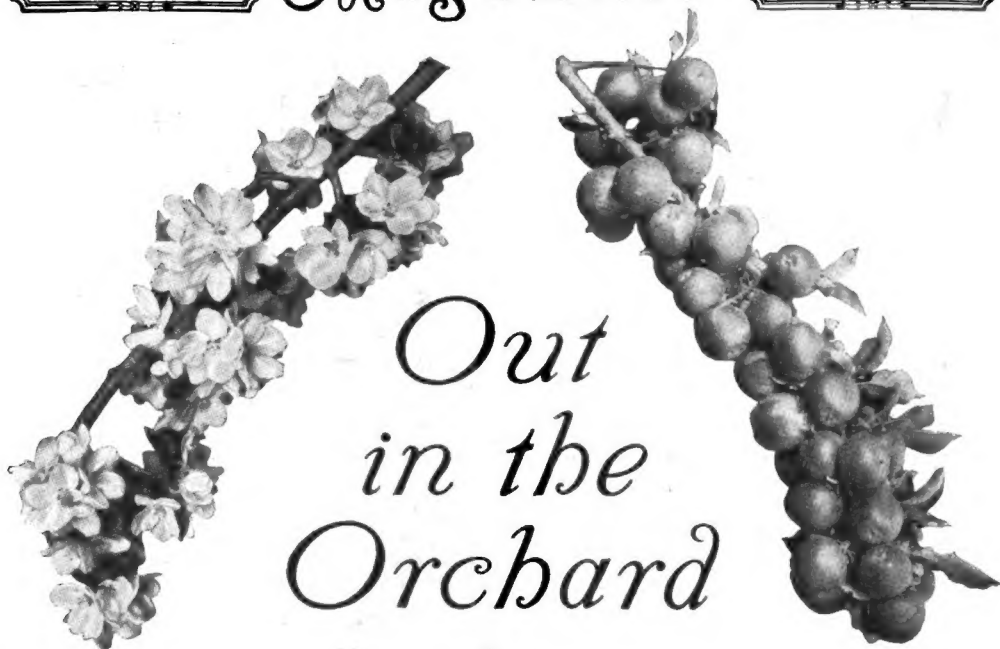


Composite photograph by Oliver Lippincott, New York; individual photographs copyrighted by Clinelinst and Harra & Ewing, Washington.

COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF THIRTEEN INSURGENT SENATORS

SENATORS LAFOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN, BORAH OF IDAHO, BROWN OF NEBRASKA, CLAPP OF MINNESOTA,
BOURNE OF OREGON, WORKS OF CALIFORNIA, POINDEXTER OF WASHINGTON, DIXON
OF MONTANA, CRAWFORD OF SOUTH DAKOTA, BRISTOW OF KANSAS, CUMMINS
OF IOWA, GRONNA OF NORTH DAKOTA, KENYON OF IOWA.

The Insurgents—Page 770



Out in the Orchard

by
Carlyle Ellis



EVERED Reader, spare me a moment in which to recall to you certain vivid and delectable memories of your apple-consuming youth.

There were those sharp October mornings on the farm when you awoke hungry and hurried out into the orchard that began just behind the tool-house. There was a whole new crop of windfalls to be garnered in the wet grass. You had heard the dull thump of a big one just before you went to sleep. You were sure it was the reddest ever and—ah!—that you had found it. It was all dewy and made your fingers feel freezing, but the taste of it lingers with you to this day. You remember that you were just getting really started on it when they called you in to breakfast.

And, later in the year, there was a room in the cellar that possessed a compelling attraction for you. It had a wooden door that was sometimes padlocked, but there

never was a door that could keep that apple smell in. You caught it first at the head of the stairs, and by it you could find the door in the dark. Inside was a bin of Greenings that you scorned because of the rows of barrels at the end. At these you lingered ecstatically (eating the while), and when the barrels were low you hung perilously upside down in them in a very orgy of enjoyment.

Where are these apples of yesteryear? Where are the little red-cheeked, white-fleshed Snow and the big, red Northern Spy, whose creamy-yellow interior was so rich in flavor? What of Pippin and Winesap, and of Astrakhan, Spitzenberg, and Ben Davis? I, too, have one to ask about. What has become of the long-nosed, golden-skinned Sweets, which were so wonderful for baking? I have not seen them for twenty years.

In this matter perhaps you and I are willing to be called sentimental old fogies. There are no such apples nowadays as there



Photograph by Frank Palmer

A TREE SET OUT IN THE SPOKANE VALLEY THE DAY THE BOY WAS BORN—BOTH NOW FOUR YEARS OLD.

were when we were boys.

We are inclined to blame it on the systematizing of apple-growing. One real old foggy once explained it to me (and to his entire satisfaction) thus:

"Waal, ye see, this yere high-toned, scientific cultivatin' just don't give 'em a chance to git a flavor. They're too busy makin' a show."

"Making a show" the apples of to-day certainly are. Their gorgeous crimson shouts to you from the city fruit-stands the year through. Remember what you said the last time it tempted you into purchasing at ten cents apiece? You said:

"I wouldn't take a bushel of these for one of the kind we grew down on the farm when I was a boy."

You were serious about it, too. Yet the fruit was a marvel of perfection. No waxen product could have been lovelier—every apple of a size, true to type in shape, full-colored to the bottom of the stem-pit, and flawless of skin. Even its interior was admirable, glistening with juice, and easy to bite. Still you were not satisfied.

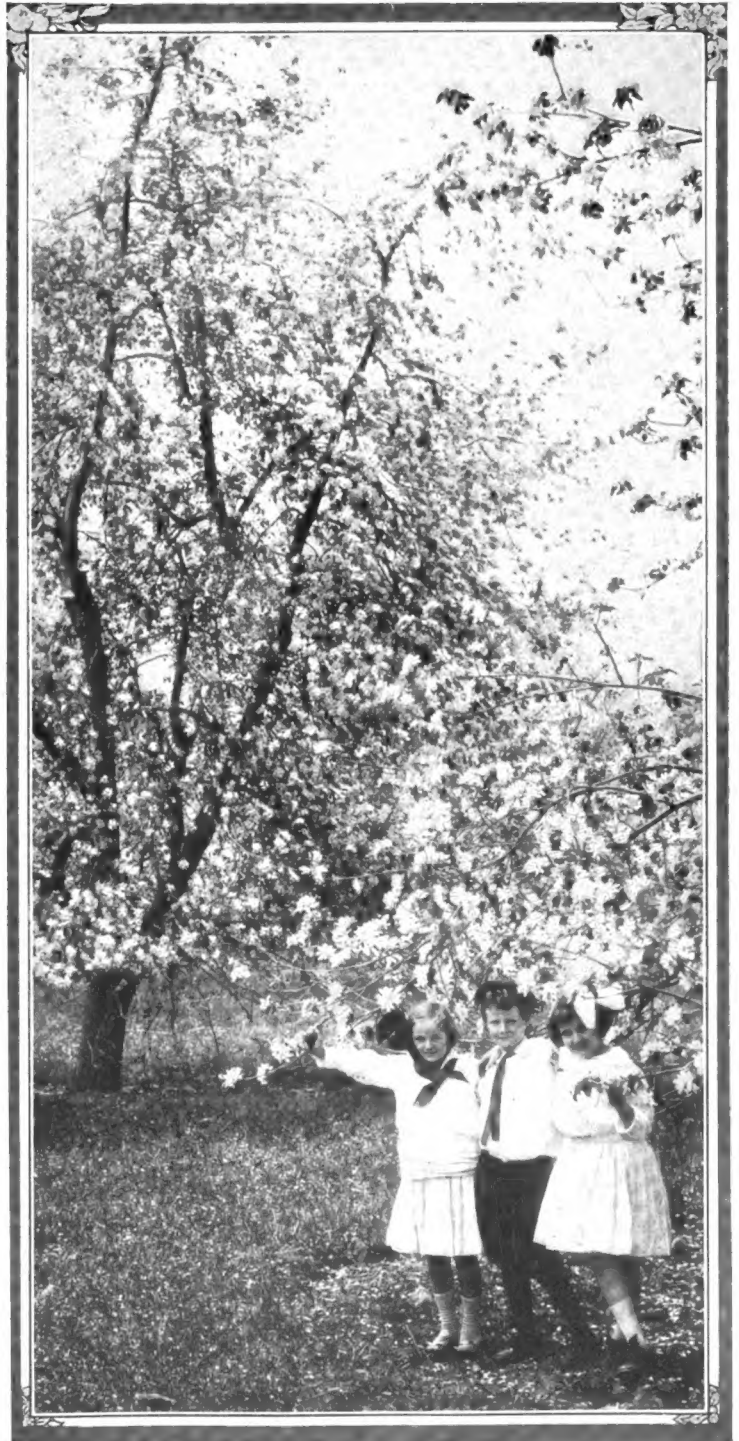
So you called on your grocer and asked for the variety you remembered best. He smiled reminiscently and told you they

didn't come into the market any more; had sorta gone outa style, he guessed. He offered you apples wrapped in tissue-paper and packed in rows and layers in a box; but you shook your head sadly. The kind you wanted had always come out of barrels—if they had ever got farther than the grass in the orchard. Didn't apples ever come out of barrels any more?

Oh, yes! Your grocer had a bar'l of Greenings in the cellar, but them was cookin' apples. However, he might get you a bar'l o' Bens or Yorks.

You had never heard of York Imperials, but you had heard men make a joke of the old Ben Davis, and anyway you didn't want a barrel of anything. You wanted to revivify a memory. You were in search of an apple of yesteryear.

I am starting out on the same quest. I want to know if the times and the orchards have really changed since our boyhood; if it is true that the great American apple has kept abreast of the great American himself, growing, like him, much more exclusive, hygienic, decorative, and expensive, vastly improving his environment and his industrial importance, but as to honest, solid worth — Question.



Photograph by C. Ford Barr



AN ORCHARD NEAR WINCHESTER, THE MOST IMPORTANT
APPLE CENTER IN VIRGINIA.



We may also have thought of going into this business of growing apples ourselves. What, we have wanted to know, are its dangers and drawbacks, what are its promises or assurances of reward? These are questions worth answering. Will you come with me on my quest? . . .

Good! Let us begin, then, at the upper left-hand corner of the country. Early on an autumn morning we are dropped from a transcontinental limited at Wenatchee, Washington. Instantly, if you are an Easterner, you know yourself in a strange land. The unforgettable, pungent tang of the sage-brush is in the air; the rounded yellow mountains and the sloping valley are bare of forest or woodland, and the river—the Columbia—flows between stark-naked banks. In this valley of the Columbia or its tributaries are most of the apple lands of the Northwest. They begin thinly across the Canadian line, blossom into newly fruiting orchards at Kettle Falls, and reach their first important producing center at Wenatchee.

APPLE GARDENS

Wenatchee is a typical Western town with a dominant idea—apples. Even its history is told in terms of apples. In the late sixties came the first white settlers, the Miller brothers, and in a wild but prophetic moment planted several acres of apple-trees in the desert, watering them with a home-made ditch from a near-by creek. Some of these trees are still bearing, and more heavily than ever. In 1900 the first big irrigation ditch began watering eleven hundred acres. To-day there are about twenty thousand acres with water in the Wenatchee Valley. In 1911 there were about thirty-five hundred acres of apples in bearing, yielding nearly two thousand carloads of fruit. Yet this was virtually only the third commercial crop. Back in 1900, when planting really began, Wenatchee's population was four hundred and fifty. Ten years later it was four thousand—an apple population.

From the hillsides the orchards stretch out in miles of neat, green checker-board squares—the younger ones showing the clean gray earth between the even rows. At nearer view the rows are not less even nor the earth less clean. Our automobile runs in and out among the trees on the

fresh-rolled level soil with never a jolt. The trees are all about twelve feet high and evenly laden with ripening fruit. You may search in vain for a wormy or rotting apple, for rusty leaves or a caterpillar; and the ground is clear of windfalls. The laden branches are tied together with living bonds—small branches stripped and wound together till they have married and grown strong as one. A garden of rare plants could not be more carefully tended.

The apples are chiefly Winesaps, Stayman Winesaps, yellow Newtowns, and Spitzenbergs. The Winesap is an old Southern apple, brilliant red, late to mature, an excellent keeper, and of good though not remarkable flavor. The profit stories you hear seem almost incredible, but they can be authenticated, and they explain the apple-growing fever of the Northwest. Many fortunes have been made, some, it is true, by fruit-land speculation, but many also by fruit-growing alone. There have been large yields every year, and they have all made profits so far; large yields will go on year after year, and large profits will still continue—if prices hold their own.

You will hear much, on our travels, of the threatened overproduction of apples, and these are some of the salient facts:

In 1896 the United States produced sixty-nine million barrels of apples. In the last three years the crop has not exceeded twenty-five million barrels, while the population has increased fifteen millions. On the other hand, apples to-day must compete with an annual importation of forty-four million bunches of bananas and millions of other fruit that we did not have in 1896. Then consider the enormous areas that will come into bearing in the next few years! At the present rate of increase, the Northwest alone would be producing twenty-five million boxes of apples within five years, if it were not for the fact that a great percentage of the lands put into apples in the past three years are unsuited for apples and will never come into commercial bearing.

During the winter months a course of lectures on the theory and practice of horticulture in its application to the district is given in Wenatchee, under the auspices of the wide-awake Commercial Club, by the official horticultural expert for the district. These are regularly attended by about two hundred and fifty growers from all parts of



Photograph by J. Gaymon.



PACKING AT WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON. UNDER MODERN METHODS ONLY PERFECT FRUIT IS PACKED, AND EVERY APPLE IS SEPARATELY WIPED AND WRAPPED.



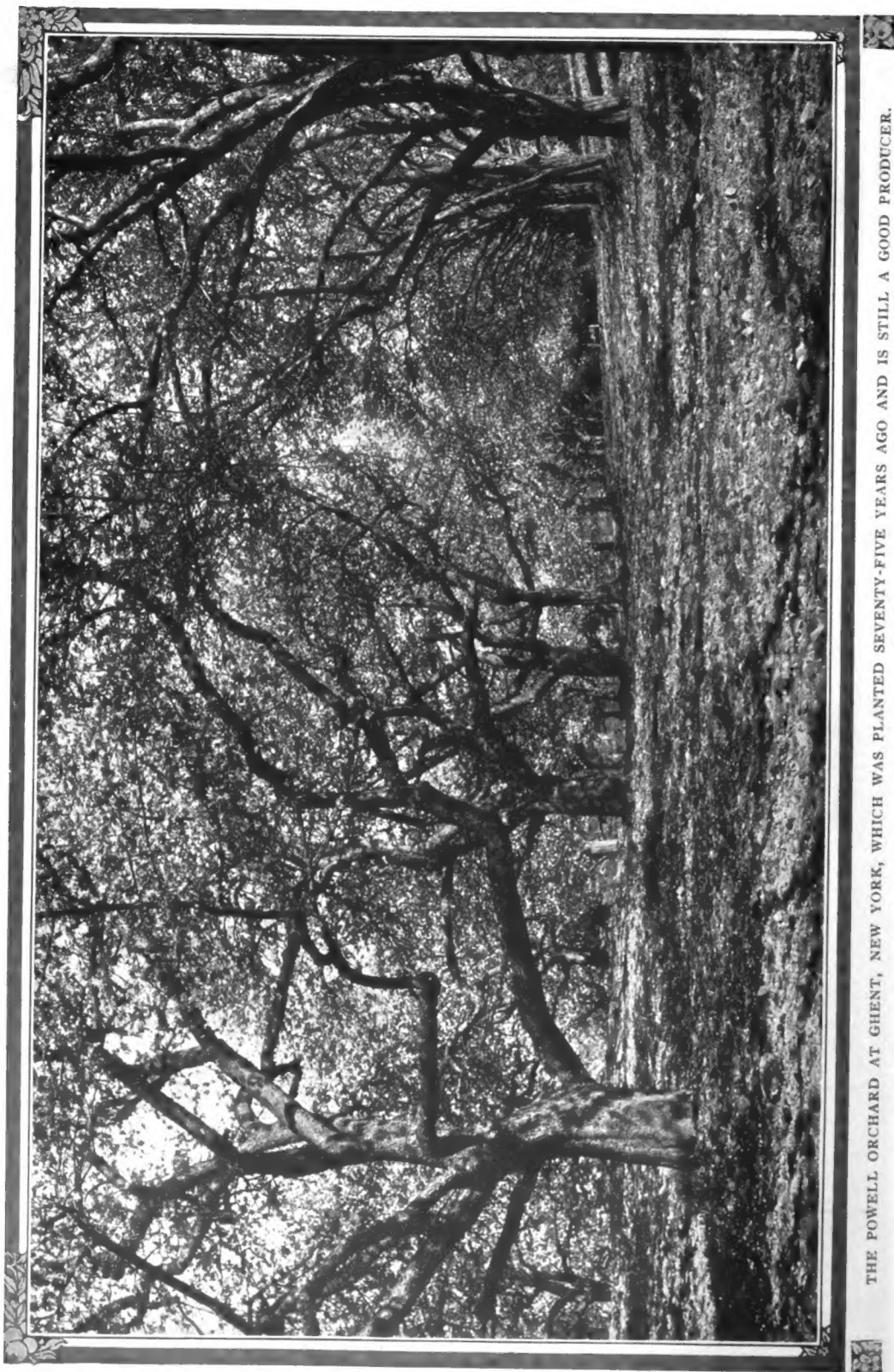
the valley. Among them last winter was a former druggist of Chicago, who drove seven miles in all weathers each week to attend the lectures. This man is eighty years old, and last summer he himself planted an apple-orchard. When asked if it was not rather late in life to start apples, he answered briskly:

"Oh, my, no! I'm good for at least ten years more, and that means five crops to my credit anyway. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

The Yakima Valley, which begins about

forty miles below Wenatchee and runs southward to the Columbia, is the Wenatchee district's keenest rival. The town of North Yakima is the center of an area that produced twenty-five hundred carloads of apples and eighteen hundred carloads of other fruits in 1910, the crop being valued at \$3,840,000. The Wenatchee crop was only seventeen hundred carloads of apples, besides some other fruit that year. But the balance was reversed in 1911.

Both districts are dependent on water; each has the characteristic volcanic ash of



THE POWELL ORCHARD AT GHENT, NEW YORK, WHICH WAS PLANTED SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO AND IS STILL A GOOD PRODUCER.





the belt for soil; the grading, packing, and selling methods are similar, and the same varieties flourish, although Spitzenbergs and Jonathans predominate in the Yakima.

Both are tributary to Spokane, which is something of an apple-growing section itself and, besides, has the National Apple Show—quite an extraordinary affair. Spokane is a whizzing modern city, and it has been the source of a large part of the fruit-land-promotion schemes that have been heard of so much. Some of these were out-and-out wildcats, and many others were straight enough but wholly experimental. The only real test of apple-land is apple-growing, and that takes five or six years. It is amazing how often throughout the Western country land that was utterly condemned by fruit men has turned out the very best. This whole idea of desert orchards was a dream—mostly undreamt—twenty years ago.

The orchards of the Spokane Valley are very beautiful, though they are not at all like the orchards of our boyhood. The old elements of romance are missing, but the modern romance of efficiency is not: the

very trees seem to be on the alert; they are swift, sure, fruit-producing machines, and Kipling has proved that there is poetry in machinery. It does not occur to you to idle around these orchards. You study them keen-eyed, and instinctively talk in terms of business. You don't ask where you can find some good ones to fill your pockets with and eat on the way home, or if there is any good fishing. You want to know how much to the acre. It's in the air.

Spokane is near the Idaho line, and from there one visits the Lewiston-Clarkson district, along the Snake River, and the important Bitter Root Valley in Montana. This valley, lying south of Missoula, Montana, is young as an orchard section, but it shipped four hundred and fifty carloads of apples in 1911. Its specialty is the variety called McIntosh Red, for which it is famous. More than three million five hundred thousand new trees have been set out here in two years. And the same things are exactly true of the big Payette district in southern Idaho and half a dozen others in this corner of the country.

Now we drop down the Columbia River



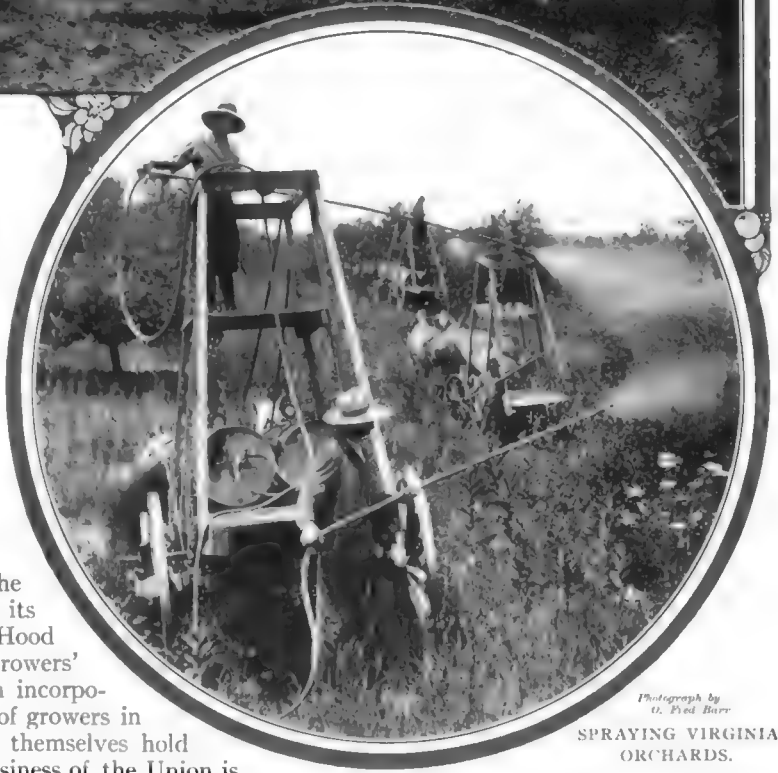
Photograph by J. Gagnon

NEW SYSTEM OF IRRIGATING, BY PIPES INSTEAD OF BY DITCHES. FIRST WATER ON NEWLY PLANTED TREES AT WENATCHEE.

to the Hood River Valley in Oregon, whose apples are about the most successfully advertised in the world.

Here we find the "western pack" at its best, thanks to the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union. This is an incorporated combination of growers in which the members themselves hold the stock. The business of the Union is primarily to find a market for its members' fruit at the highest possible price; to receive and ship the fruit to best advantage; and to maintain and stand behind such a standard of pack that its label will be a virtual guarantee of excellence.

To do this it makes strict rules, and in order that these rules may be sure of enforcement it provides trained packers to handle the crop. The Union will not ship a box of apples that has not been filled by a Union packer. He in turn is responsible for his pack to the Union, and his identification number must go in every box. In addition,



Photograph by O. Fred Barr

SPRAYING VIRGINIA ORCHARDS.

tion, there is stamped on the outside the grower's name and address, the variety of the fruit, the grade, and the exact number of apples in the box.

The problem of supplying competent packers is solved by a free packing-school run by the Union. The men are all well paid, as the work requires judgment and skill. The various operations involved are interesting to watch.

The first one is the picking. There is no shaking into blankets in the modern orchard. No apple is allowed a fall of even an inch. Each one is pulled from the twig

and laid in the bottom of the canvas bucket that the picker wears. The fruit is transferred to the tables with equal care, even rolling being avoided as far as possible. Each apple is wiped with a cloth, sorted according to size—a difference of half an inch would change the grade—and then wrapped, after being looked over for faults, by the packer, and placed in the paper-lined box.

Here are the requirements of a fancy or first-grade apple as laid down by the Hood River Union:

Perfect apples only. The apples must be free from worm holes, stings, scale, fungus, scab, rust or any other disease, and free from all insect pests, decay or injury. They must be free from bruises and limb rubs and the skin around the stem must not be broken. All apples must be clean, fully matured, not deformed and must have a healthy color. All red apples must be of good color.

It is interesting to compare these stringent requirements with some "Packing Don'ts" issued not long ago by the North Carolina Department of Agriculture:

DON'T mix varieties, apples of different shapes and colors, in one package.

DON'T mix windfalls with hand-picked apples.

DON'T pack bruised, badly worm-eaten, or partly decayed fruit.

DON'T put all the good apples in the end of the barrels and poor fruit in the center.

DON'T handle the apples as though they were made of stone.

There is probably not a single grower in all the West who would not see each one of these "don'ts" as a huge joke.

Hood River has a "brotherhood" of fruit growers whose chief object is the experting of its members' orchards, and to this end they assess themselves fifty cents an acre annually. With this fund a skilled horticulturist of scientific training is employed by the year, and it is his mission to solve the problems of the district and of each grower individually.

The number of fruit-growers in the valley—which has a population of eight thousand—is about five hundred, of which eighty-five per cent. are members of the Union. The area in orchards in the valley is between ten thousand and twelve thousand acres, with not more than ten per cent. yet in bearing. This orchard area is being enlarged at the rate of about one hundred thousand trees a year, of which ninety per cent. are nearly equally divided between Newtowns and Spitzenbergs—five per cent.

being devoted to the necessary pollenizers.

This matter of pollenizers is most important; but, outside the Northwest, growers generally have failed to take account of it. Department of Agriculture investigators have established the fact that most varieties of apples produce more and better fruit when there is cross-pollination with other and suitable varieties than when there is in-breeding or pollination only from the same variety.

Apple-growing is beginning in various parts of Oregon, but there is only one other district of large importance. That is the Rogue River country to the southward, near the California line, with the town of Medford as one of the three centers. This important district is a keen rival of Hood River.

These Oregon fruit districts have made a heroic fight against pests and have won the fight. In this they have been assisted by the state, which has passed rigorous laws requiring a certain number of sprayings each year, the destruction of infected trees where the diseases are past control, and the destruction of all nursery stock from outside that is in any way affected. The state of Washington has a similar law, and that is one of the reasons why you may search the whole Northwest from top to bottom without finding a neglected and dying orchard like those that surround every country town in the East.

California is a large producer of apples, and was the first Pacific state to develop a commercial crop. It early began the box-pack, an idea borrowed from its treatment of its citrus-fruit crop. Candor compels the admission, however, that the California apples are inferior both in quality and in pack to the Northern fruit. Apples are best flavored, apparently, when the trees must fight for existence against cold. The California climate makes the attaining of maturity too easy a matter to develop the Northern characteristics.

Most of the California apples are grown in the Pajaro Valley, which opens on the sea, and is watered by the strange nightly fogs that are familiar in San Francisco. The commercial capital of the valley is Watsonville, and a very large business is done, since the apples come into the market when other apples are scarce. The growers, most of whom are Dalmatians, are extraordinarily successful; but the crop is generally



Copyright, 1910, by Benjamin A. Offord.



Digitized by Google

MOUNT HOOD OVERLOOKS ONE OF THE FINEST APPLE DISTRICTS IN THE COUNTRY.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sold on the trees, or "on the blossom," to big Dalmatian dealers who make little attempt to rival the Northwestern pack. The apples are Newtown Pippins and are nearly all exported to Europe.

California has a new apple district, however, that is considerably farther inland and at a higher altitude; its center is the new town of Sebastapol, a short distance east of Sacramento. The state produced about four thousand carloads of apples last year, chiefly of Newtown Pippins and Bell-flowers.

In all of the desert states east of the Rockies orchard-planting is following the irrigation-ditch; but the work is largely experimental except in Colorado, where a very large and prospering apple industry is established, centering in Grand Junction and Canyon City.

Grand Junction lies in a broad valley twenty-five miles long that is irrigated from end to end. The chief varieties of apples grown are Jonathans, Grimes' Golden, Ben Davis, and Gano, with some Missouri Pippins and Winesaps. Seventy-five per cent. of the apple crop from the entire valley is handled by the Grand Junction Fruit Growers' Association, and it amounted in 1910 to nine hundred and thirty-three carloads, besides seven hundred and fifty carloads of other fruits.

The Colorado growers were the first to use the box-pack, but they discovered that their middle Western market did not require a layered pack; in fact, did not want it, and was quite content to have the boxes "double-faced diamond"—that is, with two layers arranged in overlapping rows on the top and the rest jumbled. So the "jumbled pack" is the rule.

The Grand Junction Fruit Growers' Association does not, like the Hood River, provide packers, but it inspects every consignment of fruit as it comes into the packing-houses and rigidly maintains its standard.

Like all the associations and the individual growers everywhere, this organization avoids when possible the selling of fruit on consignment, that is, shipping haphazard to a commission man to be sold for what the fruit will bring. The method has too often been disastrous to the grower, who believes that he has gambled enough when he has grown, picked, and packed his crop.

There is always a long and amusing duel

over prices between the associations and the buyers sent out by the commission houses. It is to the interest of the buyers to discourage the growers to the utmost, and their crop predictions are invariably for bumper production and an overloaded market. In the Northwest their efforts are directed toward getting the individual growers to desert the associations and sell to them direct in advance, their argument being that prices are going to drop and that the ten cents a box or five per cent. commission, as the case may be, to the association will be a clear addition to their profit.

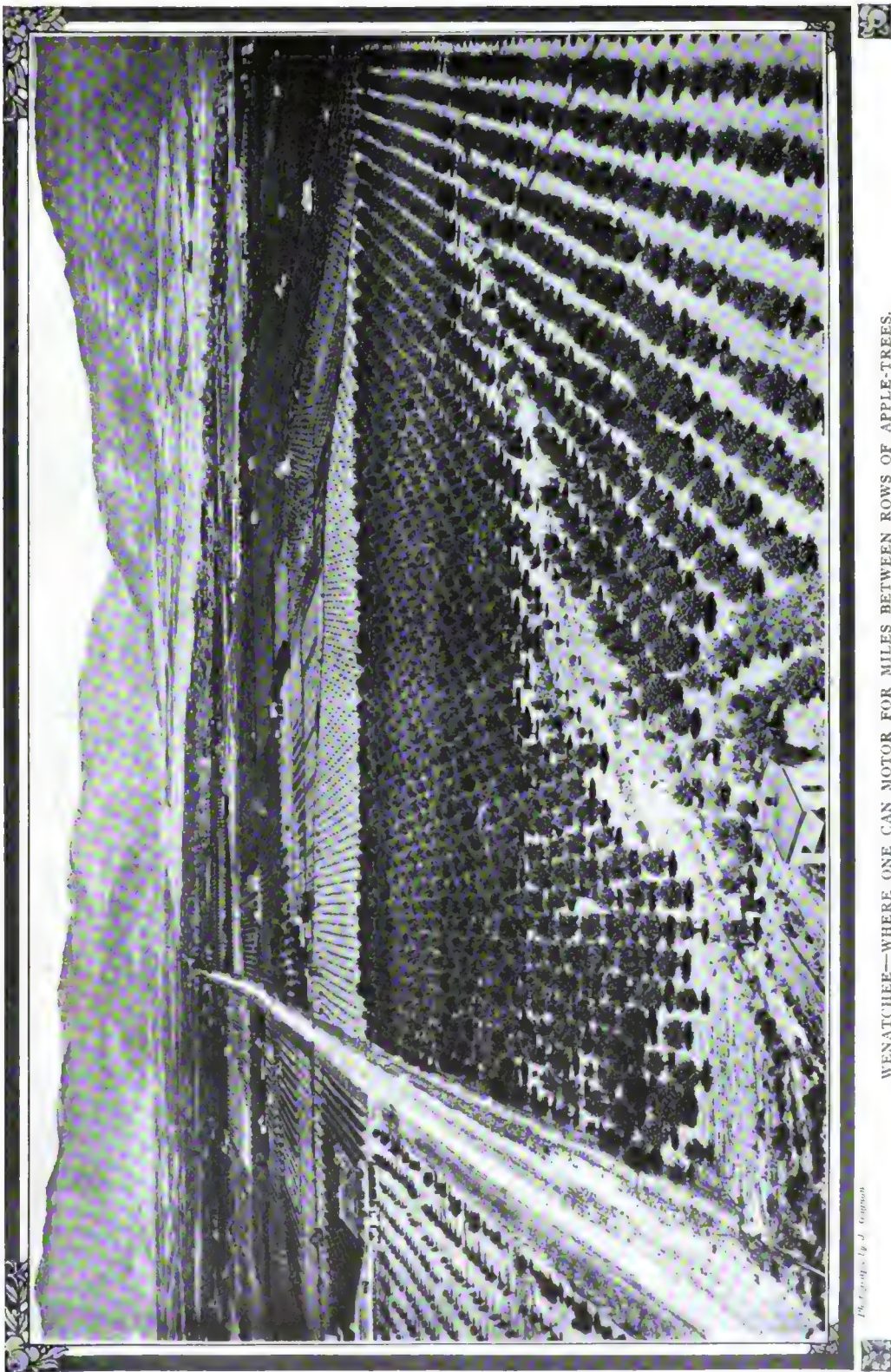
With skilled business men at their head, the associations, however, are as good at "jockeying for the wind" as the buyers. When the buyers have cleaned up the loose carloads and market conditions have settled into something like definite shape, they come to the associations, and a large part of the Northwestern crop is contracted for by them before it is off the trees.

But even at that the grower frequently gets not thirty per cent. of what the consumer pays for his box of apples. As many as three middlemen's profits are sometimes added before the goods are in the hands of the retail dealer.

Grand Junction expects, almost annually, a fight with spring frosts, and it is well equipped for the battle. The chief problem is, of course, that of emergency labor, and in this the townsfolk lend hearty cooperation. A list of volunteer fighters is made up in advance, and when frost is threatened headquarters are established in the Chamber of Commerce rooms. Almost every able-bodied man in the city has volunteered, and many are on hand at headquarters throughout the night, while rows of volunteer automobiles line the near-by streets.

From hour to hour telephoned reports of temperature and wind come in from the outer points and are recorded. Thus the danger points can be spotted in advance. Every grower in the valley and all his men are on the watch. Now comes a call for help from a distant orchard. There is need of five more helpers, and a motor-load of the waiting volunteers is flying out along the country road within two minutes, to refill the rows of smudge pots with which the frost is fought.

Now the calls begin to come in from many parts. The drop is sharp, and it will be a hard night's work. The reserves are called



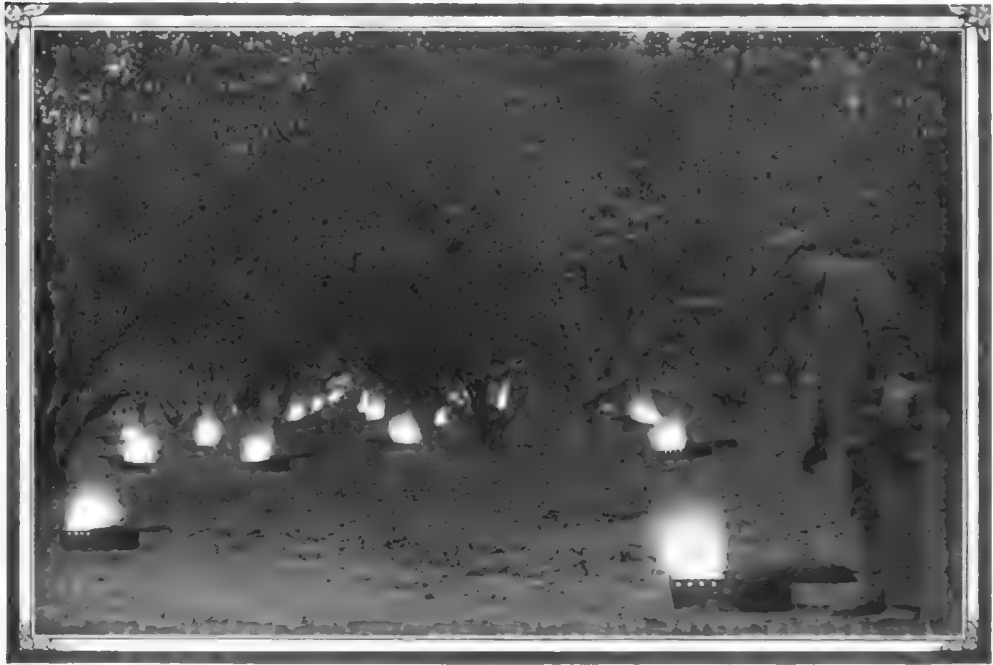
WENATCHEE—WHERE ONE CAN MOTOR FOR MILES BETWEEN ROWS OF APPLE-TREES.

The Century Co. by J. G. Thompson

from their beds, and car after car goes whizzing away into the night. The salvage is perhaps a quarter of a million dollars.

We have now heard the story of the far West, and while we have come no nearer in

the rapidly increasing Western and Eastern production. Whether or not this means overproduction in five or ten years is a question actively in dispute, and it is difficult if not impossible to settle in advance.



Copyright, 1901, by F. E. Dean

TENDING FIRE POTS ON A FROSTY NIGHT IN THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY, COLORADO.

our sentimental search, we have glimpsed a big and vital panorama of productive industry. From Washington to Colorado we have found an irrigated apple belt throughout which an annual crop of fair size and good quality is virtually assured. We have found throughout this belt that insect pests and plant diseases are under almost complete control; that apple-growing has, in general, passed the experimental stage and is in the hands of wide-awake, energetic, and scientifically equipped growers, most of whom are making substantial and even extraordinary profits after their five years' wait.

The total cost of producing a box of apples in this belt is from forty-five to eighty cents, and the selling price runs usually from one to two dollars. In general, there is organized selling, so that the grower is relieved from that responsibility.

On the other hand, there is the distance from the Eastern markets to consider, and

It is part of the gamble—in fact, the chief part.

Between 1890 and 1900 Kansas took the apple fever and planted about seven million young trees—large areas of Ben Davis and its near relation, Gano; but late spring frosts began to prove the rule instead of the exception. Crop after crop has been lost in recent years, and the growers are reported to be much discouraged. The 1911 crop in this state, as well as in Missouri and Arkansas, was estimated to be below thirty per cent. of normal.

Missouri's Ozark Ben Davises and Missouri Pippins formed nearly nine per cent. of the country's total crop a year or two ago, and were the largest single item in the crop. It is doubtful if the Ben Davis is the cherished apple of your youth, and it certainly is not mine; but its brilliant color makes a brave showing through the green valleys of the rugged Ozarks, and modern cultural

methods have vastly improved its quality.

Arkansas, besides being an important Ben Davis country, is the home of one of the most beautiful of red apples, the Arkansas Black, so called because of the rich depth of its color. This apple is frequently grown in small quantities in the West.

The most successful and interesting of the Southern apple regions is the Shenandoah Valley and the areas adjoining it in Virginia, West Virginia, and North Carolina. To the east of the Blue Ridge in Virginia is the famous Albemarle Pippin country, which centers in Charlottesville. With our thoughts filled with memories of those clean and business-like Western orchards, the extra care of which has paid so well, we seek men that are doing the same sort of thing in the Old South, and are directed to J. J. Boaz, at Covesville, near Charlottesville.

We reach the still Southern village on a soft, hazy autumn morning and at once are reminded of *The Quest*. Surely we are "getting warmer."

Forty years ago Mr. Boaz's father foresaw the end of profitable tobacco raising in that part of Virginia and, in spite of the gibes of his neighbors, began to set out apple-trees. They thought him literally insane, for fruit at that time had no market whatever. It was a waste product. But the elder Boaz saw truly, and he lived to see his prophecy of a great and new industry fulfilled and his almost profitless farm become a gold mine to his family.

The present holder took charge of the eleven hundred acres, with their twelve thousand trees, only a few years ago, and began at once to prune heavily, to fertilize, spray and cultivate. The results were immediate. The first year the production doubled, and the quality was so improved that he sold his entire crop on the trees to a single New York firm for the highest price the Boaz apples had ever brought. Year by year the crop increased a thousand to two thousand barrels, and in 1911 he harvested ten thousand barrels, which he again sold on the trees. Meanwhile, he added two thousand more trees, making fourteen thousand in all.

Handling an orchard of this size scattered in and out among the steep, protected "draws" or gullies of the Virginia hills is a very different matter from caring for ten to twenty acres of clean young Western trees in a single block. Mr. Boaz has not

attained to Western cultural standards. That is a practical impossibility under the conditions. But he is a thorough progressive, and he is moving forward year by year, followed, though at some distance, by his neighbors.

About spraying he is unyielding, and every Pippin tree—most of his orchards are in the famous Albemarle—has its five to seven thorough applications a season, the Winesaps and York Imperials getting three. The results are apparent as we drive through the orchards. Such quantities of this excellent apple, so clean with its pale-green skin, we have seldom seen. This is the fruit that the English taste has been taught to consider the best in the world. We, who were children in the apple states, may think differently. But England will take nearly all this crop at fancy prices, and a big slice of the Western crop as well.

BOX OR BARREL?

In this Eastern country the great apple question of box-pack *versus* barrel-pack soon comes up, and one gets some interesting sidelights on it. Last winter, for example, during heavy apple shipments, there was great difficulty in disposing of boxed apples at a profit in some of the Southern markets, including Washington. Barrels, on the contrary, moved well. A large shipment of Western boxed apples was thereupon repacked in barrels and was at once disposed of at a fair profit.

With all our own treasured memories of diving into those fragrant barrels, we still squirm when, with three or four hundred pounds of pressure, the lid is forced down upon the bulging barrel and four or five inches of compression are added to the apparently solid body of fruit. The Easterner says it is necessary and does not hurt the fruit in the least. The Westerner says it is barbarous.

I was in an Eastern orchard when a barrel was being packed for exhibition purposes. The apples were carefully selected for size and color, each one wrapped in paper and *laid* in the barrel. Then the grower, who had been scoffing at my suggestion that the compression must do some injury, turned to the packer of the prize barrel and said:

"Be sure not to put that barrel on the press."

The difference apparently is that the

Western grower considers every box he packs an exhibition box, and means it to advertise him and his district.

At Waynesboro, across the Blue Ridge, is one of the most illuminating orchards in the South or, for that matter, on the Atlantic seaboard, for in it has been duplicated virtually every success of the Western growers. This Shenandoah Valley, with its eight hundred to fifteen hundred feet of altitude, its protecting hills and excellent soil, is unquestionably a really remarkable region for apples; but its worth was little guessed till there was application of modern—the Virginians don't like them called Western—cultural methods. There are several examples, but none better than James Craig's orchard at Waynesboro.

Here are six- and seven-year-old trees only a shade smaller and lighter laden than the prize trees of the same age and varieties in the West. Here are crops that have been heavily thinned three times and are still a burden to the tree, magnificent fruit in prime condition. There are in this orchard about three thousand trees, covering ninety acres, and in 1910 the orchard yielded a gross income of thirty-five thousand dollars.

HAVE YOU TASTED THE LOWRY?

We are introduced to a novelty and for a moment we almost persuade ourselves that The Quest is over. That first bite of the Lowry is a revelation of what an apple may be. The creamy-yellow flesh has a most individual flavor that is unforgettable and sets it at once apart from all the familiar varieties. Its color is a deep brownish red and it is about the size of a Baldwin. It was originated in Virginia seventeen years ago. But thus far there have been so few that they are all absorbed by the Richmond market at more than two dollars a box to the grower.

Winchester is the most important apple center in the state, if not in the entire South. There are two hundred and fifty apple growers in Frederick County, of which Winchester is the commercial center, and a large majority of these are residents of the city. Only a few have advanced farther than spraying, and yet the apple men of the county, thanks to exceptionally favorable conditions, are extraordinarily successful.

We are loath to miss West Virginia, which ranks with its sister state; but we must

make a flying trip northward. There remain the great apple states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois unvisited. They are all important producers and are under the influence of that nation-wide movement for better orchards which has come as a result of the steady advance in apple prices.

It was in these states that Apple Seed Johnny operated. He was born in 1775 in a well-to-do New England family. But he developed a love of vagabondage and spent most of his life tramping the roads of the East with his one cooking utensil worn as a hat and a copy of Swedenborg in his pocket. His passion was the apple and its improvement. With what means he had, he developed seedlings of the best stock obtainable, and with a huge bundle of these on his back he would start out on a tour of the rural districts of Ohio and Indiana. To those who wanted to buy he sold, and to those who did not he gave the young trees. Always in payment he took promissory notes and, unlike the fruit-tree agent of tradition, who cashed in and skipped out, he invariably tore the notes up. As a result of this eccentric's splendid life-work, these two states are planted with hundreds of acres of the best apple stock, now in maximum bearing.

The Lake Ontario region is the land of Baldwins and Spies, of Greenings and Russets, if there are any of them left. Here we have hope that we may end The Quest. The first stop is at Sodus, a mile or two from the lake and toward the eastern end of that extraordinary fruit belt which reaches along the lake shore to the Niagara River and beyond into Ontario. In this belt are at least six growers whose orchards stand out as models of what orchards should be.

The one at Sodus you should visit is that of Byron J. Case, who is in the very front rank of New York apple men.

Mr. Case shows us trees thirty and more years old that are as clean and vigorous to the last twig and leaf as the youngest, healthiest baby tree of the West. They are well filled with Baldwins and Greenings that would make a box-pack of the first class, and this is their regular annual crop. We see six and seven-year trees carrying a barrel and more of fancy fruit, and four-year trees with fifty to eighty apples.

"This is the Wealthy," says Mr. Case, of the young trees. "Try one."

The Wealthy is a stranger, but we make

its acquaintance with delight. It is an apple of every good quality, including a most delicate and delicious flavor. Nothing in our travels except the Lowry has been so satisfying, and it comes to us that herein lies the future of successful apple-growing. Before many years almost the entire marketed crop of American apples will be of high grade so far as appearance is concerned. Then East and West will be on almost equal footing, and the race will be to the growers who can supply the increasing demand for apples of especially excellent flavor.

From Mr. Case's experience, the average net profit from a well-run apple orchard in his district is about one hundred and fifty dollars an acre annually. It must be remembered that the higher Western figures are earnings on an investment of from one thousand to three thousand dollars an acre, which is what you pay there for producing orchards. Western New York orchards requiring only a season's work to bring them into bearing can be picked up as low as three hundred dollars an acre. Eight-year-old orchards of good varieties favorably located in the Shenandoah Valley can be obtained at around four hundred dollars an acre.

Oddly enough, the prices of raw fruit lands are about the same in New York and Virginia as in the Western districts, from fifty dollars to two hundred dollars an acre.

The Hudson Valley is a large apple producer, and it has a distinguished exemplar of scientific culture in George T. Powell, president of the Agricultural Experts Association. Mr. Powell has ten thousand trees at Ghent, in Columbia County, at the foot of the Berkshires, and his orchard is a well-known show place. He has trees seventy-five years old that are in heavy annual bearing, and an experimental orchard of new or little known varieties. His successful block of dwarf trees is about the only one of commercial size in this country.

Throughout New England and New York neglected orchards are being regenerated, and everywhere the results of scientific treatment are almost magical. Meanwhile the planting of new orchards is under way from Maine to the Pacific.

Thus, to sum up the apple opportunities of the Eastern states as we did for the West, one finds that developed orchards are far cheaper in the East, but that they will generally be found in ill condition, infested

with pests, overgrown, and ill-nurtured. It is apparent, however, that a season's hard work and close attention thereafter will restore a large and fairly regular production of good fruit. Our most deadly pest, the San José scale, is now controlled by one thorough winter spraying and can readily be kept in subjection, even though neighboring orchards are not sprayed.

The East lacks the selling organizations of the West, but it is close to markets, and no grower who offers a high-grade product, especially if it is a fine-flavored variety, will fail of at least a fair profit. Moreover, a high-grade product is never an impossibility. The energetic Eastern grower who uses his head in his work can figure on a profit of from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre year after year on an initial investment of from three to five hundred dollars, which is better than he can do with almost any other crop.

The old-fashioned apple-grower, with his slipshod methods, is doomed. The failures and the losses will be his. But the world will go on buying more and more and better apples, and there is wealth awaiting the man with the goods.

FOUND: THE LOST APPLE

Can we not find in all this tremendous production an apple that tastes like those we remember in childhood? Once more come with me. This time we shall walk. It does not matter so much where, so it be in the open country. It is a tramp of several miles to the next farmhouse, and it is getting late. We shall arrive after dark, and there is frost and the smell of autumn leaves in the air.

The good wife shows us to a little white room under the eaves, and as we are dropping off to sound sleep we hear in the silence a dull thump on the ground outside. Ah, that was a big one!

We wake hungry next morning and, hurrying into clothes, eagerly slip out to the orchard. The grass is wet with dew under the sprawling old apple-trees, but we care not. We are looking for that big red one, and here it surely is—very dewy and so cold that our fingers feel freezing. We have just taken the first wonderful bite when the breakfast bell rings.

But we ignore it, for our Quest is over. We have found the lost apple of youth.



The ACID TEST

by

LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURER," "INFATUATION," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

IN THE year 1834 an obscure citizen of New Seville kept cows and sold milk in what is now the "down-town business section" of a city of four hundred thousand people. He watered his cattle at a spring now hidden in the basement of the Stock Exchange, and milked them night and morning in a shed near the present site of the great Merchants' and Traders' Bank.

The cows, coming and going to the spring, gradually wore down a track, which happened to strike the county road at an acute angle. In time, shanties arose on either side of this track, and as the city increased in size the track was paralleled by succeeding streets, all of them striking the county road (now the mighty thoroughfare of State Street) at a similar acute angle. The obscure individual died, the cows disappeared, but these V-shaped "gores," as the corners were called, have remained ever since to annoy real-estate men and give an odd appearance to the city's architecture.

In 1861 the gore at the intersection of O'Farrell and State Streets, with 197 feet frontage on each, was bought by Hiram P. Polk, who thought to improve the property, which even at that date was very valuable, by dividing it into two unequal parts, and running an alley twenty-four feet wide from O'Farrell into State, forming an "Arcade" bordered by small shops,

The shops never prospered; possibly the alley was too dark, or the rents were too high; it became instead a row of dreary offices past which sluiced a torrent of humanity seeking a short cut into State Street.

In 1874 the property, then assessed at \$260,000, came into the possession of Samuel J. Hooper, a local millionaire, at whose death in 1880 it descended to his son, Hamilton Hooper, the well-known banker and philanthropist, who valued it at \$800,000. In 1897 Hamilton Hooper, who was nothing if not progressive, would have erected a sixteen-story steel office structure on the entire plot, doing away with the Arcade—which he regarded as so much wasted land—had he not been blocked by an unexpired lease on the building at the gore.

Marquis Brothers were the holders of this lease, which was not due to run out until 1916, and, thinking to take advantage of Mr. Hooper's keen desire to rebuild, they demanded \$410,000 for the cancellation of their rights. This was a sum so unwarrantably large that Mr. Hooper refused to pay it, and, after much fruitless negotiation, he was so foolish as to characterize the Marquis Brothers as "blackmailers." This got him into court for libel and engendered such bitter feelings that any compromise became impossible.

Among the dingy offices on the Arcade was that of Dey and Davis, a moldering, old-fashioned law firm, which specialized in marine affairs. It was here you came for a "bottomry bond" on a scow-schooner, or took your "charter-party" of a lumber vessel for expert examination. Here Dey and Davis decided what was an "act of God," or what was mere human frailty and lack of judgment.

There was an outer office where Mr. Clement, the law-clerk, greeted you, and an

inner office where behind what had once been glazed glass—but had now turned to a greenish transparency—were the more secluded persons of Dey and Davis, seen dimly as though in an aquarium, and only needing an eel or two, or a speckled fish, to complete the illusion.

Ezra Clement, the law-clerk, was a tall, thin, stooping man of thirty-four, with that air of pinched gentility which goes with reversible cuffs and an old frock-coat, brushed threadbare. He was required to abase himself daily to callers, and years of servitude had made this a second nature, so that he could not buy a paper on the street nor order his meager lunch across the Arcade without the deprecatory manner of one seeking a favor.

As a boy of sixteen he had attached himself to the venerable objects in the aquarium, and though long since he had become the animating spirit of the business, neither he nor they were aware of it. Humility is often mean and contemptible, but it suited Ezra Clement because he was not a hypocrite but a saint. Yes, as much of a saint as any that one sees in pictures with halos round their heads, for his drudging, abstemious life was an unchanging sacrifice. Few knew this, least of all himself, but it ennobled his worn, rather weak face, so

that in the dark depths of the office it shone with a peculiar distinction, like that of some old master gleaming in a cathedral crypt.

He drew a hundred dollars a month, and, unlike most trusted employees elsewhere, had no "raise" to look forward to. Dey and Davis was a dwindling concern, and conditions grew harder every year instead of better. Younger men were elbowing them out; the shipping interest, following the general trend of things, was combining, and every combination implied a lawyer of its own, who usually got the appointment through favor.

Worst of all—and a remarkable fact when one considers it—people were growing less quarrelsome, less litigious, and preferred a reasonable compromise to law-suits that benefited none but their legal advisers. In earlier times, Dey and Davis had often divided as much as \$16,000 a year; in 1903, the firm's annual profits had fallen to \$7,300.

Modern saints—like modern criminals—are largely the product of circumstances. Ezra Clement had sainthood thrust upon him at the age of sixteen, when his father died, leaving the family penniless. The mother was a helpless, ineffectual woman;



THE GRUDGING ALMS OF AN UNCLE WERE EMBITTERING.

Ezra's sister, a girl three years younger than himself, was a confirmed invalid, with an obscure and apparently incurable disease of the spine. She was an ethereal little wisp of a creature, with sunken, melancholy eyes and an agonizing sensitiveness, who could not work at anything for more than a few minutes at a time without beginning to tremble and turn faint.

To support these two, as well as himself, was, of course, beyond Ezra's power, but he manfully did his best, aided by the veiled charity of friends. Occupation was found for the widow, who did her work more or less ill, and the pretense was so manifest that it ground deep into the boy's heart. The grudging alms of an uncle were likewise embittering; and the happiest day of Ezra's life was when Dey and Davis raised his salary to sixty dollars a month and he felt himself at last completely independent. At that time he was barely twenty years old.

He had no friends, no pocket-money, no relaxation save books from the public library. He walked six miles a day to save two carfares. His life was a deadly routine, unvaried by any change except the recurring Sunday, when, if it were fine, he would carry his sister down-stairs and take her for an airing in a battered old baby-carriage. She was so thin and small that this was not impossible even when she was a grown woman, and, though it looked ludicrous to some of the passers-by and exposed the pair to an unpleasant attention, the treat was too precious to be given up.

His invariable question on returning home at night was to ask, "How is Grace?" and then, after changing his clothes and putting on slippers, he would hold her in his arms, soothing and petting her, and relating, as brightly as he was able, the petty chronicle of his day. Rocking in a chair with his sister's arms around his neck and her pale, strained face snuggled against his shoulder, he would invent, I am afraid, many things that never really happened at all, eager only to make her smile. And if, when it came, it was often a little tremulous, with tears glistening in those deep, melancholy eyes, it was because she knew the truth—knew that, instead of being the most comical place under the sun, Dey and Davis's was a tomb where the tenderest and dearest man in the world was slaving away his life.

In August, 1903, an extraordinary event took place. It began by Mr. Dey's remarking to Mr. Davis:

"Clement isn't looking very well, do you think?"

"Haven't noticed it," said Mr. Davis, who was figuring general average on the back of an envelope, and who never noticed anything except possibly a flaw in a bot-tomry bond.

"I believe he ought to have a vacation," said Mr. Dey.

Mr. Davis bristled protestingly. "Once begin that sort of thing and you never know where it is going to stop," he said.

"But after eighteen years," persisted Mr. Dey. "Surely, Tom——"

"We can't afford it," interrupted Mr. Davis, losing count of nineteen barrels of tallow, and feeling proportionately irritated.

"We can't afford his being sick, Tom," said Mr. Dey. "We can't afford his breaking down."

"He ain't sick," said Mr. Davis.

"Call him in and look at him," said Mr. Dey. "Call him in and see for yourself."

Mr. Davis touched a bell, and, while engaging Ezra in a conversation about the wrecked freighter *John M. McDowell*, made a hasty and silent diagnosis. When the law-clerk had been dismissed, he turned to his partner and said:

"You're right; he's got to have it."

"At full pay?" inquired Mr. Dey. "We could hardly do less, I think."

"It has to be full pay," assented Mr. Davis, none too cordially. "The fellow's such a confounded miser he might starve himself if we didn't, and then we should be worse off than before."

A confounded miser! That was all Dey and Davis knew of the man they had employed for eighteen years.

And the vacation?

What a totally inadequate, feeble, trifling, under-sized word to describe two weeks of rapture—of day-long freedom, of day-long delight, of exhilarating tramps, of panting, toiling climbs to the summits of crags—of mountain air, of splashing mountain brooks, of little dells fragrant with pines that met overhead and turned the summer day into a delicious twilight! Two weeks of Paradise, rather, and all for a dollar a day in that high-up, very skimpy little boarding-house, where cheap boarders danced every

night to a piano-la, and quarreled and gossiped and made love very much like more expensive people elsewhere.

Among the boarders was a rather pretty girl named Hilda Wandred, whose ashy-golden hair and slight, trim figure attracted Ezra's attention from the first. She was half Danish by descent, and showed it in her extreme fairness and doll-like blue eyes—eyes that concealed an intensity of character and an unusual courage and steadfastness which few would have suspected.

She was a bookkeeper in a department store, and had the appearance of being underpaid and overworked, and by keeping much to herself and avoiding the other boarders had won the undeserved reputation of being "stuck up."

In truth, Hilda Wandred was a fastidious young woman, who had little in common with those about her and preferred a book or her girlish day-dreams among the pines to any company the boarding-house had to offer. But with Ezra's arrival a change came over her; she felt drawn to this grave, stooping man whose good manners and courteous air betrayed a superiority she was quick to recognize. She threw herself in his way; made it easy for him to scrape acquaintance; contrived that he should ask to have his place changed at table to another beside her.

Thus they became friends; and one day when he gave her his hand to help her up a bank, it remained clasped on hers, and hers stayed unresistingly in his, and then they looked at each other half afraid, in a strange and quivering suspense. A miracle had happened, and Nature, to whom a law-clerk or a bookkeeper is as precious as a



SHE WAS AN ETHEREAL LITTLE WISP OF A CREATURE.

millionaire, awoke in each of those pent-up hearts and sealed the immemorial contract in the immemorial way, with mouth on mouth, and panting, impassioned breath, and words that tripped and trembled in the utterance.

Yes, Ezra Clement loved Hilda Wandred, and Hilda Wandred loved him, and it all seemed as predestined, as preordained, as the return of Halley's comet three quarters of a century hence—which was the miracle, you know: that out of the whole wide, wide world they had found each other. And afterward, with old-fashioned sentiment, they carved their initials on a tree inside a poorly shaped heart.

But Nature, so prodigal of love, is more than stingy with her bread and butter; and what future was there to look forward to together? Clement, burdened with his mother and invalid sister, earned but a bare subsistence for all three, while the salary of a department-store woman bookkeeper is exactly calculated to what will just keep body and soul from premature separation. It was a terribly hopeless affair—a tragedy—and grew blacker and blacker upon consideration. To marry was

impossible, and an engagement under such circumstances struck Clement as criminally selfish. With a man's soberer perception, he saw that he would be robbing this girl of the best years of her life, and refused to let her bind herself.

It was all his doing that there was no engagement, though he suffered cruelly at her pleading and tears. To him, whose whole life had been renunciation, this was but another and the greatest. But Hilda Wandred had no such acquiescence; she rebelled passionately at losing him; her Northern nature, so slow to take fire, was now aflame.

Let him take her best years and welcome; let what little beauty she possessed waste and fade; let them cling to each other till death itself, joined in the grave if not on earth. People may smile at such torrential sentiment, but in Hilda Wandred it was sincere, and, being sincere, was sublime. These were no figures of speech, no stage heroics. This slight, pale girl, with her commonplace prettiness and ashy-golden hair, was touched with the spirit of the Sagas.

But Ezra was too conscientious a man to accept such a sacrifice. What right had he to rob her of husband, home, and children—to hold her to so one-sided a bargain, where she was to give everything and he nothing? An indefinite engagement was wicked, he said; he loved her too well to wish her anything but happiness; he had the loftiness of mind to put that first, no matter at what cost to himself. Hilda agreed at last with a breaking heart to take her own lonely road and let him go his.

"That is best," he said. "That's the only way, Hilda."

Weeping on his shoulder, she asked him if there were not a ray of hope, however remote, however unlikely.

"A woman must hope," she quavered. "Not to hope is to die. I shall obey you; I shall go away; I shall never write. But don't tell me it is forever. Ezra, it is only a hundred dollars a month more; that is all we need—a hundred dollars a month more. Surely you will get it some time—you who are so clever, so hard-working, so well thought of by your employers?"

"Dey and Davis are losing ground every day, dear."

"But there are other firms?"

"And a million other clerks—Oh, you know how it is, Hilda."

"Yes, I know," she replied, sighing.

Then a singular look came over Ezra's face, and he seemed to be nerving himself for some strange admission. Twice he hesitated, gazed about apprehensively, and then, drawing her close to him, whispered:

"Hilda, in eight years, on the ninth of June, 1911, I expect to have a hundred thousand dollars!"

The girl started and cried out; but it was less at his statement, astounding though it was, than at the sight of his twitching face and crazily gleaming eyes. Ordinarily so composed, so quiet, Ezra had suddenly taken on the aspect of a madman whose monomania stands revealed. His breath came hoarsely, his hands shook, a volcano of suppressed excitement seemed to rend him.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" he repeated, in that convulsed and terrifying voice. "Hilda, it's there—it's waiting for me—a hundred thousand dollars, Hilda—a HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

Was he indeed mad? No. But the hammer, hammer, hammer of one idea, incessantly beating, had worn down a little section of his brain; a man thus dominated can not be described as wholly sane; any concentration of thought, persisted in for years, is bound to impair, to inflame, the tissue that receives the reiterated impression.

Ezra had lived with the Secret, slept with the Secret, carried the Secret night and day for nine years. Hammer, hammer, hammer, as he bent over his desk; hammer, hammer, as he crossed the Arcade for his noonday lunch; hammer, hammer, hammer, as he held his frail sister in his arms or dragged her along the sidewalk in that pitiful carriage. Was there ever a minute, a second, when the Secret was not beating, throbbing, gnawing in that tiny speck of gray matter?

But it could not be told; oh, God, no, it could not be told! It was a Secret that had to be taken on trust, even by the woman he loved; taken on trust till June 9, 1911, eight years hence, when the whole state would shout with it. Even to speak of it now was dangerous; there were thought-waves, telepathy—scarcely apprehended things that could steal a secret right out of a man's head—zip, like that! Oh, it was not ridiculous; he had read of such phenomena in books on psychology in the Mechanics' Institute. At that very

moment their conversation was probably radiating such waves and putting the Secret in jeopardy.

That was the horrible part of the Secret—a Secret that had to be held for seventeen years—you weren't safe an instant. Any one might stumble on it in the meanwhile, and then where would be your hundred thousand dollars? And it was the worst kind of Secret to guard—he would confide to her that much—because it was there for all the world to see—right there before their eyes, Hilda—my God, right there before their eyes, with none seeing it—so far—but himself!

How did he know that nobody else saw it?

Hilda would have to take that on trust; to explain would be to give away the Secret; she must take his word for that. You see, if anybody else were to find it out, things would instantly happen—things not to be named, but so conclusive and final that they would rise up like that rock and hit you in the face. Every day, every week, every month, every year, he expected them to rise up; but the extraordinary fact was that they didn't! That was what kept him in such a perpetual fever—dreading, hoping, never knowing—shivering like an undetected murderer—ticking off every day on the calendar, and saying, with his heart in his mouth: "One day nearer my hundred thousand!"

Then Hilda, who had remained thrilled but not altogether convinced, began to catch the contagion of the Secret, and feel an unreasoning elation that lifted her spirit on soaring wings. Her misgivings gave way to the wildest gayety; her doubts and tremors disappeared in an ecstatic revulsion. Hope, flickering in the ashes, leaped up, a pillar of fire. What were eight years? They shriveled to nothing in that dazzling effulgence. The risk of others learning the Secret? Put aside, ignored, for the hundred thousand was as surely preordained as their love itself. Fate had them both in sacred keeping, and to question it was blasphemy.

"It is a test of our love, beloved—the burning acid that smokes on the base metal and destroys it, but leaves the gold all the brighter. Yes, it is to try us, Ezra; to prove us worthy, and then repay us a thousandfold by the happiness we have earned and deserved."

Hand in hand they built their castles in

the air and watched the filmy battlements rise against the azure. It was an hour snatched from the bitterest realities, never afterward to be recalled without emotion. This stooping, careworn clerk, this pale girl, on the eve of a separation that might be eternal, solaced themselves with dreams and strove to believe them true.

They were alone together in an enchanted world, the favored of the gods, marked apart for a wonderful and glorious destiny.

Divine illusion! As old as man himself, as old as the love that originally gave him birth, but sustaining, inspiring nevertheless, and the mainspring of a myriad human hearts now passed away into dust, and of a myriad more here and still to come. "A love like ours," they said, poor fools, as if at that superlative the stars would swerve from their courses and the gates of Paradise burst asunder.

Yet what of a Secret whose undetection was a daily miracle? What of the eight long years between when so many other sad things might happen—the waning of love in exile, estrangement, death? The shadow of those years fell on them with a sudden bleakness; the fairy castles melted into a mist of tears. The Secret was seen as a will o' the wisp, a mirage—luring them on with rainbow gold and taking their lives in exchange.

"But it is all we have, dear," murmured Hilda brokenly. "Better a dream than nothing."

Ezra bowed his head in silent assent.

"Promise me one thing," he said at last. "If you should ever meet another man who loves you, and whom you could love, do not let this stand in the way of your happiness. You are free, Hilda; always remember you are free, and that I should never reproach you."

The promise could only be wrung from Hilda on condition that it should be mutual; and then the shadow grew bleaker, and the ninth of June, 1911, glimmered no bigger than the speck of light in Sindbad's cavern, interminably distant, and perhaps no more than a phantasm of straining, longing eyes.

"Our lives will be half gone," said the girl, unutterably dejected. "I shall be thirty-one and you—oh, how old will you be, Ezra?"

But he made no reply, for her voice was lost in the hammer, hammer, hammer of

the Secret, pulsating sullenly in his brain. Hammer, hammer, hammer, unrelenting, maddeningly persistent. Hammer, hammer, hammer; hammer, hammer, hammer, clang on clang of those tiny, swift

him again, in pathetically high-flown language and somewhat shaky spelling:

"The image of my beloved seemed to rise between me and my supposed good fortune, and I realized that a union with another, how-



"CLEMENT OUGHT TO HAVE A VACATION. WE CAN'T AFFORD HIS BEING SICK, TOM."

sledges, keeping time with his despairing heart.

II

She wrote once in 1905 to tell him of a change of address. He answered as briefly, but underscored the words that lovers treasure—those tender commonplaces that so poorly express the inexpressible, and mock with their triteness deep and sincere feeling. *"I think of you every day, my darling. Sometimes this waiting is more than I can bear."*

In 1907, she wrote again, a heartbroken letter in which she said she had the opportunity of marrying very advantageously, and that he would shortly see the announcement of it in the papers. But there was no announcement, and a month later she wrote

ever rich and esteemed, would only too surely end in misery to myself and undeserved sorrow to a good man. Hence, as I seem destined to love but once, I have bowed to the inevitable with what little philosophy I possess. Do not blame me for having faltered, beloved. The way is long and dark and I am weary—oh, so weary."

After that her silence remained unbroken, and the recurring years gave forth no sign. Was she still true? Was her sorely tried heart still his? Or had the unequal battle gone against her, and had she in her mercy spared him the news of her ultimate surrender? Not knowing, he could only conjecture until time appeared to seal the assumption with a tragic certainty.

He did not write, preferring to be misjudged, preferring to suffer and eat his heart out rather than keep alive in her bos-

om those memories he almost hoped were gone. With him, however, they were as untarnished as ever, ineffaceable, the cause of many a reverie in that dingy office as he looked up from his work, and saw, not the ceiling, but a face of angelic brightness smiling at him through tears.

And the Secret?

None had discovered it, none had blundered on it; it was still miraculously his, all his, and as the great moment drew nigh he felt the throes of a suffocating suspense, of doubts and tremors he could not allay, try as he would. The culmination of seventeen years' waiting was at hand, and instead of triumph he experienced, rather, an indescribable dismay. Could he possibly have overlooked something? Might there not be a flaw? He racked his brain in an agony of apprehension, dreading to find himself deluded.

But it was tortured nerves that were at fault—not the Secret. Nothing had been overlooked; there were no flaws; yet in spite of everything he now lacked the assurance that had sustained him for seventeen years. It was the shiver of a sportsman whose courage fails him at the supreme instant. He could hardly eat; he could hardly sleep; people commented on his haggard face and burning, bloodshot eyes. To see the goal, after waiting all these years, shook him with an intolerable emotion.

Never did days lag like those of early June. They were veritable centuries, each longer than the whole of the preceding years. Sunday, the interminable sixth, gave way to Monday, the paralyzing seventh. He could now say "*the day after to-morrow*" and feel the choke of it in his throat. "*The day after to-morrow*"—words truly terrible to a man who has waited seventeen years. By Tuesday, the eighth, the refrain became "*to-morrow*," and he had the sensation of a Niagara foaming and thundering beyond. To-morrow! The end was coming fast.

But Tuesday, the eighth, drawing to its leaden close, had a surprise in store. That evening, as Ezra was alone in the sitting-room while his sister was being put to bed, a low knocking called him to the door, and, looking out, he perceived a woman who shrank back as he asked her what she wanted. The hall was dark, the woman's face indistinguishable; her timid manner and appealing air made him think her

a mendicant. Then, as he peered closely, he started and cried out: "Hilda!"

She stared up at him like a ghost of the past.

"Ezra," she said, putting up her hand.

He took it in a sort of consternation, repeating her name and urging her to enter; but she refused, remaining in the shadow as if fearful of the open door and the light within.

"Not till I know," she faltered. "Perhaps I have no right here—perhaps it is an intrusion."

"I have not changed," he said, aware of what she meant. "To-morrow if I succeeded I should have gone straight to you."

"To-morrow? Then it was not a dream about the—Secret?"

"No!" he cried, crushing her hand in his. "No, it is all coming true."

The news unnerved her; she began to weep, but again resisted him as he would have drawn her into the room.

"I am worn and faded," she sobbed out in poignant protest. "It was so long, Ezra—so hard and terrible. We called it the acid test, little knowing how it could sear, how it could destroy and kill. It took my youth, my freshness, everything but my heart, and that, too, it burned into like molten iron. Can you want me still, knowing that? Can you want me still, faded and old and worn and tired? I don't hold you to it—no, no, I don't hold you to it! I had to come—oh, not to beg, not to plead, but—but——"

She broke off in a paroxysm of tears, hiding her face and refusing to be comforted.

"Did we not used to say 'a love like ours?'" he whispered. "Have we not justified it—have we not made it sacred by years of waiting? It is part of me, Hilda; it is as unchanged as the day you kissed me first; I am yours and you are mine, and to-morrow I shall lay all that money in your lap and claim you forever."

"It's a dream!" she cried out with passionate incredulity. "I don't believe it; it's impossible; you are deceiving yourself and me, and all will go on as before, only ten times more wretchedly, more hopelessly, for this broken bubble that has robbed us of our lives. That's why I came—to protect you in your disappointment—to put my arms around you as your poor crazy secret shatters into a million pieces."

"I shall not fail!" he protested hoarsely. "To-morrow I shall have a hundred thousand dollars. I am so sure of it, so positive, that to-day I told Dey and Davis to look for another clerk!"

"Then you'll lose your position, too. Oh, Ezra, Ezra!"

"I shall not fail!" he repeated with a consuming bitterness. "You think I can not snatch a prize like that from richer and cleverer men? But I shall; they can't prevent me; you can come with me if you like, for I shall need you then—need you more than ever in my life before—not to console me, not to hold me up in my despair—but to help me bear what will be almost worse—success! Oh, God, when I think of that, it drives me mad! Success for me, that's

never had any—thankful for my twenty-five a week—pinching, drudging, economizing, cleaning my celluloid collar with a toothbrush, guarding my damned cuffs—oh, trying to be decent and look a gentleman on half nothing. It is then I shall need help, I tell you—need you to steady me, hold me on earth, keep me from laughing and singing and going on like the lunatic I'll be—drunk with it, crazy with it, my pockets stuffed with thousands and thousands, and——"

Suddenly he stopped, passing his hand over his forehead and struggling to recover his self-control.

"Forgive me," he stammered. "I'm frightening you and doing myself no good. It will be time enough to fly off the tan-



"I SHALL OBEY YOU; I SHALL GO AWAY; I SHALL NEVER WRITE. BUT DON'T TELL ME IT IS FOREVER."

gent when I've got it—not before, when everything depends upon my coolness and nerve. I must keep them, mustn't I?"

His quieter tone carried with it a strange conviction. Somehow it was impossible to remain any longer incredulous, and in a welling relief Hilda endeavored to soothe him while quieting her own tumultuous feelings. With so much at stake, was it not her duty to calm his mind and thus assist him for the mysterious ordeal? What it was she had no idea, nor at the moment did she concern herself with it. She persuaded him to get his hat and walk with her up and down the street, where for an hour the Secret was put by and nothing spoken of but the old times and the wonder and joy of being again together.

Those who brushed by them little thought it was a modern Abelard they were passing so unceremoniously, or that the slight woman in the cheap hat had vied with Heloise, whom poets have sung for centuries and queens have cried over. Romance at one's elbow is too commonplace to notice; and when the man is stooping and shabby and the woman's face not pretty enough to attract a second glance, the passer-by goes on his way, oblivious of a pair he scarcely sees. But what cared Abelard and Heloise, wholly absorbed in each other and in such a heaven of enveloping tenderness that they were blinder still!

Then they parted, but not before it was arranged that Hilda should meet him the next morning on the street at half-past nine and accompany him to "the place." Where this was, or how reached, was left in doubt, for at the least hint of questioning Ezra became so agitated that Hilda had to exert all her womanly artifices to distract and quiet him. It struck at her heart that he had thus to be humored, and as she said good night it was with an unspeakable misgiving.

He arrived earlier than his appointment and found her waiting. In the daylight he looked older and grayer, and Hilda, in the reflection of those eight years, trembled for herself. Perhaps this contributed to their constraint, which was not relieved by Ezra's painful nervousness and a manner at once sharp and impatient.

After a few words of greeting he took her arm and hurried her to the corner, where he helped her onto a down-town car, talking very little and fumbling with the

book and papers under his arm. They were his "dynamite," he said, laughing mirthlessly, and with that Hilda's spirits, already low, sank to the zero point.

"I am frightened," he confided. "Hilda, I am scared blue. I feel like one of those old-time fellows going to the guillotine and beginning to smell the bloody sawdust."

They descended in a busy street, amid jostling crowds, and passed the animated, bustling entrances of office buildings. Hilda clung to his arm as he led her through the press, turning up one block, down another, and finally entering a short, dark overshadowed street, which he called the Arcade.

"Here's Dey and Davis's," he said, pointing down at a cavernous-looking basement in which electric lights were burning, though it was a summer day. "That's the hole I have been stuck in for twenty-six years—a human gopher, diving in there to gnaw roots for my living!"

Then, after a lingering inspection of the new gopher whose bent head could be seen within—a lingering, gloating inspection that seemed to mark some invisible contrast—Ezra crossed the Arcade and mounted the steps of an imposing building opposite. Inside was a large, gloomy lobby with swiftly ascending and descending elevators, which clicked people out and clicked others in with monotonous regularity.

"This is the famous Hooper Building," Ezra explained, pausing like a sightseer. "For all its looking out of date, it is the cream of the business section, and the rents are something fabulous. What with the Stock Exchange on the other side and the Metropolitan City Bank facing it on this, there is hardly a property to compare with it anywhere."

Hilda, utterly bewildered, listened in silence to this digression. Under the circumstances it was difficult to show any interest in the Hooper Building, which to her was not unlike a hundred others.

Ezra squeezed her arm as if to reassure her—or himself—and then, with a queer catch in his voice, exclaimed:

"I hope you won't mind waiting here a few minutes while I run up and get the money?"

Giving her no time to reply, he darted away and caught a rising elevator.

On the fourth floor he got out and, walking hurriedly along the corridor to a suite of offices bearing the name of "Hamilton



Hooper & Co." on their row of glazed doors, opened one that had the additional inscription:

"Don't Knock—Enter."

He found himself in a handsomely furnished ante-room, where a young man took his card and asked whether he had an appointment.

"Not exactly," said Ezra, trying to appear at ease, though his heart was thumping. "But I have written to Mr. Hooper and he told me I might call."

The young man disappeared to verify this statement, and after a moment returned to say that Mr. Hooper would be pleased to see him. With that Ezra was ushered into the inner sanctum, where the great man looked up from his desk and said, as affably as an ordinary mortal:

"Good morning—take a seat."

Mr. Hooper was a smallish man of about forty-five, with a blond Van Dyke beard, faultlessly parted hair, and an amiability that bespoke senatorial aspirations.

"Well, what may I do for you?" he asked, turning over some papers. "Ah, here we are—here's your letter—I understand you have some information of a strictly confidential nature which you wish to impart to me."

"Yes, that's right," said Ezra, writhing in his chair. "Yes, that's the idea."

"Will you kindly tell me what it is," continued Mr. Hooper, more amiably senatorial than ever.

"I meant sell—not give," returned Ezra. "The price of it, Mr. Hooper, is one hundred thousand dollars."

The millionaire stared.

"You are surely not seri-

"I HAD TO COME—OH, NOT TO BEG, NOT TO PLEAD, BUT—
BUT—"

ous," he said. "I can hardly believe any information could be worth as much as that."

"This is," said Ezra, with a choking sensation in his throat. "To be precise, Mr. Hooper, if I can show you how to save three hundred thousand before to-morrow morning, will you not pay me one-third for my assistance?"

"But you can't," protested Mr. Hooper. "It is impossible."

"Yes, I can," said Ezra. "You are going to lose three hundred thousand dollars before to-morrow morning!"

At that a curious light came into Mr. Hooper's eyes. Lowering his voice, he inquired:

"You are not by any chance connected with the Washington Trust Company?"

"No, sir," said Ezra. "This is another kind of smash and one you don't dream of."

Hooper was impressed in spite of himself; he mused, twiddling Ezra's letter between his finger and thumb and creasing one of the corners.

"What do you expect me to do?" he asked at last.

"Sign this," Ezra answered, handing him a paper. "You will see that it commits you to nothing—or, rather, that you needn't pay a cent unless I fulfil my part of the bargain. That's fair, isn't it? As a man of business you surely can't object to that?"

Hooper read it aloud:

"I, Hamilton Hooper, agree to pay Ezra Fair Clement the sum of one hundred thousand (\$100,000.00) dollars this ninth day of June, 1911, if the said Ezra Fair Clement can show me how to avoid the loss of \$300,000.00 before the expiration of the said day."

"Suppose I don't consider your information worth anything like as much?" said the millionaire. "Suppose I don't think it worth anything at all—what then?"

"I am willing to let any disinterested person decide," returned Ezra. "Three hundred thousand is a very conservative estimate, but purposely low, so as to be inside the mark. The fact is that if you will sign that paper I will prove everything I am claiming right this minute."

Hooper read the paper again, but this time to himself.

"I don't believe a word of it," he remarked, glancing up with a steely look in his blue eyes. "But if it be true, ten per cent. is ample."

"You are mistaken, sir," said Ezra, controlling himself with difficulty. "You stand to lose a frightful sum—all of three hundred thousand dollars, possibly half a million. Be fair, Mr. Hooper; I am entitled to a proportionate reward; I must have a hundred thousand dollars; I—I can not do with less than a hundred thousand dollars."

Mr. Hooper reflected.

"Thirty thousand—that's the best I can promise," he answered decisively.

Ezra rose.

"God knows, I do not wish to offend you," he broke out. "I don't wish to haggle, or—or to have the least appearance of threatening you, Mr. Hooper. But if you will not agree to a hundred thousand dollars, what course have I left but to go elsewhere, and——"

His voice was shaking; in his desperation he had played his last card. There was nowhere else to go; there was not a man except Hooper to whom the secret was worth a Lincoln penny. No forlorn hope, throwing itself against cannon, ever showed more courage than he in taking that step toward the door.

"Come back," cried Hooper, suddenly weakening. "Come back, and I'll sign. It's all a squabble about nothing, anyway, but I can not risk taking any chances."

As he stuck his pen into the ink-well, Ezra stopped him.

"It ought to be witnessed," he said. His manner was deprecatory, but underneath was a firmness that Hooper perceived and resented. "And if you please, sir—not by a subordinate."

Hooper, who had already rung a bell for the clerk outside, inquired sarcastically if Mr. Clarges would do. Clarges was one of the foremost lawyers at the bar, who had the offices opposite.

"Certainly," replied Ezra, to whom the name was a household word.

"Kindly see if Mr. Clarges is disengaged and ask him to come over a moment," said Hooper to the clerk.

They waited in silence. Then footsteps were heard and the door opened, disclosing Mr. Clarges on the threshold. He was a gaunt old man with unkempt white hair and a far-away resemblance to the pictures of Daniel Webster. Indeed, that was his nickname among his associates, and he was very proud of it.

Hooper received him deferentially and,

after shaking hands, said: "I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Clarges, but you would oblige me very much by witnessing my signature."

The giant of the bar observed that he would be "most happy," and after Hooper had put his name to the paper, added his own with a Daniel Webster flourish. This accomplished, he was about to leave when the millionaire detained him.

"Please stay," he murmured in half a whisper. "I'm not sure that this fellow here isn't a crank or a blackmailer. At any rate, I have agreed to pay him a hundred thousand dollars for a piece of information he declares will save me three hundred thousand before to-morrow morning. A likely tale, isn't it?"

Mr. Clarges was much astonished and ejaculated, "Ha!" with the explosiveness of a venerable bull lowering his horns. It was a very baleful glance that he turned on Ezra, who had taken possession of the paper and was holding it tightly in his hand. The clerk thought he had never seen such shaggy eyebrows, nor such piercing, fiery eyes, nor a grimmer mouth. He quailed under the inspection and guiltily regarded the floor.

"Now you can tell us what it is," said Hooper, turning to Ezra as if to unmask him for the scoundrel he was.

"Proceed," boomed Mr. Clarges. "Proceed, sir!"

"I would rather show you," answered Ezra. "If you gentlemen will come to that window, I will show you."

As he spoke he walked toward one of the two large windows, Hooper and Clarges following him. All three leaned on the lintel and put out their heads while Ezra pointed below.

"There it is," he said.

"You're crazy," observed Mr. Clarges. "Mad as a hatter—that's what you are, my friend."

"There isn't anything," said Hooper.

"Not anything!" exclaimed Ezra in strangled triumph. "Why, what do you call that Arcade? Whom do you think it belongs to? Answer me that, will you? Answer me that, Mr. Hooper."

"It belongs to me, of course," returned the millionaire.

"To-day it does," snapped Ezra, "but to-morrow, my dear sir, *it lapses to the city!*"

The two men eyed him with amazement.

"You never blocked it," continued Ezra, breathlessly. "You never asserted your rights; you let it remain a thoroughfare; you let it become a city street—a strip of gold twenty-four feet wide and one hundred and two long that slashes half a million out of your property! If it lapses to the city, what becomes of your new building? What's the plot worth, robbed of that? What have you left but two miserable pieces—knifed, separated, the whole middle ripped out by the city? To-morrow, June 10th, 1911, it becomes a right of way; your fifty years' grace will expire; the law will take its course, and all the influence in the world can not save you! I can prove your father opened it to the public just fifty years ago, on June 10th, 1861. I have attested copies of the contracts, newspaper clippings, leases, advertisements—everything to prove it to the hilt. Come back and I'll show them to you; come back and I'll convince you—lay them out before Mr. Clarges here—prove and double-prove every word I am saying!"

He stopped, awaiting Hooper's reply—Hooper, who was standing there with an expression of speechless chagrin.

But it was not the millionaire who spoke; it was Mr. Clarges.

"He's got you, Hooper," said he. "Every word is true, for I well remember the opening of the Arcade in '61 and riding through it myself with my battery. There wasn't a gate then and there isn't one now."

"It's an outrage," fumed Hooper, clenching his fists. "It's—it's nothing less than a hold-up—a pistol to my head—and I'm damned if I'll be blackmailed in this summary——"

Clarges interrupted him with a warning hand on the shoulder. "Don't be unwise, Hooper," he said. "The man is fairly entitled to his money, and you would have found yourself in a nice mess if he hadn't been so smart. Don't think of what you are going to pay him; think of what you so nearly lost by the skin of your teeth. Good Lord, man, he's saved you the Arcade!"

The lawyer's words hit home. Hooper crumpled like a burst bag. "Look over his papers," he muttered dismally. "I am not fit to examine them; but if you are satisfied, I will pay him."

With that he went to the telephone and began to shout order after order for car-



"LOOK OVER HIS PAPERS," HE MUTTERED DISMALLY. "I AM NOT FIT TO EXAMINE THEM."
WITH THAT HE WENT TO THE TELEPHONE.

penters, for timber, signs, and all the other things that were needed at once to block the Arcade and preserve his nearly forfeited rights.

Meanwhile Clarges, sitting at the desk, was making a brief but searching examination of Ezra's proofs.

"They are unassailable," he said finally, wrapping up the papers and putting the rubber band again around them. "You have established the date almost to the very hour. Mr. Hooper has no other course but to settle with you in accordance with his memorandum, and ought, in my opinion, to deem himself a very fortunate man."

The concluding formalities were accomplished with bewildering ease. Hooper passed over his check for ten thousand dollars and a bill, due in three months, for ninety thousand more. A receipt was signed. It was all very simple, very matter-of-fact. Ezra, taking his hat, said he hoped there was no hard feeling. Hooper replied

by apologizing for some of the harsh epithets he had used. They shook hands, not uncordially. Mr. Clarges shook hands. Then Hooper pushed a button, a bell rang, and the clerk who answered it ushered Ezra out into the corridor.

His face was so white, so drawn, that Hilda thought, as he emerged from the elevator, that he had failed. His ashen composure unnerved her and she did not dare to ask him what had happened, sure that it was the worst. Then he drew her to one side and in silence showed her the check for ten thousand dollars and the bill for ninety thousand more.

"There they are," he managed to say at last. "It's all come true, hasn't it?" Then he added, with an intonation that thrilled her to the heart: "Now let's take a taxi to the bank, and then to a jeweler's, and then to the City Hall for a marriage license—and to-morrow, if you like, we will start for Europe or the Yellowstone."



SALLY CASTLETON.

by CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Editor's Note—This is the love-story of a Virginia girl. Sally Castleton, the daughter of a Confederate general, is suddenly called upon to match her loyalty to the South and her cleverness in strategy against the courage and resourcefulness of a Northern officer. A Civil War story nowadays?—you ask. Yes, but the story itself is the answer. It is a story of action, of tense drama, of love under stress, of human emotions too big and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
N. C. WYETH

universal to be limited by a historical setting. And, first, it is a story of youth—with all that means of freshness and fire. For, remember, the Civil War was a war of young men. The armies were youth incarnate. Men scarcely out of boyhood commanded regiments, and even brigades. And the people you are to meet in this story are gloriously young; its spirit is the impetuous, daring, generous ardor of youth.

CHAPTER I

THE Castleton farm lay still and quiet in the steady sunlight of an early summer morning. It was nearly always sleepy and quiet around the big, wide-spreading house, with its white pillars and broad porches; for the farm lay in a cove of level land where Rock Creek, tumbling down the Virginia Blue Ridge between Devil's Knob and Three Ridges, widens out as it debouches into Rockfish Valley and empties into the Rockfish River near Nellyford.

But there was about the place a deeper air of quiet than could be accounted for by mere snugness of location. The road which slipped down the Ridge, passed the farm, and curved away toward the eastern seaboard, lay dusty and untracked. The huge barn, the outbuildings, and the negro-quarters were deserted. The elms and cherry-trees of the big yard sheltered an empty porch.

The half-hearted clatter of an old ducky, pottering about and making a great display of straightening up the living-room, intensified the general air of silence and desertion and had little effect in reducing the room to order. As he dawdled aimlessly about the room, the old man kept muttering phrases to himself—"dis heah wah" and "ongrateful, lazy niggers" occurring again and again.

His incessant mutterings were interrupt-

ed by the sudden breezy entrance of a girl of perhaps seventeen, bubbling with life and high spirits.

"Now, Uncle Claban," she commanded, "you stop trying to sweep. You're the onliest ducky we've got left, and we can't waste you on sweeping."

The old man did not pause, but plied his broom the harder. "Who gwine sweep if I don't?" he demanded. "Somebody got to sweep! Who's gwine do it if I don't? Dat's what I ax you, Miss 'Genie?"

"I am!" 'Genie snatched the broom from the old man's fingers. "You go get us some dinner, Uncle Claban, and leave me to fix the house!"

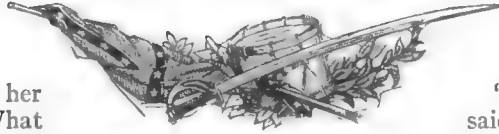
"Leave who? Lor', Miss 'Genie, you don't mean it sure 'nuff, does you?"

"Of course I mean it. You don't suppose Sally and I are going to let you do all the work, do you?"

The girl spoke positively, but she made no effort to begin her self-appointed task. She seemed, indeed, to be listening intently for some expected sound from without.

'Genie Castleton, youngest daughter of General Champ Castleton, C. S. A., was still a child, but a child on the verge of womanhood. Small, undeveloped, almost scrawny, she yet gave promise by a very sweet, full-lipped mouth and great gray eyes of a beauty that in time would work havoc with hearts.

SOUTHERNER



Claban watched her with puzzled eyes. "What in de worl' am dat chile up to now?" he wondered audibly.

'Genie did not answer. She was still listening for some sound. When it did not come, she frowned and, slipping to the window, peeped out. Then, apparently satisfied, she drew back and made one or two tentative strokes with her broom.

Claban shuffled over to the window and peered out in his turn. Then a look of perfect comprehension came upon his wrinkled face. "I mought ha' knowed it," he muttered.

Outside, a barefoot boy, not more than twelve years old, was standing at the gate digging his toes into the moist mold and staring questioningly at the house, apparently surprised by the stillness.

Just as 'Genie peered from the window he took heart and started up the path. As she began to sweep, his bare feet thumped upon the porch and his fingers tugged at the handle of the old-fashioned, jangling bell.

Uncle Claban glared at the girl as he shuffled across the room, but his glare went unnoticed. When he dragged open the ponderous door the boy greeted him with a shout.

"Hullo! Uncle Claban!" he cried. "Where's everybody? Where's all the niggers?"

The old man stood stolidly in the boy's way. "What niggers you talkin' about?" he demanded. "Ain't no niggers here. All de good ones done daid, and the rest just natch'ully run away last night. I 'spect dey's gone across de Ridge to jine de Yankees. You brung a letter for we all?"

The boy nodded. "Yes. I got one—" he began, pushing by Claban as he spoke. Then suddenly he saw 'Genie. His eyes dropped, his face flamed, and his ready tongue stopped.

'Genie had bound a cloth about her head and had rolled up her sleeves. In one hand she held the broom, in the other a duster.

"Hello! George!" she said. "Come in and see me work."

The boy's eyes widened. "You—you ain't a-sweeping, are you, Miss 'Genie?" he stammered incredulously.

"Got to!" returned the girl cheerfully. "Look at this big room. It's got to be swept, and Uncle Claban's got to cook dinner, so I must do it. Oh, I'm so tired!" The small humbug sighed and pretended to wipe the perspiration from her face.

"Good Lord, Miss 'Genie! I—I—let me sweep it for you. I'll be glad to." Adoration—the first admiration of the boy for the older woman—spoke in every syllable. "Please—please let me sweep it for you! Please, Miss 'Genie!"

The girl pretended to demur, but very soon yielded her broom into the boy's hands, while Uncle Claban chuckled to himself.

"You got a letter for me, George?" she asked.

The boy extracted a letter from his pocket. "No'm," he answered. "I'm powerful sorry, Miss 'Genie, but I ain't got but one to-day, and that's for Miss Sally. I reckon it's from the general, though."

"From father? Oh, give it to me!" She snatched the letter and glanced at its superscription. "It is, it is!" she cried. "It is from father. Oh, Sally! Sally!" Her shout reechoed up the broad stairs in the center of the big hall. "Come here, quick!"

"I'm coming!" The elder Miss Castleton appeared at the top of the stairs as she answered.

Sally Castleton was only three years older than her sister, but the three years, passed as they had been in the severe school of war, had made her a woman. She was tall, well built, vigorous. Her white skin had that undertone of color which bespeaks perfect health, and the combination of brown eyes, full red lips, and a great mass of brown hair produced a striking sort of beauty.



TOO TIRED AND WEAK TO GUIDE HIS HORSE, HE COULD ONLY HANG TO HIS SADDLE AND TRUST
THAT HE MIGHT REACH HELP BEFORE

Digitized by Google

756

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



TO THE BEAST'S INSTINCT TO AVOID DESTRUCTION! AND TO SPUR—EVER TO SPUR—PRAYING
BRAIN AND BODY FAILED TOGETHER.

Digitized by Google

757

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"What is it? A letter from father?" she called.

"Yes! Yes!" 'Genie held up the envelope. "Open it! Oh, open it, Sally."

Sally hurried down the steps. "Did George bring it?" she asked. "Thank you, George," she smiled, and took the envelope that 'Genie offered.

Inside was a single sheet of paper. She unfolded it and held it low, so that 'Genie, hanging over her shoulder, could read it with her:

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS: I write in great haste. The war is moving toward you, and there will probably be fighting in the Shenandoah near you very soon. I wish it could have been delayed till the crops were gathered, as our men need the food. But it can't be helped. It will no longer be safe for you on that exposed farm. Let the crops go and start for Richmond as quick as you can. Your mother's old friend, Mrs. Mason, will be waiting to receive you. You know her address. Leave Claban in charge. He will save the place if any one can. I suppose the other darkies will run off.

Come quickly. My wound is practically well, and I expect to be ordered back to the field any day, and unless you hurry I may have to leave before you arrive. I wish I could come for you, my darlings, but I can't. But I know my brave Sally will do everything right and get through safely. 'Genie must obey you in everything. Tell her that she is under military orders and her first duty is to obey. By the way, her young friend, Philip Byrd, has distinguished himself. He is in the Shenandoah with General Breckenridge, just across the Blue Ridge from you. Tell 'Genie this.

Your loving father,
CHAMPE CASTLETON.

'Genie clapped her hands as she finished. "Oh, Sally! We're going to Richmond!" she cried. "We're going to Richmond! Aren't you glad?"

The older sister did not laugh. "Yes," she answered. "But—but—father says he is wounded."

'Genie's brightness dimmed. "No! he doesn't," she demurred. "He says he's 'most well."

"He would say that, of course. Why didn't some one tell us? Maybe they did write and the letter was lost. Oh, I hope he really is better!"

"Of course he is." 'Genie started toward the desk in the corner of the room, then paused and glanced at George, who had about finished his task of sweeping. "Oh, George," she called, "don't go. I want to write a letter for you to take."

Sally looked at the girl, and her eyes twinkled. "To Philip, I suppose?" she asked.

'Genie blushed. "Of course. He's so near. He might come across the Gap and find us gone and—and——"

"And that would never do, would it? Don't be in such a hurry, little sister. Write your letter later and we'll mail it as we go through Nellyford—if we can get there."

"Get there?"

"Yes. It isn't so easy. Uncle Claban—" she turned to the old man—"father wants us to come on to Richmond and leave you here in charge. But how in the world are we to go? There isn't a horse on the place."

The old man scratched his head. "'Deed, I dunno, Miss Sally," he replied. "'Cep'n' you hires a wagon from Nellyford to take you over to Rockfish to the railroad. 'Tain't but three or four hours by train from there."

"That's what we must do, of course. George!" she called the boy, "has anybody in Nellyford got a horse to spare?"

The boy shook his head. "No'm, Miss Sally," he answered. "There ain't more'n three horses at Nellyford, and none of them's for hire."

'Genie had come back from the desk. At George's words her face fell. "What are we going to do?" she wailed. "Oh, I do want to—to get to father so bad!"

George's heart swelled. "Don't cry, Miss 'Genie," he begged. "Please don't cry. I can get you a horse. I can, truly. I've got a horse of my own."

Three pairs of astonished eyes turned toward him. "You have, George?"

"Yes'm. I ain't ever told anybody. I've been saving him till I was big enough, and then I was going to ride off and join General Jeb Stuart. But you can have him, Miss 'Genie."

"But where did you get him, George?"

"I found him! More'n three months ago. He was wandering up the valley. He'd been shot, an' he was 'most dead. I took him down to a place I knowed of on the branch, and I been fattening him up. He looks fine now. An' you can have him, Miss 'Genie. I'll go get him an' bring him over by dinner time."

"Oh, thank you, George!" 'Genie pounced on the boy and, catching him in her arms, kissed him resoundingly. The next instant he had broken away and taken refuge behind Uncle Claban, red as fire and

speechless with a mingling of feelings. "There!" laughed 'Genie, "that's a reward, George!"

The boy gasped, stammered, and darted to the door.

'Genie sprang after him. "George! George!" she called. "Come back!"

But he had already stopped and was staring toward the blue front of the Ridge. 'Genie's eyes followed his and found a small, fast-moving dot.

"Somebody's coming," he called. "He's coming fast—lickety-split."

Instantly the eyes of all four were fixed on this dot—already resolved into a tiny horse and rider—speeding over the road which curved like a whip-lash among the trees or behind the white rocks which gleamed in the sunlight against the green mass of the ridge.

The flash of sunlight on metal glinting from the hurrying figure told that the rider was a soldier; but the distance was too great for the anxious watchers to make out the color of the uniform.

At the foot of the slope the trees ended, and the horse, still galloping, came swiftly toward them. As it drew nearer they saw that the rider was not sitting upright, but was bowed over his saddle, clinging to the horse's mane. The horse, too, seemed in little better case. It stumbled and plunged, reeling from side to side.

Claban cried out at the sight. "My Lord!" he muttered. "He gwine kill dat horse."

'Genie's sharp eyes were fixed on the rider. "He's one of our men," she cried. "He's an officer—a cavalry officer." 'Genie knew all the insignia of rank and service by heart. "He's—oh, Sally! It's Philip!"

Horse and rider were close at hand now. At 'Genie's scream the rider straightened in his saddle, showing a face as ghastly white as that of one already dead. For a moment he sat upright, then began to sway.

'Genie was already racing down the walk with Sally close behind her. George was ahead of them both. But before any of them could reach the spot, the horse stumbled, and horse and rider went down together in a crumpled heap.

CHAPTER II

Philip Byrd had been in the saddle for twenty-four hours and had a bullet-hole

through the fleshy part of his right leg, when he was ordered, late at night, to gallop at once across the Blue Ridge to General Lee's headquarters to beg for reinforcements.

For three days and three nights the Confederates had reeled backward before Hunter's relentless blue legions. Stubbornly they had contested every inch of the ground, but ever with the same result. Lynchburg, with its rich store of food, ammunition, and military supplies, lay a few miles farther south. Unless Hunter was stopped he would take the city. Breckenridge, overmatched, desperate, hopeless, sent messenger after messenger, imploring aid.

Philip Byrd was one of the messengers—sent because he knew the country thoroughly and was horseman enough to win through in spite of his wound. Scarcely twenty years of age, slim, worn by hard work and short rations, he looked more fit for bed than for saddle. His horse was nearly as tired as he. But such as the two were, they were the best that could be spared.

Philip had left Staunton long after dark and had galloped southward, climbing the Blue Ridge in the darkness by a road that crawled up its western flank to Reed's Gap.

Beneath him Back Creek, swollen by spring rains, rushed northward through thickets of oak and laurel to join the Shenandoah. Now and then his horse waded an unseen spring-fed rivulet that plunged across the road to join the larger stream. Behind him, lit only by the fires of scattered burning houses, lay the great Shenandoah Valley, the granary of the Confederacy for four years, a potential highway along which the Southern armies might throw themselves upon Pennsylvania and Washington. Sheridan had not yet swept it with his blue troopers.

After a time Philip turned east, heading toward a low notch, beyond which lay piedmont Virginia. Still farther east were the northern armies, slowly constricting the ring of steel that encircled the dying Confederacy.

The road that Philip followed was little more than a trail, winding uncertainly through thickets of laurel and holly, now in the stream-bed and now out, avoiding obstructions rather than surmounting them. Steep and jagged in places, broken by gullies through which rain-born torrents had torn a way, it demanded cautious travel

lest a single misstep on the edge of a shelving bank should send horse and rider rolling to the depths of the gorge. Philip would have dismounted and led his horse had it not been for his wounded leg and for the fact that he trusted the animal's instinct for safety more than he did his own.

When morning came he urged his horse recklessly forward. He knew that he could not endure the strain much longer. His only hope was to keep up till he could reach some one who would carry his despatches on, and he knew he was most unlikely to find any one before crossing the Ridge. So far as his mission was concerned, he might as well topple over a precipice as delay upon the road. Desperately he struggled on, fighting against the growing weakness that was overpowering him, driving his tired horse with relentless spur.

At last he topped the rise and started downward, the sun popping up to face him as he went. Too tired and weak to guide his horse, he could only hang to his saddle and trust to the beast's instinct to avoid destruction! And to spur—ever to spur—praying that he might reach help before brain and body failed together.

He knew where the road led, knew the Castleton farm at its foot. He had been born and bred not ten miles away from it and knew its every stick and stone. He knew, too, that once at Castleton he could find a messenger to go forward with his despatches. When at last through the thinning trees he saw its green fields and white buildings spread before him, he mustered his strength for a last effort.

As his horse plunged down the mountain-side he clung desperately to the saddle, watching through glazing eyes the buildings swell in the perspective. Then he distinguished wavering specks, figures rushing to meet him. There were Sally and Claban and 'Genie—dear 'Genie—and some one else; the forms danced crazily before him. He tried to call out, but even as he did so the horse crashed down beneath him. As he strove to rise, 'Genie flung herself in the dust at his side.

For once he did not heed her. Desperately he felt in his pocket and dragged out a crumpled paper.

"To General Lee!" he gasped, in a voice so strained and cracked that the words were almost indistinguishable. "To General Lee! Quick! Quick! Take it!"

'Genie shrank back, but Sally caught the paper from his hand. "I'll send it," she promised. "I'll send it!"

For an instant Philip glared into the girl's eyes. Sally did not heed him. The paper had come open in her hand, and she was scanning its brief message. Swiftly she turned to the wide-eyed boy.

"George!" she called. "George! Listen! The Yankees are riding up the Shenandoah. General Breckenridge is being driven back. He has sent Mr. Byrd here to General Lee to beg for reinforcements. He says if they do not come Lynchburg may be captured." She paused; then: "This despatch must be got to General Lee at once. Will you take it?"

Eagerly the boy clutched the paper. "Will I!" he cried. "You just bet I will."

"Then get your horse and ride faster than you ever rode before. Never stop until you find the Southern lines. Go!"

"I will, ma'am, Miss Sally. 'Deed I will." The boy sped down the road.

As he vanished, Sally turned to the figure that lay so quiet in the dust. 'Genie was bending over him, holding his head on her lap and wiping the dust from his forehead. Her slender fingers trembled and she shook with sobs. "Oh, Sally, Sally!" she gasped. "He's dead! He's dead!"

Sally looked at the boy. He seemed very still and white, and she hesitated. But Uncle Claban broke in. "Daid!" he exclaimed. "Who? Him? No, ma'am, Miss 'Genie, he ain't daid, an' he ain't gwine to die, neither. He's just natcherly clean tuckered out, dat's what he is. But, lawsy me, how we all gwine to git him into de house?"

They half lifted, half dragged the unconscious lad along the walk and up the broad steps, and laid him at last upon a lounge in the great hall, from sheer inability to get him to an upper story. He lay unconscious, not knowing when his wounds were washed and cleansed and bound up afresh.

Hours passed while the girls and the old negro watched beside the couch. Along in the afternoon 'Genie, exhausted with anxiety, turned from the motionless form and began to sob: "Oh, Sally! I—I quarreled with Philip the last time he was here. And now—now—maybe he'll never——"

"Nonsense! He'll be all right to-morrow. He's only tired out, as Uncle Claban said."

The clock upon the mantel began to

chime and the girls counted the strokes.

"Four o'clock!" murmured Sally. "It's getting late." She rose and went to the front door, shot back the heavy bolts, and dragged the great door open.

A breeze sweet with the scent of roses and honeysuckle blew fresh and strong into her face. Before her the rays lay bright upon the young green of the oats and glimmered upon the field of clover that stretched away to the east. Millions of leaves, fluttering in the soft breeze, caught the level rays and threw them back down the valley. Overhead the cherry-trees rustled pleasantly, alternately revealing and concealing masses of crimson fruit. Round the pillars of the house, climbing roses clustered, filling the air with fragrance. From the meadow came the pleasant sound of water rushing over a rocky bed. War seemed very, very far away.

Sally drew a deep breath of the sweet air. She stepped out on the porch and turned to look up at the familiar overhanging front of the Blue Ridge. To-day, however, she saw it in a new light. Not the mountain itself, but what it concealed made her stare at it. The Yankees—the Yankees were sweeping up the Shenandoah behind that green wall. In imagination she could hear the rattling of drums, the ring of bugles, the low thunder of rumbling batteries.

And then, even as she let her fancy fill the winding road with marching men, a distant flicker of motion made her breath come fast. She leaned forward, every nerve tense, every sense concentrated in that of sight. Surely—surely—

Before her startled eyes the woods that fringed the first rise of Devil's Knob seemed to lift like a curtain and from beneath it long columns of horsemen came rushing. On the road a battery of field pieces flashed into view and raced toward her, gun after gun, muzzles depressed, cannoneers clinging like flies to the limbers. A distant clamor of moving men and animals filled the air.

Men and horses were suddenly all around her. Across the lower pasture they came in heavy columns, pouring endlessly down from the slopes of the Blue Ridge. The shining carbines and sabers of the men and the trappings of the horses caught the sunlight and flashed it broadcast in myriad sparks of fire. Flags of red, white, and blue snapped in the wind. Single horsemen,

skirmishers, were already abreast of the house; in a moment they had passed, and she saw them climbing the slopes of the easternmost of the Three Ridges and of Devil's Ridge.

In the twinkling of an eye the house had been surrounded, cut off from the rest of the world by a ring of horsemen; but not deliberately surrounded, for no part of the movement seemed directed toward it.

For an instant longer Sally Castleton stood spellbound. Then she fled back into the house, swung the door to, and turned the key in the lock.

Once inside, she turned helplessly to the others. "The Yankees!" she gasped. "The Yankees! They're all around us! Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?"

The younger girl shrank back with a cry. The old negro turned ashen with terror. "De Yankees! Good Lord, Miss Sally! Whar dey come from?"

"I don't know! From across the Ridge somewhere! They're all around us! And they'll capture Philip! Oh, can't we hide him somewhere?" Desperately her eyes searched the room.

"Dunno whar. Dey'll look in the cellar an' de attic, sure! But I reckon we'd better wake him!"

For a moment Sally hesitated; then she shook him gently. "Wake up, Philip," she called. "Wake up! You must wake up! You must! You must!"

The boy moved slightly. He flung his hand above his head. His eyes opened, then closed, and with a long sigh he lapsed again into unconsciousness.

But 'Genie came to the rescue. She flung herself on her knees beside the couch. "Philip! Philip!" she shrieked. "Wake up! There's danger! Danger! Wake up!"

Again the brown eyes opened, and this time they stayed open, staring blankly at the girl beside him.

"Wake up! Please wake up!" she pleaded.

A look of intelligence crept into Philip's staring eyes. He smiled faintly.

"'Genie!" he murmured happily.

Desperately the girl shook him, while Sally leaned anxiously over the couch. Claban, trembling with fright, was peering through the crack of the door.

"Philip!" 'Genie sobbed, "the Yankees—"

"The Yankees! Good God!" The boy was wide awake at last. Memory had re-



turned with a flash. He leaped to his feet—only to totter and fall back as his weight rested on the wounded leg. His hand flew to his coat. "My despatches!" he gasped. "My despatches! Where are they?"

"They're gone. We sent them on hours ago. General Lee has them by this time. The Yankees are all around the house. You must hide."

Philip was standing on his feet, tottering. "I must get back to my regiment," he cried. He took a step forward, then grew white and reeled. Sally caught him and would have helped him to the lounge, but he would not let her. A huge box-stove stood in the middle of the room. He caught at this and leaned back against it. "They sha'n't take me. I'll fight! I'll fight!" he muttered unsteadily.

"You can't fight. You don't understand. There are thousands of them. You must hide—now—before it is too late!"

From the window, where he was watching, Claban's voice came in warning. "Dey's comin'," he called. "Dey's comin' to de house!"

Trampling hoofs sounded on the gravel walk without, and with the sound desperation came into Philip's face. He looked about wildly, seeking a hiding-place and finding none. "I won't be taken! I won't! I won't!" he repeated.

"You sha'n't be!" Sally cried suddenly. "You sha'n't be!" With trembling fingers she dragged open the door of the great stove, disclosing the cavernous interior. "Here!" she cried. "Hide in here! It's big enough! I've hidden in it often when I was little. It's big enough. Oh, try it!"

"It's a chance!" Philip caught at the girl's shoulders. "Help me."

Claban came limping from the window. "Dey's here, Miss Sally," he said shakily. "Dey's here!"

Sally Castleton did not look up. She and 'Genie were easing Philip into the gaping mouth of the stove. "Can you back yourself in?" she gasped.

"Yes!" Philip's arms were sound, and he moved himself inch by inch backward. "It's cramped, but it's a chance. I'll beat them yet."

Steps sounded on the porch and a heavy rap thundered through the silent house just as Philip drew up his knees and vanished within the stove.

"Don't close the door tight," he whis-

pered. "Leave it ajar. It will be safer."

Feverishly the girls pushed to the door till only the merest crack remained; then they laid the fire-irons across the front and stood up.

Again the knock sounded. Sally cast a last glance around the room to see that nothing had been forgotten. Then, with 'Genie clinging to her hand, she stepped bravely to the front door and turned the key.

CHAPTER III

With her heart beating so that she could not speak, she opened the door. She knew that she must be calm, must not show too great terror, must not try to deny the enemy the freedom of the house. She clung to the door, half fainting, while the world spun round her.

Slowly the haze cleared. Dully, as from afar off, she heard some one addressing her and realized that a boy was standing on the porch steps holding his horse's bridle—a boy, short, rotund, friendly looking, with gilt and yellow braid upon his dusty blue uniform; just a boy—not an enemy.

"Well, sir?" she faltered.

The boy had snatched off his slouch hat with its yellow cord. He stood swinging it in his hand, staring admiringly at the girls. "General Haverhill's compliments," he said. "He regrets to cause inconvenience, but he must occupy this house as headquarters for a few hours. He will be here immediately." He gestured toward a little knot of horsemen, who had paused at the foot of the lawn and were staring down the valley with field-glasses.

Sally managed to bow with some degree of calmness. "The house is at General Haverhill's disposal," she answered steadily. "I am sorry that I have only one aged servant and therefore can not serve him as I should."

The boy smiled. He seemed unable to take his eyes from her face. "Oh, that's all right," he exclaimed cheerfully. "We are used to looking out for ourselves. Don't trouble yourself a bit. The general only wants a place to rest for a few hours."

"He may have that," Miss Castleton smiled faintly. After all, there were pleasant people among the Yankees. Besides, it was just as well to conciliate while she could. "In fact, he can have more. Uncle Claban is a famous cook and our pantry is

not quite empty. May I offer supper to him and his staff?"

Her tones were quite natural. She felt surprised at her lack of fear; now that the shock of the meeting was over, the danger seemed somehow less.

The subaltern's white teeth flashed. "Really, truly supper at a table, with a table-cloth! It's too good to be true. I'll tell the general." He turned toward the horsemen, who were coming toward the steps.

Sally waited, watching curiously. She felt 'Genie's convulsive grasp on her hand and squeezed back reassuringly. "Don't be afraid, dear!" she murmured. "They're only men, after all. Try to forget that they are Yankees, and everything will come right." She turned once more to meet her guests.

On all sides of the house the busy scene was rapidly changing. The dusty cavalrymen, saddle-weary after a hard ride, were taking advantage of a few hours' halt. The troopers, gaunt, sun-burned, unshaven, covered with mud and dust, moved about this way and that. Company lines were formed, and long strings of picketed horses munched the clover, while other strings of horses, with a trooper riding bare-back, half a dozen bridles in his hands, clattered toward the creek. Stacked arms glittered in the sunlight. Men with red crosses on their sleeves established a tiny hospital tent and looked to the slightly wounded who had accompanied the flying column. Some of the Castleton tences went for farrier's fires, and his hammer clanked noisily.

The troops were too thoroughly seasoned campaigners to get out of hand, but the officers were as tired as the men, and there was no little foraging. The clusters of cherries, the yellow June apples, and the welcome "garden truck" were temptations not to be wholly resisted.

It was all new and strange to Sally and, hard as it was to see the Castleton acres trampled and overrun, she watched the busy scene with unconscious interest.

The voice of the young officer recalled her to herself. "General Haverhill," he was saying, in deference to a half-forgotten convention. "General Haverhill—Miss—?" He paused interrogatively.

The girl bowed. "I'm Miss Castleton," she said.

"Miss Castleton." The general swept off

his slouch hat. "I suppose Lieutenant Rigby here has told you that we must use your house?"

"Yes, general. Will you come in?"

The subaltern interposed. "Miss Castleton has offered us supper, general," he said.

The general smiled. He was a powerful-looking man of forty; the scar of a saber gash across his face gave it a sinister aspect, but his smile was pleasant. "You are—loyal?" he questioned doubtfully. The question seemed unnecessary.

"Yes—to Virginia!" Sally met his eyes steadily.

"Oh! I see!" Quizzically he contemplated the girl from under his bushy brows. "And this is—" he turned toward the younger girl.

"My sister, Miss Eugenia Castleton."

"Ah!" The general bowed. "I suppose you, too, are loyal—to Virginia, Miss Eugenia?" he said.

Perhaps it was the patronizing note in the question that touched 'Genie on the raw. Perhaps it was sheer terror. Whatever the cause, she flashed up, suddenly furious. "Oh!" she cried, stamping her small foot. "Oh! I wish I were a man! I wish I were a man!"

The grizzled Federal looked at her steadily, and not without admiration. "Perhaps it's lucky for me you're not," he answered, smiling.

Bowing, he stood aside to let the girls pass at the door, then clanked after them into the cool, wide hall with its broad center-table, its chairs and lounge—the lounge on which Philip Byrd had so lately lain—and the big black stove. To save their lives neither Sally nor her sister could help glancing at that stove.

It was Sally's part to play hostess, and she did it valiantly. "Please sit down, general," she invited. "If you will excuse me, I will see about supper." With a smile she rustled from the room, 'Genie following rather sullenly.

In the wide kitchen she dropped into a chair, trembling. Had she acted her part well, she wondered, or had she overdone it? Was it suspicion that she had seen in the general's eyes as she left him? Would he search—and find? How long would he stay? Philip was wounded, suffering, probably hungry and thirsty. If the Yankees stayed very long, he might have to surrender. What would they do to him? Would

they consider him a spy and —and——

A hand clutched her and she looked up. 'Genie was on her knees beside her, flushed, tear-stained face uplifted.

"Oh, Sally, Sally!" she wailed. "Did I do wrong? Did I make him suspect? Oh, if anything happens to Philip through my fault, I'll die!"

Sally laid her hand on the bright hair of the girl beside her. "You didn't harm Philip," she comforted. "It wouldn't do for us to be too friendly. That would be the surest way to make them suspicious."

"But—but—he'll starve!"

"Oh, no, he won't! I don't think they'll stay long. 'For a few hours,' that young officer said. But come!" Sally jumped up. "Come. Let's get supper for them. That'll give us something to do, and will keep them occupied—when it's ready. Men will always eat. Come!"

'Genie rose obediently, if not submissively. "Supper!" she flashed. "Supper! And we've got to feed those tyrants, with poor Philip starving right under their noses."

The elder sister smiled. "I'm sorry," she said gently; "but there are worse things than missing a meal or two. Perhaps it may be better for him, after all; for he must have some fever after that wound and that ride. Anyhow, we've got to feed these Yankees, so let's do it with a good grace. Men are easiest managed when they've eaten. If we've got to feed the brutes, let's do it."

CHAPTER IV

General Haverhill stared suspiciously after the girls as they went out. "Rebels to the core," he muttered. "The little one gave it away. What makes the other one so damned smooth-spoken? She must have some reason. . . . Mr. Rigby!"

"Sir!" The young officer leaped to attention.

"I'm not satisfied! That girl has something to conceal. I can see it in her eyes! Take a detail and search the house from garret to cellar. Search all the outhouses. Station guards to keep watch on the house, and give orders not to let any civilians come in or go out under any circumstances without express permission."

"Yes, sir!"

"Captain Adams!"

"Sir!"

"Establish a signal station on the roof of this house at once. Get into communication with the outposts. Let me know instantly if the enemy appears."

"Yes, sir!"

"Major Smith!"

"Sir!" An old, red-faced officer saluted stiffly.

"Let me see that map. Here! Lift these things out of the way." He indicated the books and bric-à-brac that littered the mahogany table.

Unconcernedly the officer swept his arm across the table, sending the articles upon it crashing to the floor. Upon the space thus provided he unrolled a dirty, tattered map. The corners would not lie flat, and he weighted one of them with a Bible picked from the floor and one with a pistol drawn from his belt.

The general bent over it, tracing the roads with a pencil. "This is the place, beyond a doubt," he declared. "Foot of Reed's Gap; Nellyford Road; house of General Castleton, C. S. A. The girls are his daughters, of course. I wonder when our man will be along."

"Not before evening, I understand, general. That was the expectation, wasn't it?"

"That was General Hunter's guess. But there's no telling. He's coming from Grant, a long way roundabout. It's hard to tell how fast one can travel these days. At any rate, we've done our part. We hold the mouth of the pass. I wonder what the devil it's all about, anyhow."

"General Hunter gave you no hint, sir?"

"He had none to give. Orders were from Grant direct. I saw them. 'If possible, send a cavalry brigade up Back Creek and through Reed's Pass to the Castleton farm at the mouth. Seize the exit and hold it, but do not advance. Captain Radcliffe will join you later with orders.'"

"Radcliffe? Is it Captain Radcliffe we're to meet?"

"Yes! Do you know him?"

"I do if he's the man I'm thinking of; and I shouldn't wonder if he were. He's a Kentuckian by birth, but he's lived in the North most of his life. He came home from Indiana, I think it was, at the beginning of the war, and enlisted in a Kentucky regiment. He got his commission at Stone River for bringing off a gun after every other man and all but two horses in the

battery had been killed. Since then I haven't heard much of him, though I know he was with Grant at Vicksburg. I understand he's been transferred to the Secret Service."

"Secret Service! What in thunder have we to do with the Secret Service here?"

The general broke off, staring under bushy brows through the wide, arched door to the dining-room, where Claban was coming and going, bringing in supper.

"There's something wrong about this place," he declared. "Something devilish wrong! If I could only put my finger on it—Here! You! Come here!" He raised his voice, calling the old negro.

Claban lifted his bleary eyes inquiringly. "Wuz you a-speakin' to me, sah?" he asked.

"Yes! Come here!"

The old man approached slowly. "I didn't rightly know, sah!" he apologized, subtly showing resentment. "Most white gemmen calls me Uncle Claban, sah, and I warn't no ways sure you meant me, sah."

"Humph! Who else is here except you and the young ladies?"

"Here, sah? Why, dere ain't nobody, sah, 'cep'n' you an' a passel of soldiers. De las' darkies done run off two days ago."

"Any Confederates near?"

"Not as I knows of, sah."

"When were the last here?"

Claban scratched his snowy poll. "I sure does disremember, general, sah," he answered.

Lieutenant Rigby came running down the stairs with two troopers behind him. "No sign of anybody or anything suspicious in the cellar or up-stairs, general," he reported. "I'll search the outbuildings now."

"All right." Haverhill turned again to Claban. "Come from around back of that stove," he ordered. "I want to see you. Now tell me the truth. When were the last Confederates here? You needn't be afraid to speak out. I'll take you north with me when I go, so nobody can hurt you for speaking."

"Take me norf? No, sah! You ain't gwine to take me norf; no, you ain't, sah. What Miss Sally and Miss 'Genie gwine to do without Uncle Claban, now all dem wuthless niggers done run spang off? No, sah! Please, sah, massa!"

"Oh, stay, if you want to—but——"

Rigby bounded into the room, barely checking himself in time to salute. "General! We've found a dead horse with a Confederate saddle on him in the stable. Can't have been dead more than an hour or so. Seems to have been ridden to death."

The general sprang to his feet. "Damnation!" he trumpeted. "I knew something was wrong! Search for the rider. Search every cranny. Go! Now, you black ape, tell me the truth. Where is the man who rode that horse?"

"Dat horse? Lordy, massa, sah, nobody ain't rode dat horse so fur as I knows. Dat horse wander in late las' night all by hisself. I don' know who been a-ridin' him."

"Oh, you don't know, don't you? We'll see! Bring those girls in here, Major Smith."

The red-faced officer hurried from the room. For a moment the general glared around him; then his eyes lighted on 'Genie's rosewood desk in the corner. Evidently it occurred to him that it might contain papers which would throw some light on Confederate visitors, for he jumped up and jerked it open. Paper after paper and letter after letter he examined, glancing at them and throwing them down. "Love-letters!" he muttered disgustedly. "What the devil is this?" He glanced more closely at the letter he held. "Dear 'Genie," he read, "I want to see you so much that it hurts. I——"

A small form flashed in front of him and a slim hand snatched the letter from his grasp. "How dare you? How dare you?" spluttered a voice almost hysterical with fury. "That's my desk and my letter. How dare you touch them!"

General Haverhill dropped the letter in some confusion, and stood watching 'Genie as she stooped and began gathering the scattered letters.

"I'm not looking for love-letters," he said gruffly, but with a trace of apology in his tones, "but I'm afraid I would like to find the—er—horseman who wrote them!"

He watched her closely, and it was fortunate for 'Genie that her face was hidden. Before the Federal had time to say more, the door opened and Sally, her dress covered by a huge apron, came in from the kitchen. General Haverhill swung on her suddenly.

"I want straight answers to my questions," he said sharply. "It will be better for everybody."

Sally turned very pale, save for a bright red spot on each cheek. Her lips tightened and her figure stiffened with anger, but she did not speak.

"Where did that Confederate officer go?"

The general jerked his words out snappishly, and his deep-set eyes searched the two white faces before him.

Sally's heart stopped, then leaped madly. The room spun round her in dizzy circles. Philip was caught! Caught!—No! he was not caught; if he had been, there would have been no need for questions. But his presence was somehow suspected. She forced herself to speak.

"So far as I know, no Confederate officer has left this place," she answered steadily. "Are you seeking one to teach you how to address a lady?" The scorn in her voice was biting. 'Genie turned helplessly from her sister to the officer.

The general hesitated. "I beg your pardon," he said slowly. "This, however, is not a ball-room. A Confederate horse, recently dead, has been found in your stable. Where is its rider?"

Sally turned to Claban. "Where did that horse come from, Uncle Claban?" she asked.

The general interposed. "Don't answer!" he ordered the negro. "I've heard what your man says, and I want to hear what you say. Answer my question, Miss Castleton."

Sally shrugged her shoulders. "If any horse, Confederate or otherwise, is in my stable, it has come there without my knowledge," she answered truthfully.

Haverhill stood still, gnawing his mustache, staring suspiciously from mistress to servant. While he hesitated, the dull report of a distant field-piece boomed up the valley, followed by half a dozen scattering rifle-shots. Again the far-off cannon thundered, and the general rose and hurried to the door and stood there, staring.

A bugle sounded, followed by sharp orders. The scattered troopers raced to their horses' heads and stood waiting, ready for further commands. Far away, on the crest of the Three Ridges, little flags began to jerk spasmodically to and fro. A horseman appeared in the distance and loped toward the house; carbine and saber-hilt flashed in the sunlight as he came.

Spellbound, Sally watched the scene. Then, struck with sudden recollection, she looked for 'Genie.

The younger girl had not come to the door. Instead, she must have gone to the back of the house, for as Sally looked around she came hurrying through the arch of the dining-room. In her hands she bore some pieces of fried chicken, rich and brown. As she came she flashed apprehensive glances about her.

All the Union officers were out on the porch, looking toward the firing, and the room was vacant. Across the floor scurried 'Genie, half running, on tiptoe. She bent to the stove door, pulled it open, and thrust the chicken into the interior. "Philip! Philip!" she panted. "Take this."

A hand grasped the food and 'Genie straightened up and flung to the door just as a trooper came running down the stairs of the house and shot out upon the porch.

"Outposts signal that the enemy's infantry in small numbers has appeared in our front across South Fork Valley," he reported. "Not attempting to advance. Seem to be coming from Shield's Gap. Some firing heard. Another message coming now, sir."

The crackling fire of the rifles had died away. Haverhill nodded and spoke to the bugler by his side. A call sounded, and the ordered lines by the horses' heads dissolved, their units slipping back to sprawl upon the grass or to range about the place.

Haverhill turned back into the house. The anger in his face had disappeared, and he spoke almost courteously.

"I am bound to take your word, Miss Castleton," he said wearily; "but you must understand that I am in the enemy's country, and I am also bound to take due precautions. I thank you for your proffered hospitality, but I can not accept it. You and your sister will kindly go to your room and remain there. I will station a guard at the door. It will be useless to attempt to signal from the windows. They will be watched constantly." He turned to Claban. "As for you, my man, you will stay in the kitchen, and not attempt to leave it."

Heads high, defiant without but trembling within, the two girls mounted the stairs. As they went, Lieutenant Rigby came back from the stables. He glanced wistfully after the girls' departing forms; then saluted.

"We've searched everywhere, general," he declared. "Except for that horse, there

isn't a thing suspicious on the place." As he spoke he laid his cap and gauntlets on the flat top of the big stove and wiped his forehead, on which the perspiration was standing. Then he sniffed appreciatively and craned his neck toward the dining-room. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "That chicken smells as if it were right in the room. I guess supper must be 'most ready."

CHAPTER V

Frank Radcliffe was traveling the same road over which Philip Byrd had ridden earlier in the day. That is to say, he was riding by the same route between the same places. The road itself, however, was not the same; when Philip had passed over it, it had been little more than a trail; when Radcliffe traversed it, it was a highway, broad and trampled. That the change had been recent was proved by broken boughs, stamped into the mud, which still bore unwilted green leaves; by mud splashes, as yet only half dried, showing darker wet spots surrounded by a rim of dried yellow; by chips, still damp with fresh sap, that showed where ax-men had cleared and widened the path.

Radcliffe wore no uniform to show to which side he belonged, but his whole carriage declared that his dark citizen's clothing, for whatever purpose assumed, was a disguise. At that time and under those circumstances no one would have believed him anything but a soldier. His erect body, straight as a pine, and his great frame, solid and heavy as an oak, declared that if not a soldier he ought to be one; and his clear-skinned, resolute face and blue eyes told that he would make both an intelligent and a dangerous foe.

At the crest of the pass, in the throat of Reed's Gap, he drew rein, staring warily down the shadowy notch in the blue hills before he began the descent. High on his left towered the bald peak of Devil's Knob; on his right stretched the Three Ridges.

Woods and hills alike were quiet. Even the birds, following the human inhabitants, were gone. Rabbits had been scared away. Only the ceaseless monotone of the rustling leaves broke the stillness.

The sun dropped out of sight in a swirl of red and golden clouds as Radcliffe crossed the shoulder of the Ridge, and the coolness

of the nights of early summer stole over the mountains. But the sky above retained its brilliancy, showing that night was still distant. Radcliffe glanced at his watch dubiously, shook his head, and clucked to his horse.

The descent was steeper than the ascent had been. Two miles of riding through dim woodlands brought him to where a rushing stream, gathering from countless ravines, full-fed by the spring rains, broke out noisily. A mile farther, the walls of the gap separated to right and left, and, reining in, he sat for a moment staring down at the Castleton farm, nestling in the midst of its fields—fields less green now than they had been a few hours before.

Carefully he scanned the troops camped about the house, estimating their number at about a brigade. Hundreds of horses, black against the green, seemed to be slowly eating their way across the field of clover. Hundreds more were being watered at the brook, beside whose upper course he stood. Thousands of men wandered here and there through the fields and orchards or lay stretched upon the grass. Blue curls of smoke from invisible fires showed where the camp cooks were preparing supper.

Radcliffe studied them narrowly till his horse, hungrier or less prudent than himself, thrust forward his ears, whinnying in anticipation of rest and food. Clearly he wanted to go on, and Radcliffe, after a moment's pause, gave him his way. "That'll be Haverhill," he muttered. "He's on time. Good! I'll join him at supper."

Swiftly the horse clattered down the hill, speeding on through the fast-falling southern dusk, till Radcliffe reined him in at the edge of the hill scrub in deference to the sharp challenge of a sentry.

"Friend!" he answered, leaning forward. "Friend! Without the countersign."

The sentry threw forward his rifle. "Advance, friend, and be inspected," he ordered.

Radcliffe rode up to the waiting guards and saluted the sergeant in charge. "I have news for General Haverhill," he explained.

"Humph!" The sergeant ran his eye over the man and horse. "That's a hell of a good horse for a civilian to be riding," he remarked. "How'll you trade?"

Radcliffe shrugged his great shoulders. "This isn't my day for trading," he an-

swered curtly. "Have I your permission to proceed?"

"Oh, I guess so!" Once more the sergeant stared at the horse covetously. Ordinarily he would have called the guard and sent this newcomer forward in custody. This time, however, he decided not to take the trouble. No danger was to be apprehended from behind. Hunter had driven the Confederates far south of Reed's Gap and was blocking their return. This civilian could go on into the camp and welcome. If he found some difficulty in getting out again later, that was his affair.

"Pass!" he consented indifferently. "You'll find headquarters in a house six or eight hundred yards ahead on your left."

Radcliffe nodded and cantered on. All along the road on both sides soldiers were sprawling, snatching a few moments' rest, or were tending small fires over which coffee-pots were bubbling. As Radcliffe passed they hailed him with gibe or jest, each according to his kind. "Look at the blooming cit. Ain't he pretty?" "Hey, mama! Buy me one." "Bet you he's a Reb."

Radcliffe rode on, smiling now and then at remarks, but neither pausing nor answering. Past the orchard he went, in front of the long lines of stacked carbines, with foolish belated butterflies fluttering over them, drawn away from the clover by the glitter of the steel.

As he rode up to the door of the house, he scanned its rose-covered pillars and the jasmine around its windows, and sniffed approvingly, not less at the scent of the flowers than at the pleasant savor of fried chicken that the breeze wafted to him. "Just in time," he muttered. "I hope they've left something."

He broke off, his eyes focusing on an open window above the door, within which a face for an instant was framed—the face of a girl, young, slender, brown-eyed, looking anxiously out beneath piled masses of dark hair. So quickly it came and so quickly it went that Radcliffe could not fix its features—could scarcely be sure that he had really seen any one at all. Fleeting as his view was, however, it must have impressed him, for his hand tightened on the rein, dragging his horse back almost on its haunches. Then, remembering himself, he relaxed his

grip. He tied his horse to a post near the porch, conscious that a sentry before the door of the house was regarding him suspiciously.

As he set foot on the porch, the sentry confronted him, his carbine dropped with its muzzle only a few inches from Radcliffe's breast. "Hold on," he ordered gruffly. "Nobody gets into headquarters without permission!"

Radcliffe looked the sentry over, at first angrily—forgetting for the moment that he himself was not in uniform—then critically. A glance was enough to show him that the man—a long-limbed, raw-boned trooper with sandy hair and a pockmarked face—was a recent recruit. New to sentry duty, he was quite unduly impressed with the responsibility of guarding the deliberations of the commanding officer.

"Special messenger for General Haverhill," explained Radcliffe curtly. "Call an officer if you're in doubt."

The sentry frowned, shifted his carbine slightly, and then brought it back to its threatening position with a jerk.

"Nope," he decided. "My orders is strict. 'Let no civilian pass.' You can't get in here. Better get down off the porch." And he wagged the end of his carbine suggestively.

Ordinarily Radcliffe would have turned back until he found an officer whose word would move the wooden sentry; but the ridiculous end of his hard ride nettled him. He was angered that a man whose mission was important enough to govern the movements of a flying column of cavalry should be delayed on the very threshold of an important conference by the thick-headedness of a green trooper.

From the corner of his eye he noted that the big door had been left slightly ajar, and, as he continued to argue with the sandy-haired man, he edged gradually around until he was within a step of the opening.

"Just ask that officer behind you there," he said suddenly.

The sentry turned and looked around for the officer. With a chuckle, Radcliffe sprang through the door and slammed it shut just as the sentry's bulk crashed against the other side.

The next instalment of "**Sally Castleton, Southerner**" will appear in the July number.



The INSURGENTS



The Story of the Leaders
who Fought and Won against
the Machine Control of Congress

BY HASTINGS MACADAM

CARTOONS BY C. R. MACAULEY

Editors' Note:—As the frontispiece of this number you will find a composite portrait of thirteen Insurgent senators. This Face of Insurgency is the result of painstaking scientific work by an expert student of physiognomy—including the remodeling of the faces to look through pupils common to all, and the preparation of three composites of classified groups, which yielded the final negative. So skilfully have the thirteen units been dissolved into one that it is difficult to trace a single unmodified characteristic of an individual Insurgent.

To the artist's eye, the "fighting top" of LaFollette is apparent, tempered by the judicial and diplomatic heads of others; while the mouth shows sterner lines than LaFollette's. So, too, the "rule-with-a-rod-of-iron" Gronna and the frigid Bourne are blended with the gentler diplomats—Cummins and Works. Five of the thirteen wore heavy mustaches, but the clean-shaven faces of the remainder won. And, although there is a preponderance of age among the thirteen, the composite Insurgent appears to be in the early thirties—though of that type of man who looks years under his real age.

The face of this composite Insurgent, in the artist's interpretation, expresses determination, courage, tenacity, discrimination, sympathy—all the qualities that go to the making of a big, well-balanced mind. It has just one trace of weakness—the desire to be heard—a tendency to speak much and often.

The article below, for which this portrait was prepared, is also a composite study—of the men in both House and Senate who have come to be known as Insurgents. As a typical illustration, Mr. MacAdam has selected for detailed account one Congressman's fight against the Machine. Interweaving with this narrative dramatic stories of the conflicts carried on by other Insurgents, he presents a remarkably illuminating history of the whole movement. Mr. MacAdam is an authority on Washington politics, and his estimate of the present position and power of Insurgency is of genuine and immediate value.

LONG before the railway came to Wichita, a virile, rugged, real man had faith enough in the short-grass country to set up a printing-press there. He established a little newspaper in which, through the fat years and the lean, he trumpeted a prosperous future for western Kansas. With the introduction of macaroni wheat and the success of dry farming, Marsh Murdock's prophecies were more than justified. But as the country filled up, as the arts and sciences and professions took root, the local journalism was put to more searching tests.

"A father's longing is sometimes realized in his son," said Marsh Murdock years later. "Just before Vic was born I thought often what a fix I was in; me, aspiring to be editor and guide of my people, knowing I could not write! I never could get the hang of English; so I prayed that what I lacked my son might have. Before Vic was fourteen he could write better than me."

So it came to pass that a little printer's devil romped around the office of the *Wichita Eagle*, learning upper and lower case before he was ten years old; that an imp of a youngster ravished Mayne Reid, Cooper,

mythology ancient and modern, the stranger in town, and his own imagination, for "news;" that a fuzzy-haired, freckle-faced, self-confident young man bobbed up at Topeka as state capital correspondent of the *Eagle*; that a sturdy, thick-chested fellow of twenty, magnificently endowed with nerve and verve, served a successful apprenticeship on the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*; and that when his father's health broke, an audacious Reporter Murdock became Managing Editor Murdock, and returned to parse the *Eagle's* screams and mate the tenses of its loud alarums.

Of Victor Murdock's perspicacity as editor, it need be said only that he invented the fiction of Jerry Simpson's socklessness and laughed the Kansas leader of Populism out of politics. At eighteen, Victor married; at twenty-three, he took charge of his father's paper; and at thirty-two, "Marsh's boy" was elected to Congress.

Of this material—from the liberty-loving, individualistic Western life—Insurgency was formed. By heredity, rearing, and experience, Murdock was cut out for the rôle of Insurgent. He looked the part, too, in his early thirties. Wiry, reddish, curly hair; a face of many angles, with a nose slightly hooked and pointed, a square jaw, and compressed lips—these, and a solid, squarish figure loosely draped in "store clothes," bespoke the unconventional, pugnacious man.

Murdock matriculated in the special session of Congress, called November 9, 1903, to ratify the Cuban reciprocity agreement. The *Congressional Record* of the first day reveals him obediently voting among 198 for Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, for Speaker, and against 167 who supported John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi.

After the organization of the House comes the adoption of rules.

As the chairman of the Committee on Rules, Mr. John Dalzell of Pennsylvania offered the usual resolution:

"Resolved, That the Rules of the House of

Representatives of the Fifty-seventh Congress be adopted as the Rules of the Fifty-eighth Congress, etc."

Then the gaunt, intrepid David A. De Armond of Missouri arose, and coldly and clearly presented the issue:

"Those of us who have been here a little while know, and those who have not been here will soon learn, that under the code of rules of the last Congress, if adopted, times will come, and come often, when it will be in the power of a few men in the House to prevent action which a majority of the members would really like to take. And when that is done, in order to accomplish that which a majority of the members wish to have done, it will be necessary repeatedly to override these rules; and, failing to do that, the House will be unable to express its real judgment upon many important questions."

REPORTER MURDOCK—POLITICIAN

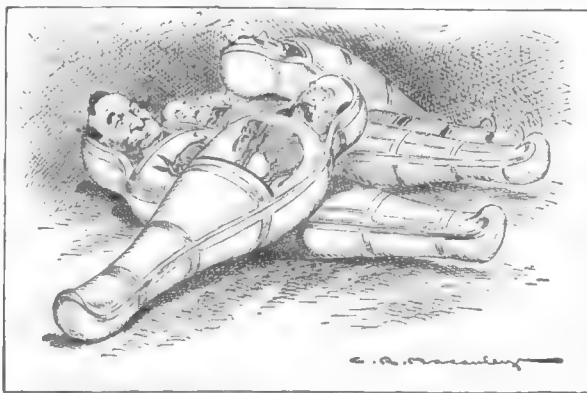
Murdock was not convinced. An ardent, loyal Republican, he believed the indictment attributable solely to the malice of a Democratic partisan. So he was recorded among the 192 who voted to enchain themselves, as against 168 Democrats who voted for freedom.

Two weeks' observation compelled him to admit the truth of all De Armond had said. But the Kansan saw the situation both from the view-point of a new member and with the eyes of a trained American news-

paper man. He saw a "story" and, in justice to his constituents, in obedience to the imperative call the true reporter feels, he wanted to tell it.

After the hard-fisted manner of Kansans, Murdock can write. A critic once said: "Vic writes like a house afire; he can burn 'em up."

In this style and spirit he indited "An Epistle to the Voters of the Seventh District of Kansas." For a reason presently to appear I can but approximate his words:



IN THE CROWDED MUMMY-SHOP OF POLITICALLY DEFUNCT PERSONS.

Men of Kansas, in supposing you are represented in the Congress of the United States you labor under an appalling delusion! Your member is such in name only! Unless he bows to a machine bossed by the Speaker and a little coterie of his friends, he is voiceless, and, to a great extent, voteless! His voice can not be officially heard expressing the free will of Kansas until he has first satisfied the Speaker's demand: "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" His vote must be cast, aye or no, for or against bills prepared by the Speaker's selected chairmen of committees, other alternatives being cut off by the rules of the House! The theory that the laws are written by a free majority in response to the people's will is a lie and a sham! Representative government no longer exists in the one branch of your Congress designed by our fathers to be truly representative!

In the fervor of a first impulse, Murdock wrote; but a few hours after an enthusiastic author went to bed, a cautious, calculating politician arose. And, like many a novice before him, he trod the gloomy, weary corridor leading to the Senate wing of the Capitol, to seek the advice of his senator.

From beneath a drooping black mustache—lugubrious adornment of lugubrious features—the Honorable Chester I. Long bombarded Author Vic:

"Those rules have been there a long time, my boy, a full hundred years and more. Who are you to pit your wild notions against the accumulated wisdom of generations and against the unanimous judgment of your elders in public life? Study and learn, help maintain your party's discipline; and gradually you will become of great service to your district and your country."

Senator Long now reposes in the crowded mummy-shop of politically defunct persons. But he and the things he stood for were very much alive then; and the booming sentences made a ten-strike among the wobbly under-pins of Politician Murdock's courage.

But authorship is sensitive and in defeat cries out for that balm of many ailments—a few kind words. Author Vic took one step more, and that night submitted his outpourings to the late Richard H. Lindsay. For years Lindsay, as Washington correspondent of the *Kansas City Star*, had been a sincere and effective fighter for better government, and in him Murdock was sure of sympathy.

Lindsay was one of those rare newspaper writers who have the enthusiasm of a cub reporter in middle age; his face shone and he nodded, gurgled, and slapped his knees as he read.

"You've hit the nail on the head, Vic!" he applauded. "Holy smoke! Go to it! Roosevelt will be with you; the press will support you; the country will stand by you. Gee Whillikens! When can I use it?"

"You can't use it."

Politician Vic took the manuscript from Lindsay's unwilling hands, tore the sheets to pieces, and cast the bits into the wastebasket.

"Trimmer!" accused Lindsay, half contemptuously.

"Yes—trimmer—" an expiring gasp.

THE HOUSE MACHINE

Seven years ago, the Machine of the House of Representatives, if not a thing of beauty, was nevertheless, as a masterpiece of mechanical art, a joy forever. Men for the drive-wheels, human energy in the fire-box, and the human brain at the throttle, each minute part a man, all bound together by the compelling force of self-interest—it worked like a charm. In this complex organization there were the men of the steel mills, pulp mills, cotton mills, woolen mills, glass mills, iron foundries, and shoe factories; the men of the coal mines, oil wells, and iron and zinc and silver and gold mines; the men of the railways; men clamoring for Government money for public buildings, rivers and harbors, for pensions, for expensive experiments upon the cotton-boll weevil, the cattle-tick, and the cotton-tail moth—projects occasionally good, but often mere sinkholes for cash. And sitting in both houses were the direct agents of the United States Steel Corporation, the Beef Trust, the Standard Oil Company, and the Lumber Trust.

Party counted for little that was good. New England railway and manufacturing interests made common cause with Tammany's schemes; Tammany and New England traded with Pennsylvania's steel, coal, coke, petroleum, and railway corporations; Pennsylvania worked hand in glove with Ohio and West Virginia delegations that were controlled by like industries; and the enormous shipping trade of the Great Lakes, the meat-packers of Chicago, the brewers of

all the large centers, pooled with New England, New York, and Pennsylvania; the South joined in bespeaking steel and cotton mills, tariff-protected lumber, rice fields, and cane-sugar plantations; and the Far West made it all hands around by contributing an important contingent of sheep, cattle, lumber, beet-sugar, and grabbing, anti-conservation statesmen.

Far in the background, but linked to the whole mass as the central telephone exchange gathers the converging wires, operated the power of concentrated credit—Wall Street.

As Speaker of the House, elected by the combination's safe control of a majority of the Republican caucus, Joseph G. Cannon appointed the chairmen and members of the committees; and by an elastic rule of seniority he made promotions from time to time, so that no man arrived at a chairmanship until he had been tried and watched for years. The committees wrote the bills and distributed appropriations totaling a billion dollars a year. A devious procedure—varied, according to the emergency, by the supervisory Committee on Rules—made runways for the bills on the floor. Jointly the rules and the Committee on Rules formed a carryall for the Machine's purposes. Hitched to the traces of red tape manufactured for each occasion and drawn by the leaders of the inner ring, the carry-all many times was dragged through a hostile House.

TAKING THE "TRIMMINGS"

This was the House when Murdock entered it. Having trimmed, he proceeded to take the trimmings. Upon the door of the Machine, that is to say, upon the door of the Speaker's private office, Murdock knocked, and was admitted. He was appointed to the Republican membership of the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads—which meant faring uncommonly well. Presently the doors of Washington society began to open for him. He was invited to the Speaker's own little parties, and there Mr. Cannon himself, beaming approval, once clapped him on the back and proclaimed him one of "my most promising young men."



ALL HANDS AROUND.

Murdock, however, proved an industrious digger for facts; and this always dangerous quality led him to the discovery of a fact so simple, yet so obviously a mathematical absurdity, that he could scarcely believe his eyes. He sifted the figures again and again until numbers danced in his tired mind by night like elfin creatures. After long poring over statistics, at last he decided that the impossible thing was true. It was this:

In 1905 the annual outlay for the railway carriage of mail amounted to forty-five million dollars, paid on the basis of the average daily weight handled. The method of striking the average was defined in an act of Congress passed in 1873:

"The average weight is to be ascertained in every case by the actual weighing of the mails for such a number of successive *working* days, not less than ninety, at such times after June 30, 1873, and not less frequently than once every four years, and the result to be stated and verified in such form and manner, as the Postmaster General may direct."

Sanctimonious congressmen of 1873 would not officially recognize the necessity of working on Sundays; but the Sabbath, ignored legally, was counted arithmetically and financially. Sunday was not legally held to be a "working day;" and "ninety successive working days" by law became one hundred and five calendar days. In 1905, and for thirty-five years prior, the mails had been weighed for one hundred and five days, and then, to secure the average daily weight, the total was divided, not by one hundred

and five, but by ninety. On the weekly basis, seven days' weighings were aggregated and divided by six.

Examining the statistics, Murdock found that the overpayments annually on three routes alone came to half a million and to about five millions for all routes. Probing deeper, he unearthed a long record containing opinions by attorneys and postmasters-general who attempted to justify the practise by labyrinthine reasoning. But Murdock's practical mind contended that if any business man (or housewife or schoolboy, for that matter) were paying for a daily service at a daily rate, he would insist upon a day's work for a day's pay and would not pay what was substantially seven days' pay for six days' work. He decided to expose and fight the abuse.

The Kansas congressman soon found he had touched a sensitive spot, for the intricate mechanism of the Machine was promptly set in motion against him. When he rose to tell the plain facts in a speech, Machine members of the Post-Office Committee took seats directly in front of him, and other recognized factotums of the organization gathered near. As he talked they called him vile names. Yet he compelled attention.

But a speech is one thing, and definite action a very different thing, in Congress. So Murdock began a lively campaign to get tangible results.

A BOMB IN THE HOUSE

As he had been warned, the powers in the House used every sort of pressure. Among the Machine adherents with whom he had made friendships, he was sent to Coventry. Men who before had greeted him jovially now gave him a cold stare or a curt rebuff. Railway attorneys descended on Washington by the score, crowded the offices of the Post-Office Committee, besieged Murdock at his home and at his office, and finally set coercive influences at work in Kansas that made railway employees there write letters threatening his tenure of office.

Were I to tell the entire story of Murdock's struggle, this one article would devour the whole reading section of EVERYBODY'S and eat into the advertising department—which, I am told, is undesirable. So I must omit the details of the fight in committee. Finally, when the matter was before the whole House for consideration, the

Kansan got no vote whatever on the unvarnished issue of giving the railways five million dollars a year. It was on February 20, 1907, that the Machine steam-rolled Murdock; but it is not merely the personal factor that makes the date memorable. For when the whole farce had been enacted—when the presiding officer had solemnly mustered the precedents and eliminated the mail-pay reform on a point of order, Murdock sowed the seeds of revolution.

He committed political treason; for such was then the crime of a Republican member who publicly flew counter to a mandate from the Speaker's rostrum, the throne of party authority. He appealed from the decision of the Chair!

The decision of the Chair was sustained—ayes seventy-two, noes fourteen.

THE INSURGENTS HOIST THEIR FLAG

Murdock thought his fight hopelessly lost. In reality it was won. It was won even in respect of railway-mail pay; for, on examining the complete record, President Roosevelt found it so raw that by executive decree he construed the old law to accomplish Murdock's purpose—held that a "working day" was not necessarily a "workday," and that when work was done on Sunday it became a "working day." The divisor was made seven instead of six, and the railways lost the five millions of annual graft.

But the fight was won in a larger sense. Many others in the House had suffered as Murdock had suffered, and knew the evils as he knew them. Gradually a small band of Republicans gathered courage to place a righteous cause above party interests and party authority. As time went on, these rebellious spirits—these Insurgents—compared experiences, counseled and planned together. At last they concluded to join their traditional enemies, the Democrats, in voting against the shifting of issues, against false pretenses, against the Machine, and for a representative House of Representatives.

I have confined perhaps a third of this article within the narrow limits of one experience. It has been upon the theory that the story of one is the story of all. The whole credit for the Insurgency in the House does not belong to Murdock, by any means. A dozen others had an equal part in it. His

fight, though, was typical of the others, and his story, too, has led us to the confluence of many streams, whence a torrential progress began.

After Murdock made his railway-mail fight in the Fifty-ninth Congress, he was returned to the Sixtieth by an increased majority. Once more the issue arose upon the adoption of the old rules, and Henry A. Cooper of Wisconsin earned the distinction of becoming the first Republican congressman to indorse publicly the arguments of De Armond. In a memorable speech, Cooper laid bare and denounced Cannon's autocracy.

But he went no farther than to make this protest in the *Record* and to vote "present" when the test came. On adopting the old rules, 198 Republicans balloted aye and 160 Democrats no. Murdock, Cooper, and all the rest, though chafing within the traces, still chose to enthrall themselves. The restraining influence was the approaching election of 1908, which was a powerful argument for party harmony.

In these two last years of the Roosevelt administration the issue was drawn between "reactionaries" and "progressives." Counting upon Roosevelt's approaching retirement, the reactionaries of the House—Cannon, Dalzell, Payne, Tawney, and others—clamped the committee lids down on conservation, corporation, and railway regulation bills. Numerous gag rules were devised to prevent these reforms from being voted on as amendments to routine measures necessarily up for passage.

The Insurgents were urged by President Roosevelt to organize, and Townsend of Michigan during this period called the first formal meeting of Progressives. But the number necessary, with the Democratic vote, to make a majority of the House, could not yet be pledged to united, unflinch-

ing rebellion against the Machine roller.

Supported for the nomination by President Roosevelt, William H. Taft went into the 1908 convention as the Progressive

candidate; and, entirely for this reason, he was nominated, elected, and given a Republican House, in which, however, the Republican majority was cut to forty-nine. This change meant that a Republican defection of twenty-five, added to the Democratic strength, would overwhelm the Machine.

While forming his new administration at Hot Springs, Virginia, in February of 1909, prior to his inauguration, President-elect Taft was strongly urged to demonstrate his Progressive character once and for all by using his influence against Joseph G. Cannon's reelection as Speaker. If many persons are to be believed, the President-elect then gave definite assurances of his purpose to fight Cannon. The presidential candidate had been a Progressive; the President-elect wavered; and when

the Sixty-first Congress organized, March 15, in special session to revise the tariff, the President-in-office allied himself with Messrs. Aldrich and Cannon—lined up with the Machine!

But now the great parting of the ways had come, and Insurgency openly hoisted the flag of revolt. Though he was the caucus nominee for the Speakership; Mr. Cannon did not receive the full vote of his party. Use of the most deadly weapon at the Machine's command, a caucus mandate—a weapon theretofore having the imperative force of a bull of the Pope in the Middle Ages—failed to deliver the votes of twelve Republicans!

Immediately the country witnessed a more important secession. Thirty-one Republicans joined with a majority of the Democrats to deprive the newly elected



KNOCKED UPON THE DOOR OF THE
SPEAKER'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

Speaker of the great powers which kept the Machine going. The Democratic side intact, plus the thirty-one, made a safe majority of the House. The combination had the votes to win unless they were sold out—and they were sold out. Unable to purchase safety from the thirty-one with offers of committeeships and pledges of passage for their tidbits of private legislation, the Machine bid in twenty-three Democrats!

But, so acute was the crisis, the deal had to be carried out under a hood of compromise.

As an amendment of the Machine's routine resolution adopting the old rules, Champ Clark, Democratic leader, offered a substitute calling for the election by the House of a special committee of fifteen regular Republicans, Insurgent Republicans, and Democrats, to prepare a revision of the rules and report to the December, or regular, session of the Sixty-first Congress. With the help of the twenty-three Democrats, and opposed by the thirty-one Republicans, the Machine defeated the Clark substitute by 203 to 180.

THE INSURGENTS ARE SPANKED

Then Fitzgerald of New York (Democrat) offered a proposition really cooked up in the Speaker's room, making certain minor concessions to the spirit of revolt.

But though in a measure they reduced the Speaker's authority over the private affairs of members, the controlling power of the old Committee on Rules was left intact, the Speaker's privilege of appointing the committees survived, and the Machine's mastery of the impending tariff revision and of all big legislation for two more years was again made seemingly secure.

Though actually important, the Fitzgerald concessions came too late to stem the rising tide of Insurgency. Speaker Cannon tried a policy of revenge. Using his appointive power, he removed Cooper of Wisconsin, and Fowler of New Jersey, both Insurgents, from important chairmanships, and gave them unimportant places. Murdock, whose right by seniority should have ranked him near the top of the Post-Office Committee, was put at the bottom, where he had begun in 1903. Like punishments were suffered by Gardner of Massachusetts and Norris of Nebraska. In fine, the Machine supplied the fuel for its own upburning.

For this treatment popularized the Insurgents at home, and fires of public wrath burst into blaze.

Events now moved swiftly toward the inevitable wreck and disaster. Under pledge to revise the tariff downward, the Machines of both Houses, not without a straining which weakened them both still more, enacted the Payne-Aldrich law, which analysis soon proved to be a revision upward upon articles of universal use and consumption. By working in open alliance with Speaker Cannon and Senator Aldrich, and by cold-shouldering the Insurgents, President Taft preserved the old system during this struggle. Herculean exertions enabled the high tariff interests, principal source for years of Republican campaign funds, to muster a majority of both Houses for a bill breaking the solemn pledge in the tariff plank of the Republican platform of 1908; and forced President Taft to sign a measure directly in conflict with his tariff principles as declared in speeches prior to and after his nomination.

Ten Republican senators from six states—Beveridge of Indiana, Bristow of Kansas, Brown and Burkett of Nebraska, Clapp and Nelson of Minnesota, Crawford of South Dakota, Cummins and Dolliver of Iowa, and LaFollette of Wisconsin—voted against the bill on its final passage in the Senate, July 8, 1909. Twenty Republicans from seven states voted with the Democrats in the House upon a motion to recommit the conference report, with the result that the Machine escaped an eleventh-hour defeat there by only five votes. The twenty were: Davis, Lindbergh, Miller, Nye, Steenerson, and Volstead, of Minnesota; Good, Haugen, Hubbard, Kendall, Pickett and Woods, of Iowa; Cary, Lenroot, and Nelson, of Wisconsin; Madison and Murdock, of Kansas; Gronna of North Dakota; Poindexter of Washington; and Mann of Illinois.

THE DOWNFALL OF CANNON

When it is remembered that a tariff vote is the acid test of party loyalty, and that these senators and members represented states essential to Republican domination of national affairs, the far-reaching significance of these roll-calls is plain.

During the regular session of the Sixty-first Congress, which assembled in December, 1909, the crash came. The Insurgents

and Democrats first humbled Speaker Cannon and shook the Machine from fire-box to exhaust by depriving the Speaker of the power to appoint House members of the joint congressional committee to investigate the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy; and so, when the House itself made choice, the late Judge Madison of Kansas, a Progressive and conservationist who subsequently joined the Democratic committeemen and reported against Ballinger, was put on this committee.

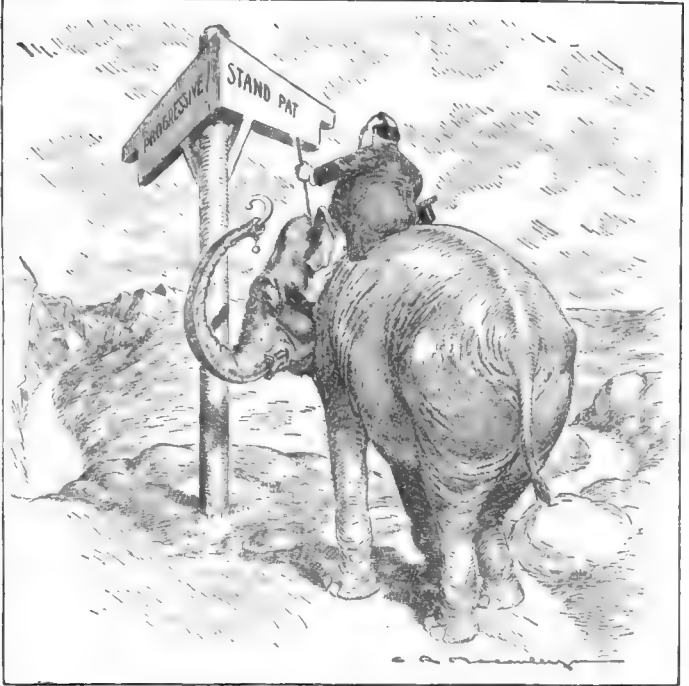
The climax came March 17, 1910, when, its parliamentary barriers pierced in an unguarded moment, the Machine was compelled to face the root issue of the rules question. At the end of a dramatic three-day contest, a new Committee on Rules, enlarged from five to ten members, was elected by the House, and the old Committee on Rules was abolished forever. Forty-three Insurgents voted to eliminate the old committee; only nine had courage to vote to oust Cannon from the Speakership. But the one-man bossism which had controlled the House at critical times for years, was ended.

Future judgment undoubtedly will deem this a great moment of our political history. And it is fitting to recall now that in the long honor list of those who burst from bondage one deserving name was missing. David A. De Armond for years had fought this fight, not solely as a Democrat, but sincerely as an honest, clear-sighted student of American welfare. He was burned to death attempting, fruitlessly, to save his grandson's life when his house at Butler, Missouri, was destroyed, November 23, 1909. His epitaph should read: "Here lies a True Progressive."

It will be impracticable within the limits of a single article to treat all the phases of Insurgency; but there remains one phase that is the logical companion to the story of the House Machine—its rival both in elements of interest and in effects of im-

portance: the struggle in the Senate.

Robert Marion LaFollette took his seat in the United States Senate January 4, 1906. At that time the "Oligarchy"—consisting of Hanna of Ohio, Platt of Connecticut, Allison of Iowa, Spooner of Wisconsin, Quay of Pennsylvania, McMil-



THE GREAT PARTING OF THE WAYS HAD COME.

lan of Michigan, Hale of Maine, and Aldrich of Rhode Island—a group that ruled the Senate for a decade—had faded away. In its stead had risen the one-man leadership of Aldrich, a bossism.

THE BOSS OF THE SENATE

Aldrich was at the head of a Machine that, while very differently constructed, controlled the Senate just as effectively as the Cannon Machine controlled the House. Probably as the chief power in the "most powerful legislative body in the world"—as the "power behind the power behind the throne"—Aldrich was then one of the most powerful men in the world. It was a close question whether he was not more powerful than the President.

LaFollette began a struggle which drove Aldrich into private life, revised the personnel of the Senate, and has now reduced

the Senate Machine to well-nigh complete ruin.

Let statistics tell the tale:

The Senate of January 4, 1906, comprised fifty-six Republicans and thirty-three Democrats, there being one vacancy. To-day, only six years later, fifty-six of these eighty-nine senators, because of either death or retirement, are no longer in the Senate.

The places of these fifty-six have been filled as follows:

Machine men succeeded by Progressive Republicans or Democrats.....	25
Democrats succeeded by Democrats.....	17
Progressive Republicans succeeded by Democrats.....	1
Progressive Republicans succeeded by Progressive Republicans.....	1
Machine men replaced by Machine men.....	12

And among these twelve seats which the Machine kept, were the two so long occupied by Spooner and Aldrich! These old-line leaders, though yet able to retain their places, preferred private life rather than the certain humiliation awaiting them in the Senate! They "quit," making way for Stephenson of Wisconsin and Lippitt of Rhode Island, colorless substitutes.

THE INSURGENT SENATOR ROLL-CALL

Upon the Republican side in 1906, Senator LaFollette found only four men willing to fight the Machine, to contend in the open for genuine regulation of trusts and railways, and to agitate a thorough downward tariff revision.

The four were: Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota, Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa, and Knute Nelson of Minnesota. Clapp and Nelson are still in the Senate: Clapp has now risen to the chairmanship of the Committee on Interstate Commerce, and is pressing hard ahead to perfect the interstate commerce laws and to extend Government regulation into the field of the great industrial combinations; while Nelson has succeeded the late Senator Frye of Maine as chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and, though not nearly so radical as LaFollette, Nelson is a potent obstacle in the way of restoring the old state of things.

The conflict in Indiana between Beveridge, as the leader of the Progressives, and the Hemenway-Fairbanks branch of the Machine, turned Indiana into the Demo-

cratic column, and in 1910 caused the election, to succeed Beveridge, of John W. Kern, a Bryan Democrat, in whom the Senate Machine gets mighty little consolation.

Dolliver, idolized in Iowa and nationally famous after his brilliant participation in the tariff debates of 1909, died; and his seat is now held by William S. Kenyon, a young, industrious, keen, and high-minded Progressive senator.

Insurgency numbered five Republican senators in 1906, but after the election that fall there were nine. William E. Borah was sworn in from Idaho, Jonathan Bourne, Jr., from Oregon, Norris Brown from Nebraska, and Joseph M. Dixon from Montana. The death of Allison in 1908 made way for a tenth, Albert B. Cummins, elected November 24, 1908. Then the election of 1908 sent two more, Joseph L. Bristow of Kansas, and Coe I. Crawford of South Dakota.

And the election of 1910, while filling eight Machine Republican seats with Democrats, also supplanted four other "Big Business" servitors with Progressive Republicans. The four new Progressives were Asle J. Gronna of North Dakota, Miles Poindexter of Washington, Charles E. Townsend of Michigan, and John D. Works of California.

So that since March 4, 1911, there have been sixteen Republicans in the Senate who, though not all so extreme as LaFollette, Bourne, and Bristow, are beyond the control of Senators Penrose and Gallinger, the present captains of the Machine group. And whereas the Senate of 1906 had fifty-six Republicans and thirty-three Democrats, the Senate of to-day, one seat being vacant, consists of fifty-one Republicans and forty-four Democrats. The Democratic vote plus only four of the sixteen Insurgents now constitutes a majority!*

INSURGENCY'S GAINS

The results of Insurgency in the Senate must merely be summarized. Among the Democratic senators from the beginning were some who were genuinely Progressive and others who, if not from high motive, nevertheless saw the great partisan advantage of cooperating with LaFollette. By

*Three new states have come into the Union, adding six new senators, since 1906—Oklahoma in 1907, and New Mexico and Arizona this year.

pooling issues with the Democrats, LaFollette, Clapp, Beveridge, Dolliver, and Nelson secured a much more drastic railway-rate law in 1906 than otherwise would have been obtained. The same commingling of parties made the pure-food law of the same year possible. Then, as time wore on, and each succeeding election sent more Democrats and more Insurgents to the Senate, the combination proved stronger and made possible these achievements:

Passage of the second and much strengthened railway-rate law in 1910.

Passage of drastic corrupt practises act in 1911, providing full publicity of congressional campaign expenses.

The protest against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act in 1909, which aroused the people to face the uncompleted root-struggle certain sooner or later to compel a revision of the tariff upon a basis other than that of largess, subsidy, and graft.

The submission to the states of a constitutional amendment authorizing an income tax.

The large crop of trust dissolution suits brought during Roosevelt's second term and during the Taft administration.

The tremendous and, in large measure, successful agitation for conservation of national resources.

THE BOOST FOR POPULAR GOVERNMENT

In addition, it might well be claimed that the work of the Senate Insurgents did more than any other one thing to stimulate the drift toward direct popular government. Senator Bourne's first speech in the Senate upon the Oregon plan, upon the initiative and referendum, the recall, and direct elections, was circulated to the extent of four million copies. And since Insurgency became strong in the Senate there has been constant pressure for a constitutional amendment providing for direct election of United States senators, a measure now delayed by minor differences between the two Houses.

The speeches of LaFollette upon railway regulation in 1906, of LaFollette and Cummins upon the same subject in 1910, and of Dolliver, Cummins, Bristow, and LaFollette upon the wool, cotton, steel, and sugar tariff schedules in 1909, all of which were circulated by the million, went far toward solidifying public sentiment in a determi-

nation to cure the injustices portrayed.

It is unimportant to discuss the personal credit; since, for the human strand of this article, any of the men named or many others would have served instead of Murdock. It might have been Lindbergh, fighting the lumber barons of Minnesota; or Norris, battling in railway-ridden Nebraska; or Cooper, with a Capitol experience dating back to 1892. Or it might have been Bristow, beginning as the ferret who, when fourth assistant postmaster-general under Roosevelt, dug up the Post-Office Department graft that sent Machen and Beavers to the penitentiary; or Cummins, who broke railway rule in Iowa, wrote the full gamut of progressive laws upon the Iowa statute-books, and started the "Iowa idea" of tariff revision seething in Middle Western minds.

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN THE SENATE

Or it might have been LaFollette himself, perhaps the most picturesque character of them all. With LaFollette we might have seen a new Pilgrim's Progress through the trickeries, pitfalls, and subterfuges with which the crafty and then all-powerful Senate Machine sought to halt the reforms he steadfastly advocated. We might have stood with LaFollette in long, weary nights of filibustering; have sat in long, dull hours of committee struggle against the cunning finesse of law jugglery; or, during tiresome days of study and research, have dug for the facts and figures to set at naught the frauds and inventions of specious disputation.

But LaFollette has told his own story; and, had we chosen him, still, as through Murdock, only a part of the picture would have been painted. Murdock labored in the House, LaFollettes in the Senate, and cracks appeared in the crusted surface of things national. Graphic accounts of the phenomena went to every cross-roads store of the land. Steam jets of protest shot skyward, and we heard rumbling and grinding below.

The work of congressional Insurgents reacted upon and stimulated the spirit of unrest at home.

Then came the elections of 1910, and, lo! the hour of Insurgency's supremest triumph apparently signaled its decline. For, as the reader doubtless has observed, this Republican Insurgence bred in the

electorate the Democratic Resurgence.

Away from Washington, Insurgents had to fight, not only the Machine, but Democracy also; and the Democrats said to the voters—quite the literal truth—that in the great battles at Washington Democracy had delivered six votes to Insurgency's one. Hence, in the 1910 election, a Republican majority of 48 in the House was changed to a Democratic majority of 68, while in the Senate the Republican majority of 27 was reduced to a nominal majority of 4—nominal because of the slender Insurgent defection needed with the Democratic vote to control legislation.

Notwithstanding this remarkable overturning, the Insurgents emerged more numerous in both Houses and, therefore, relatively much stronger in the sadly depleted total of the Republican membership.

INSURGENCY STRONGER THAN EVER

The Machine men were left proportionately less powerful in their own party; but—and this is the main point—the reconstruction was put almost entirely in Democratic hands. In the Senate, Insurgency was left holding the balance of power, but in the House the Democrats no longer needed aid to reform the House organization, to make the committees elective instead of appointive, to make the House of Representatives free to be representative. Democracy, to a great extent—a process that promises completion next fall—superseded, not only the Machine, but Insurgency also.

However, and more precisely speaking, the change is one of appearances, of terms, rather than one of fact: Insurgency is now a greater force than ever before. Real progress in this world takes small account of persons; and the importance of Insurgency lies not so much in its Insurgents, interesting though they may be, as in the thought and things they represent. Insurgency is a word implying more than the individual deeds of a small group of Republican politicians. It is a term new-coined to express an uprising for cleaner and more efficient government.

It was not the dead husks of reverence for Jefferson and Jackson that caused the people to vote the Democrats into partial responsibility in 1910, and not this that may give them full responsibility next fall. It was, and is, not an academic rejection of

Republican for Democratic principles—not a deliberate reversion from a "tariff for protection" to a "tariff for revenue only"—but a belief that Democracy offered, and would use, the soap and water for the wholesome cleansing deemed necessary.

In truth, 1910 recorded primarily a repudiation of the stand-pat, corrupt Old Guard bossism and quite secondarily a vote of confidence in Democratic men and measures. Prior to 1910, Insurgency was organized in but few states and Democracy in all states; and Republican Insurgency in Congress, having only a tenth of each house, was impotent except as a segment contributing the balance of power. Of itself, Republican Insurgency was helpless; but at hand lay the inert shell, well-nigh the corpse, of a great political organization; and, seeing the strategic opportunity, the Democratic leaders came forward and promised to do things that Insurgency was striving to do but could not do as a minority faction of the Republican Party.

Thus the corner-stone of the Democratic recrudescence is that laid by Insurgency—that of pledges to reform the tariff equitably, to economize in government, to regulate the railway and industrial abuses, to stamp selfish money influence out of the Federal departments, the White House, and the Capitol.

DEMOCRACY—BIG AND LITTLE D

The Democratic chiefs of the present, or Sixty-second, Congress have held their following fairly well together for measures of the Progressive brand. It was to hold Insurgent sentiment that the series of low tariff bills was passed last summer, that the system of organizing the House was changed, that a stringent corrupt practises act was passed, that a second tariff program and several new railway reforms have been made a part of the House record this winter and spring, that the annual appropriations have been shaved, and that the investigations of the Steel Trust, Money Trust, and Shipping Trust have been undertaken. In short, Democracy, whether genuinely Progressive at heart or not—and in many cases conspicuous Democrats are not—was compelled to appeal to radical sentiment in tariff and corporation matters.

Now, looking to the future, the pendulum having swung half the arc in 1910, expert

opinion grants the Democrats the best chance of carrying this year's presidential election. But this prediction rests upon the premise that the Progressive spirit of Insurgency will control the nomination and write the platform of Democracy. Of its mere partisan self, Democracy undoubtedly represents a minority in the United States; and only by the reinforcements of Insurgency's making has it neared the proportions of a majority.

Every reading man is well aware that the Interests, no longer protected by the Aldrich and Cannon Machines in Congress, have been forced to play the more complex game of appealing to the susceptible fractions of both parties. They are moving heaven and earth to control the Democratic National Convention. Still, there are reasons for believing that Progressive sentiment will dominate the Democratic affairs. If there were no other reason, the value of such a policy for the sake of winning would of itself be a compelling inducement.

But if the Progressive principles do not dominate, and the people see that Democracy has failed them, not more than the normal party vote (and not all of that with certainty) will remain Democratic. The root of the matter is that Insurgency is one and the same with democracy—note the small “d;” and the pending question is whether Democracy—note the large “D”—will be true to itself and its forebears.

Recent months have witnessed the logical sequel of the struggle within the Republican party that I have described in this article. On the one hand, Insurgency has been led by LaFollette and Roosevelt, and the remnants of the Machine (now using the word as expressive of all that the Cannon and Aldrich Machines stood for) by President Taft, on the other hand.

LaFollette suffered a breakdown in the crisis of his campaign that raised serious question of his physical fitness for the presidential responsibilities.

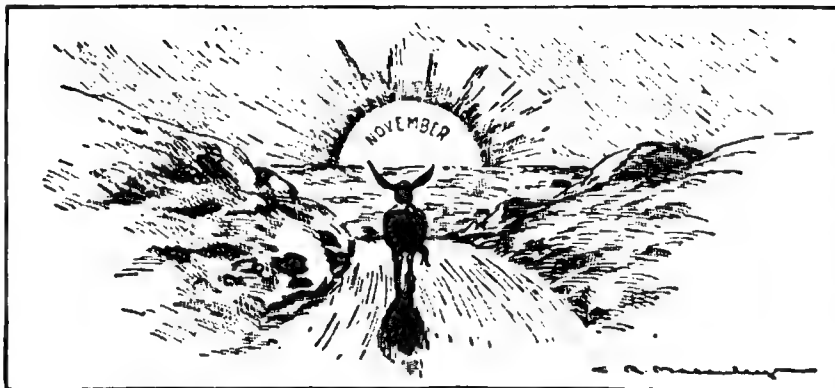
Colonel Roosevelt is tremendously handicapped both because of the great power a President-in-office wields among or-

ganization politicians everywhere, and because of a very general public mistrust of his own motives. There is a feeling in the land that Colonel Roosevelt seized the leadership of Republican Insurgency, not from heartfelt sympathy with a cause, but rather as the seemingly ready instrument of a vaulting ambition to shatter the American tradition regarding the third term.

Thus, in the great parties great battles are waging, which will be settled in the Republican National Convention at Chicago, beginning June 18, and in the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore, beginning June 25—battles of like nature, between like principals, and to a like end. What is the meaning? Simply this: *The Machine seeks to control both parties!*

Yes, most assuredly, the national conventions this year will be history-making conventions; and the ensuing campaign for the Presidency will involve the nation in a struggle unexampled since 1896 for closeness and bitterness. If the Machine wins the one nominee and platform, and Insurgency wins the other nominee and platform, then a life-and-death grapple will follow, such as the nation has never known. If the Machine, or Insurgency or its semblance wins both, then between the Democrats, en-

livened by their success of 1910, and the Republicans, forced to the wall to retain a supremacy they have enjoyed for sixteen years, a nip-and-tuck race of superlative (if not of significant) interest



will ensue. It is worth while to fight for control of the American Government. Great problems for you and me are involved:

Shall *our* power to regulate the mammoth railway and industrial corporations be more firmly asserted and enforced against monopoly, fraud, and extortion?

Shall *our* power be used to revise the tariff for the benefit of all the people instead of for the benefit of a few of the people?

Shall *our* power speak for wise and economical administration of the colossal expenditures of the nation, or condone their disposal as selfish private interest or sordid political motives may dictate?

"The MAN From DOWN YONDER"

*The story of the mountain Wolf-pack
at Hillsville
and the Judge who braved them*

By WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

ALMOST within the shadow of the Capitol dome at Washington, a court of justice was annihilated on Thursday, March 14, 1912, by the hand of lawlessness. Judge, public prosecutor, sheriff, and a juror murdered, a second juror and a girl witness wounded unto death, the clerk of the court and two bystanders bullet-riddled—this in the commonwealth of Virginia, where law and order had their very beginnings on this continent.

A night's train ride from New York and one is in the country of this frightful crime. But as it bred and nurtured lawlessness, so it reared a man unafraid to lay down his life that the law might triumph. This man's faith was anchored in the supremacy of the law. His duty, as an instrument of the law, was an ideal enshrined in his heart.

A man can do no more than suffer death for an ideal; his faith can demand no greater sacrifice. It is the transcendent price, and Thornton Lemmon Massie paid it so terribly that civilization gasped in horror.

If this crime had been committed at some outpost of the law, the raw conditions peculiar to new lands would readily suggest an explanation. But one does not expect to find chaos in the midst of civilization. Still it exists, hidden though it has been. It is not only Virginia's problem, but West Virginia's, Tennessee's, Kentucky's, the Carolinas', Georgia's. The mountain fastnesses of any of these states contain the elements which might produce a similar tragedy.

The same ships that more than two hundred years ago brought the forebears of

Thornton Massie across seas to this land brought those from whom sprang his assassins, the Allens, and most of the mountain clans like them. Wealthier and better educated aliens preempted the richer lands between the sea and the mountains; only the hills were free to these people. So they wrested the highlands from the Indian and the wild beast, and deified the code of the strong. They hated those who had taken the rich lowlands on each side of them, and this hatred bred a suspicion of all men not of their kind. They cut themselves off from all intercourse with the world.

Then, through the years, men with a price on their heads took to the mountains. Harbor was given them, not because they as individuals asked it, but because they had struck at the social system of those whom the mountaineers hated. Thus was hot blood made hotter and the tempestuous spirit of the hill people kept ever alive.

They hated slavery because it was an institution of those they hated. This was the big motive that sent so many of them into the ranks of the Federal army in the Civil War. Their bitterest enemy ever since has been the Union for which they fought. As a source of war revenue, a tax that has never been lifted was put upon whisky. The mountaineers will not pay this tax. They argue that if it isn't a crime to make meal out of their corn, it is not a crime to make whisky out of the meal. So much blood has been spent in a bushwhacking warfare between revenue officers and moonshiners that the hills sigh with the burden of it.

"No good can come out of Carroll County," has been a phrase in southwestern Virginia for more than a generation. Nearly a hundred years ago William Allen, an ox of a man, who fought with his hairy fists and cowhide boots, started a wolf breed which was long to rule Carroll in terror. He settled in Fancy Gap, through which the county tumbles over the Blue Ridge into North Carolina. Given his own way, peaceable; crossed, a demon. His son, Jerry, father of the present generation, was like him. He, too, fought only with hands and feet. There are those in Carroll County who hand on, with pride, the legend that William and Jerry never used pistols. An easy answer is that pistols were not then to be had for a song.

Six-footers as a rule, big-boned, tightly flanked, dynamic, most of them fair, and blue or gray of eye, are the Allens. Jerry had five sons—Victor, born sixty years ago; Floyd, three years later; then Jasper, called Jack; Sidna, craftiest of the lot; and Garland—and a daughter, Alverta. Keener mentally than their neighbors, and knowing no law but their will, they naturally prospered in horse-swapping, note-shaving, storekeeping, moonshining, and farming—all except Garland, who chose to be a Primitive Baptist preacher.

Floyd early took the lead of the pack. Victor, the first-born, did not challenge him. Jack did. They disagreed over a land deal. Jack shot Floyd through the lungs. Floyd shot Jack in the middle of the forehead. The bullet passed around the head between the scalp and the skull. His last shot gone, Floyd fell upon Jack and beat him with his pistol butt until strength failed him. A physician, summoned from a Carolina village, said Floyd was dying. He left him to dress Jack's wounds, and Floyd, beckoning his wife to his side, whispered: "Get my old rusty," meaning his pistol. "I'm goin' t' kill thet lyin' fraud of a doctor. My time ain't yit!" And though they believed Floyd to be at death's door, his people made the physician leave.

Revenue officers barked at, but did not bite, the Allens. One, with a warrant, once went to search Floyd Allen's barn. When he finished reading the warrant, Floyd drawled: "Thet thar paper says you've a right to go in, but it don't say nothin' 'bout you comin' out agin, stranger."

There was a second's measuring of glances, and the officer rode away.

Victor, Floyd's eldest son, driving out a load of moonshine whisky, met a revenue officer.

"What you loaded with thar?" asked the officer.

"Manhood and moonshine," retorted Victor. There was an instant of silence, and the officer went on his way.

Twelve years ago, when Floyd Allen was a deputy sheriff, Mack Howlett, a farmer, killed one of the pack in self-defense. Wilbur Morris, a cousin of the Allens, was jailer. They took Howlett from his cell, where he was awaiting trial, and shot out his life in the Hillsville jailyard.

"An act of parties unknown," was a coroner's jury's verdict.

THE ALLENS' VENGEANCE

A North Carolina policeman arrested Floyd for fighting in the streets of Mount Airy. Floyd was fined twenty-five dollars. Shortly afterward, Floyd caught the officer in Fancy Gap, beat him in the face, stretched him on the seat of his own buggy, and started the horse at a gallop down the mountain. A month afterward the policeman shot at Allen. His pistol, slung across his breast, stopped the bullet. As Allen drew, the cylinder of the shattered weapon fell out, whereupon Allen turned and fled.

Four years ago a Dunkard preacher named Easter dared testify against an Allen follower in an illicit whisky case. Within a week a call in the night brought him from his bed to his door. A voice outside told the preacher that a deputy sheriff was seeking fodder and water for his horse. As Easter opened the door, a volley of pistol shots shrieked through the mountain stillness. Thirty bullets sped through his body. There was a thunder of hoofs as the assassins fled through the thicket.

"An Allen never goes to jail." This was the creed of the pack. Terror helped them sustain it. So did politics. A jury once fined Floyd Allen a hundred dollars and sentenced him to an hour's imprisonment for assault. He gave bail and appealed. Pending the appeal, he went to Richmond with his lawyers, and, on the representation that the jury had added the jail sentence under a misapprehension that it was mandatory, the governor pardoned him the hour.

Carroll County, persistently anomalous, is a Republican stronghold. About a thou-

sand Democrats go down to defeat at every election. The Allens and their followers formed a third party, although calling themselves Republicans. As the prospect of the most influence and favor dictated, they voted the Republican ticket or threw their strength to the Democrats. Thus they came to fill many subordinate county offices—deputy sheriff, tax-collector, deputy treasurer, constable.

Seven years ago, with Democratic support, they endeavored to elect Walter Allen, a son of Jack, commonwealth's attorney. The prosecutor they were later to assassinate defeated him. Walter's sudden death not long afterward, while in swimming, poisoned the sting of defeat. The clan had worshiped him. He was an Allen, yet not of them, for he was educated; he had taught school, graduated from Washington and Lee University, and been admitted to the bar. In the aftermath of the bitter campaign, Floyd Allen claimed it had been reported to him that Foster, the prosecutor, had said that the whole Allen brood ought to be killed. Foster denied it.

"I can't prove it," said Floyd, "but if I could, I'd blow your brains out where you stand."

Politics with the Allens meant business as well as power. Jack Allen's principal duty as constable was oppressing those who were debtors to his brothers. Sidna Allen purchased store supplies in distant cities, intending to defraud. He limited the purchase price in each instance so that the jurisdiction of the debt remained in a peace justice's court. It was easier to elect a justice of the peace than trust himself to a jury in the higher courts. Merchants who sued him were invariably beaten.

Last New Year's Sidna had a business rating of thirty thousand dollars. He had been a postmaster. The post-office of Sidna, Virginia, is named after him. Three years ago he added counterfeiting to his other activities. When the Government caught him, he persuaded his accomplice, his hired man, Dinkins, to swear him free, promising to pay Dinkins's family a dollar a day all the time he was in prison—a long term. He paid the dollar for only two months. In revenge for this treachery, Dinkins confessed. Allen was convicted of perjury and sentenced to two years at hard labor. He gave bail and appealed. Almost in the moment

of his slaying one judge, another was granting him a new trial.

Sidna joined the Klondike rush. He returned to the hills with an ambition to own the finest house there. He built it. It burned mysteriously and brought him nine thousand dollars insurance. He rebuilt, this time a sort of bungalow, with most of the modern conveniences—though this "mansion" of romance, so impressive in the hill country, could be reproduced in any town for less than five thousand dollars.

Last spring Sidna and Wesley Edwards, sons of Alverta Allen, broke up a Fancy Gap revival-meeting which their Uncle Garland was leading. They "'lowed thet Garlan' was too mean to preach." Tom Samuels, a deputy sheriff, who had boasted when he was appointed that no Allen could "run" him, was at the meeting. His boast was challenged. With the Edwards cubs handcuffed and roped, he started in his buggy toward Hillsville, the county-seat.

Half-way there, and at a point near Sidna Allen's home, the six feet of Floyd, eyes ablaze and snarling like an old gray timber wolf, confronted him. Floyd dragged him from the buggy, and the deputy drew a pistol. Allen smashed him on the head with the weapon and freed the prisoners. When Samuels opened his eyes, Floyd told him he would kill him if he ever touched an Allen again. He broke Samuels's pistol across a wheel of the buggy and, throwing the pieces into the rig, told him to move on. As the deputy drove down over the mountain, the curtain fell on the prologue of a tragedy that was to stir the world.

THE MASSIES FROM "DOWN YONDER"

As the mountains fostered the Allens in lawlessness, so did the valleys and meadows below—"the land down yonder"—foster the Massies in respect for the law and their fellow-men's rights. Not blood and vengeance were their heritage, but peace and the finest traditions of civilization.

Peter, ancestor in this country of Thornton Massie, in 1698 patented lands in York County down by the sea. As university graduates, planters, surveyors, officers in the wars with England and the Indians, physicians, surgeons, burgesses, lawyers, Constitution-makers, and college trustees, Peter's people descended. Thornton Massie's great-grandfather was a major on Nelson's



Copyright by
G. V. Buck,
Washington, D. C.

THE COURT-HOUSE AT HILLSVILLE, VIRGINIA, WHERE A COURT OF JUSTICE
WAS ANNIHILATED BY A BAND OF LAWLESS MOUNTAINEERS.

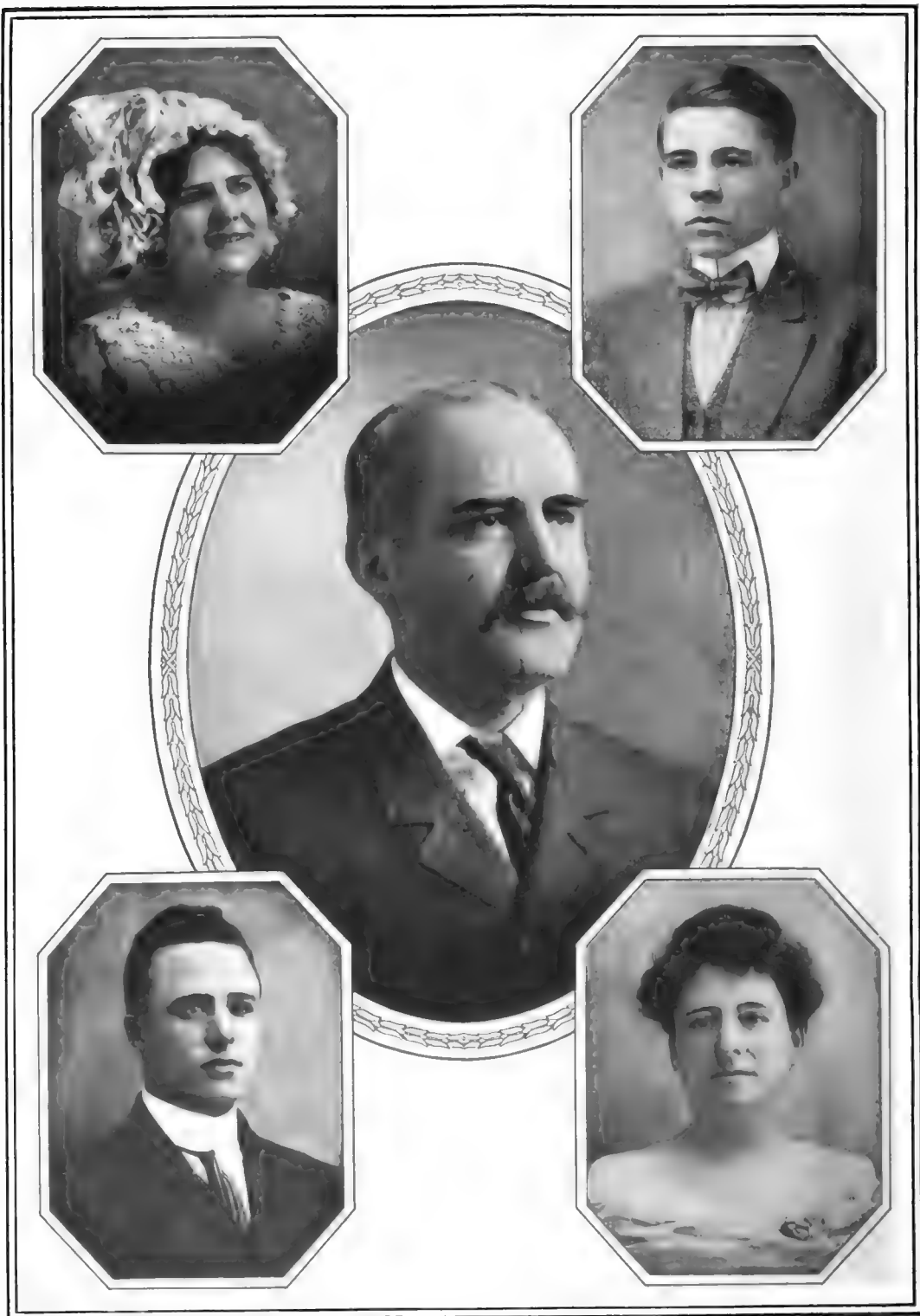
staff at the fall of Yorktown. His grandfather, a physician, studied for his profession in Edinburgh, London, and Paris. Each generation carried the family farther west in Virginia, until Patrick Cabell Massie, a graduate of Yale and father of Thornton, settled in Nelson County, in the heart of the Old Dominion. Thornton was born there in 1866; his mother was a sister of United States Senator Robert E. Withers.

Massie passed from the academic department of the University of Virginia into its school of law. Home on a vacation visit soon afterward, his father asked him to draw a charge from a menacing old muzzle-loading gun. Withers, a brother, then but a youngster, pulled the trigger, ignorant that a cap was still on the weapon. Thornton's left hand was torn off at the wrist. He quit college and taught school, continuing his law studies privately until his admission to the bar in his twenty-first year. That year, 1888, saw his shingle hung out in Pulaski, then only a boom town nestling on the southeastern slope of the Alleghanies. In a little while he married Mary Kent Nicholson, a county beauty and daughter of an old family.

Massie's was not the brilliant, passionate temperament which snatches fame and following from the emotions of a people. He developed slowly. With him litigation was a lawyer's last, not his first, resort. He lost many a fee. Early in his career one of his best clients suggested a shady way of accomplishing a certain result in court, all legal steps having failed up to that time. Massie handed the man the papers in the case and told him he had made a mistake in employing a lawyer. He served as the town's attorney, led its fight to be made the county-seat of Pulaski, and sat in its council.

There are three tests in southwestern Virginia to assess a man's worth: To drink with him. To play poker with him. To hunt with him. Thornton Massie stood the assay.

Despite Massie's one-handedness, his county boasted no better shot. Hunting horseback once with a party of friends, he made a quick shot at a rabbit. His horse, a fractious brute, reared and tried to throw him. To shoot it had been necessary for him to drop the reins. His horrified companions called to him to throw away his gun and save himself. He seemed not to hear



THORNTON MASSIE AND HIS FAMILY.

MARY MASSIE
CABELL MASSIE

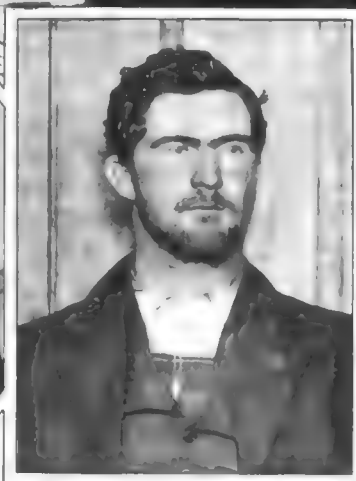
WILBUR MASSIE
MRS. MASSIE



Copyright, G. F.
Buck, Wash., D. C.



Copyright,
G. F. Buck,
Washington, D. C.



Photograph by American Press Association.

Copyright by American Press Association.

Photograph by American Press Association.

FLOYD ALLEN AND SOME OF THE PACK.

BYRD MARION
SIDNA EDWARDS

WILLIAM STRICKLAND
CLAUDE ALLEN

VICTOR ALLEN
VIRIEL ALLEN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

them. After a long struggle he succeeded in "breaking" the gun and drawing its load. Then he dropped the gun and picked up the reins. A friend reproved him for not throwing away the gun in the beginning.

"It might have injured one of you. It was loaded," he answered.

Massie was a leader of his bar when his old classmate, Senator Claude Swanson, then governor of Virginia, tendered him the appointment to the circuit bench of Pulaski, Wythe, Grayson, and Carroll counties. He was earning between five thousand and six thousand dollars a year. To give this up for twenty-five hundred dollars a year and meager traveling expenses was a tremendous sacrifice for a man with two sons and a daughter to launch in life.

Still, there was a lure in it—a problem to be solved. The lawlessness of Virginia's mountains too long had been an affront. Carroll and Grayson counties, just across the border of Pulaski, were ten thousand miles away. Carroll, its county-seat, twelve miles from a railway, might boast a twenty-five-thousand-dollar bank building, but not a dollar to build a road. It might boast of its clans, but not of an official brave enough to assess property at more than a fifth of its true value. And lawlessness could boast of a bench emptied by the resignation of each of the five judges who had occupied it in twenty years. With this vision Massie husbanded his resources and accepted the appointment.

From his beginning as a judge, Massie began to write himself largely into the law of Virginia. He was reversed but three times in his four years of service. Only a month before his end, the bar of the circuit, regardless of politics, petitioned the governor to appoint him to the Supreme Court of Appeals.

The county officials discovered at the outset that he could not be intimidated. He commanded their fealty. And the law-abiding folk of Carroll early learned that they could put their faith in this man who had come up to them "from down yonder."

This was the new force that Floyd Allen reckoned without when he made his assault upon Tom Samuels. If he gave it a second thought, it was that he might have to pay a fine. To be convicted and sentenced to wear stripes without the alternative of a fine!—that was unthinkable.

Samuels, arriving in Hillsville without his prisoners, reported how he had lost them. With Massie behind it, the grand jury indicted the cubs. Floyd Allen gave bail and kept them from jail pending trial. A petit jury dared convict them. Massie sentenced Sidna Edwards to ninety days' imprisonment and Wesley to thirty.

The creed of the wolf clan had been set at naught! Two Allens were behind bars! The law was coming into its own.

Massie immediately impaneled a new grand jury to investigate the assault on Samuels. Floyd Allen sent word to the deputy that if he testified against him, he would kill him. Samuels fled Virginia that night. Foster, the commonwealth's attorney, found a witness, however, in Peter Easter, brother of the murdered Dunkard preacher. Floyd Allen planned a bold stroke. He stalked before the grand jury, admitted beating Samuels, but denied doing it with the intent of releasing the prisoners.

"Thet thar Samuels was abusin' the boys," he told the jury. "He had them handcuffed and tied with a rope. I jes' cain't bear to see anybody drug aroun'."

Allen's own statement settled his indictment. Massie admitted him to bail, and, the December term of court being at an end, set his trial for the beginning of the March term.

Early in January the news filtered down through the snows to Massie's home in Pulaski that the Allens had sworn, come what might, that if Floyd were convicted he would never go to jail.

"Only the law is supreme, and it must be unafraid. No lawlessness can make it afraid," was Massie's answer.

As the winter loosened its grip on the mountains, the wind seemed to carry the snarl of the Allens. The sheriff of Pulaski urged Massie to go armed. Massie answered: "No man would be fit to sit on the bench of Virginia or any other state in this land, who carried a deadly weapon to his task of administering justice." When another friend pleaded with him to arm himself he said: "When a judge must ascend the bench with his hand gripping a pistol, the day of the law is past. Civilization is a failure."

From Samuels, "hiding out" in North Carolina, came a message that he would appear if the court would permit him and his brothers to come armed with rifles. Massie

answered that no man or men would be permitted to come with rifles into any court over which he presided; that if Samuels entered the jurisdiction of the court he would command the sheriff to produce him by force. Came another message, pregnant with warning—from an untutored mountain woman—Peter Easter's sister:

Mar. 2. 1912
Mt Airy N C.

Judge Massy Pulaski Va.

Dear friend I will write to inform you that the people in this country are expecting Peter Easter to be killed in the case against Allens Between now and Court or at Court. I had one brother killed 4 years ago by the out laws of this country J. A. Easter. please look after my Brother, P. D. Easter that is witness against Allens. we think he will be killed.

AMANDY LEONARD.

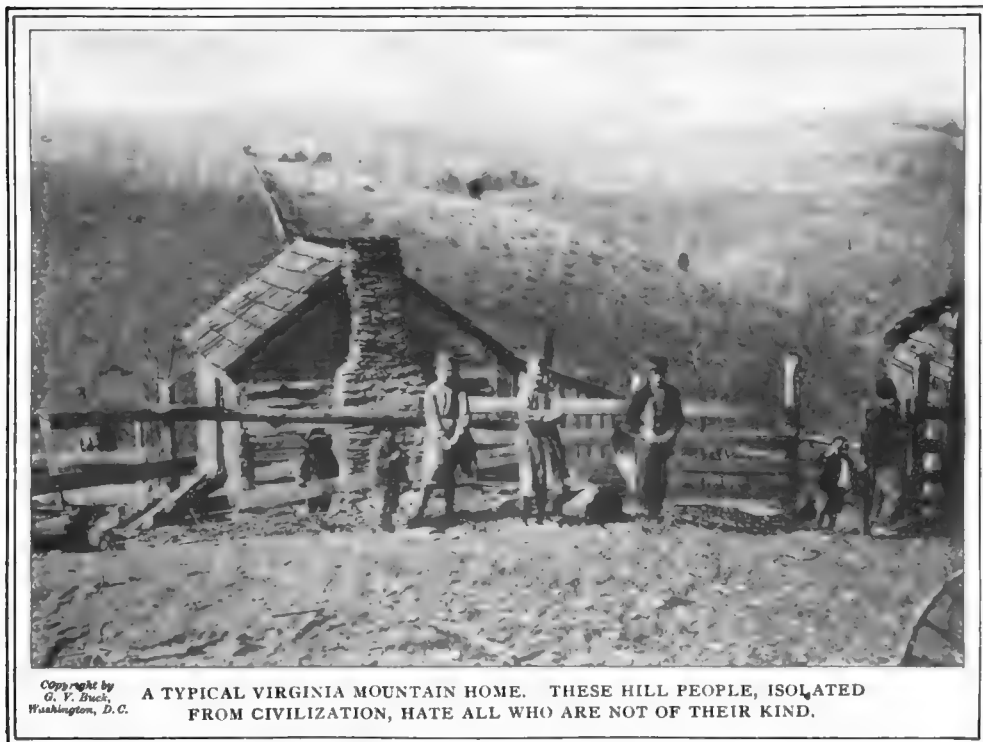
Massie had never carried his worries and cares across his family's threshold. So he left his home in peace on the morning of Monday, March 12, when he went into the mountains. Armed only with his faith in the law, he walked into the jaws of death like a knight of the Grail.

Floyd Allen's case went to the jury on Wednesday evening. The trial had con-

sumed most of the day. The hour of adjournment came without an agreement, and the twelve men who were going to prove that good could come out of Carroll County were excused till morning. No one will ever know the conflict between duty and cowardice which went on in their souls that night. All day the sheriff and his deputies had gone armed. Dexter Goad, clerk of the court, carried a new automatic. Will Foster, commonwealth's attorney and fearless prosecutor, was armed.

Court convened at eight o'clock Thursday morning. The jury retired. For half an hour Massie drove along the routine of the court with his usual calmness. An attorney handed him an order in a suit brought against Sidna Allen by a Baltimore merchant he had cheated. Massie signed it. Then the jury "knocked," electrifying the silence.

Floyd Allen sat in the middle of the room in the railed space reserved for counsel and defendants. He was between his two lawyers. Foster, with Floyd Landreth, whom death was to put in his place, sat at a table to the right. Sidna Allen suddenly appeared seated against the left wall, in a line



Copyright by
G. F. Buch,
Washington, D. C.

A TYPICAL VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN HOME. THESE HILL PEOPLE, ISOLATED FROM CIVILIZATION, HATE ALL WHO ARE NOT OF THEIR KIND.

with the judge's bench. Claude Swanson Allen, Floyd's second son, lolled against the bar's rear railing, facing Massie. Friel Allen, Jack's son, sat at Sidna Allen's right. In the background Sidna Edwards shifted uneasily on a foot scalded in an illicit still. Strangely, Jack Allen and his constable's badge were missing. Goad, the clerk, sat in his well on the judge's left. At the well gate stood Sheriff Lew Webb.

That is the stage as men who came through the hell of the next five minutes remember it.

The jury filed in to its twelve rough chairs strung along the front of the judge's seat. Their faces were pale and their eyes glistening. They were polled. The foreman rose, gulping, at the request for the verdict.

"We—we find—we find the defendant guilty," he read, "and—and fix the penalty at imprisonment for one year at hard labor."

Every eye sought Floyd Allen's black face. A mutter came through his heavy mustache as he drew it in with his teeth.

"Guilty as charged," Massie corrected the verdict, and with trembling hand the foreman leaned over to change the form. Floyd Allen started as if to stand up. His

glance swept the court-room like a flash of lightning. Bolen, his principal attorney, twenty years earlier a judge where Massie now sat, put out a restraining hand and rose. Every eye went to Massie's face now. Bolen played every card of the law, even claiming "newly discovered evidence."

"I will hear you to-morrow," ruled Massie.

Bolen asked for a continuance of bail.

"The sheriff will take the prisoner into custody," was the command that answered this plea.

The sheriff started. Floyd Allen heaved out of his chair, his hands tearing at the sweater which covered his mailed chest and abdomen.

"I won't—I—I——"

"None of that!" cried the sheriff, drawing.

"I—I—jes'—jes' cain't go to jail! I won't!" yelled the old wolf.

Massie leaned forward to speak. Sidna Allen, standing now on a bench against the wall, fired thrice at him, with the swiftness of a rattler stinging. The half hundred on-lookers who crowded the room were surging through its two doors, trampling one



THE POSSE* OF HEAVILY-ARMED DETECTIVES ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS TO SEARCH FOR THE ALLEN OUTLAWS.

Copyright by G. F. Buch, Washington, D. C.



Copyright by G. F. Beck, Washington, D. C.

A MOONSHINE STILL TAKEN ON THE FARM OF FLOYD ALLEN. FOR MANY YEARS THE REVENUE OFFICERS BARKED AT, BUT DID NOT BITE, THE ALLENS.

another like cattle going into chutes. Thornton Massie slid out of his chair, choking for breath. At the same moment Sidna Allen fired, Floyd had fired too. The sheriff lay at his feet. From behind Floyd, where Claude Allen had been standing, a stream of lead had sped into Will Foster's back. Foster, with five bullets in him, staggered into the jury-room to die. Goad, shooting at Floyd, came out of his well. A juror dropped from a bullet which sped from where Sidna Allen, wounded twice, led the pack out from the court into the street and away from the cross-fire of a boy deputy sheriff.

With the lust of the kill upon them, the Allens fired wherever head or hand raised itself in their vision, and Hillsville bolted its doors and hid as they fled. Behind the Confederate monument in front of the court-house, Sidna came to a stand. One of the Edwards cubs gave him a fresh weapon. An unarmed man, discovering him suddenly, turned to flee behind the court-house for shelter. Allen dropped him with a shot in the back.

It was Andrew Howlett, brother of the man who was murdered in the jail-

yard twelve years ago. Then Sidna was off.

Last of all, Floyd Allen, wounded three times, dragged himself into the street under the renewed fire of Goad, who fought on, jaw and legs pierced by bullets, until he held an empty pistol. Floyd raised a leg to mount a horse, and his thigh, shattered by a bullet, crumpled under him. He had run his last with the pack.

As he lay where he fell, cursing God for making men out of flesh and bones and not steel, Thornton Massie was breathing his last fifteen minutes of life. His death bullet passed through the pocket in which was found the pathetic note of Amandy Leonard asking him to "please look after" her brother.

"I did only my duty," he whispered to a friend who held his hand. "I could not have done otherwise." There was a word for his brother and then: "Mamie—my wife—my—" and he was dead—a priest of the law at his shrine, with his acolytes round him.

The law is justifying Thornton Massie's faith even as he justified his life. Men like him will solve the mountain problem. Men like him can solve any problem.



MARY ELLEN SIGGS
1912

Copyright 1912, Mary Ellen Siggs.

Situations Wanted, Male

WANTED—By a desperate family, position at steady work for industrious carpenter.

ACCOUNTANT—Audits, adjusts, "books, \$5 monthly up; financial mis. reason" Mitchell. 9.
"3 186"

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE

by
WALLACE IRWIN

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY," "NAUTICAL LAYS OF A LANDSMAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

INHABITANTS of Erie, Penn., who knew Pat Hook of old, tell me it was worth while to see him attack musical comedy selections, of which he was inordinately fond. As Charlie Pritchard put it, "Pat sings all over his face." Musical expression as accomplished by Pat began with the left eyebrow, which went up, and ended with the right-hand corner of the mouth, which went down, thus giving his features a dangerously slanting effect, as if they were going to slip off.

Pat learned to dance the "Levee Scratch" in the little room out back of the Owl Barber Shop. It was a wild rigadown which Sandy Monk, proprietor of the "Owl," had imported from the livery stables of other lands, and it was unique. The man who danced it had to give a combined imitation of the Mad Mullah and Bessie McCoy, following a violent system of syncopated acrobatics beginning with a dignified vamp,

Um-pah, um-pah, um-pah,
which gradually complicated itself into
Pump-a-tickle, pump-a-tickle,
Ring-a-dangle-doodle-dingle,
and so on into a labyrinth of banjo motifs.

One Sunday night when Pat was executing this diabolical hornpipe with such energy that the gilt-lettered shaving-mugs in the front shop were tumbling in crockery showers, the door opened and Jo Nikolenos, formerly employed as bootblack at the Owl, returned from a year-long absence. Jo was of Greek parentage and went under the name of "Nickelodeon" among his friends, who despised the Homeric syllables. Jo displayed a Kollege Kut suit and manners of the world on his return, for he had be-

come a chorus-man and was traveling with the "Duke of Delaware" company. He marked Pat's feat of arms and legs and led him secretively to the moonlit street outside.

"No use loafin' around this one-night burg," whispered Jo. "You're a hippo—see?—But you got the ideer. Come on in the show business."

"Ain't that hard to do?" asked the humble Pat.

"Quit yer jokin'!" said Jo. "Tell you what I'll do. We're a man short. For five dollars I'll interdooce you to the stage-manager."

Pat exchanged capital for influence and was spirited behind the stage-door, where he was permitted to sing and dance before a jug-shaped dyspeptic, the stage-manager Tannenbaum, renamed "Tannhäuser." He looked at Pat with a baleful eye, said "Aw right!" and faded into the depths of the theatre.

"You're engaged!" whispered Jo, leading Pat away. "I never seen him engage a fella so quick. I wish now I'd charged you ten instead o' five."

Pat hurried home to break the news to his mother. He knew the authoress of his being to be of a pessimistic turn when contemplating her son's future. Mrs. Hook kept a notion and dry-goods store of a marvelously retail capacity. Pat found that lady behind her little counter folding away a short strip of Canton flannel.

"Ma," said Pat, "I got a new job."

"And it's sure time ye did," agreed Mrs. Hook.

"It's an actor I'm goin' to be," admitted Pat, backing away from the impending storm.

The Widow Hook braced her arms akimbo and regarded her heir speculatively. "Pat," she said with surprising mildness, "d'ye think ye'd be afther succeedin' at the profission?"

"Sure!" said Pat. "I'm goin' to be a chorus-man. That ain't much to begin with, but there's a great chance to rise. Nearly all the big hits started in the chorus—got a chance to understudy the star and just stepped into fame all of a sudden. You read about 'em all the time."

"Strange!" mused Mrs. Hook. "Yer poor father, Mike, who was took away in a quarry accident—bad 'cess to the Dago that planted the blast!—yer father, Mike, always felt a drawin' to public life. 'Maggie,' he used to say, 'that man's a fool what wor-ruks be th' day, same as I do, when he might be wor-rukin' be th' lifetime, gainin' fame and reputation. Th' name of Hook,' says Mike, yer father, 'ought to be a household wor-rd—and so it will if Mike Hook lives long enough,' says yer poor father."

The Widow Hook erased a tear. "Pat," she continued, "ther ain't no sense in gittin' famous if nobody knows ut. Actors is close to the advertisin' business, and that's th' place to be; where ye can git yer name in red, white, and blue letters all over the side of a house. Pat, I permit ye to go on the stage, but befor ye go, ye must promise yer old mother wan thing—"

"I promise," said Pat, recklessly.

"Promise me ye'll make yer old dad's ghost happy by advertisin' his son's name."

"Mother," said Pat, solemnly, "before I'm done with it they'll be flashin' my name on Broadway in electric lights a mile high."

"Th' name av Hook—in ilitric lights—on Broadway!" murmured the little, fat widow, entranced. She gave her son a kiss and a twenty-dollar bill. So Pat strolled



THE MAN WHO DANCED IT HAD TO GIVE A COMBINED IMITATION OF THE MAD MULLAH AND BESSIE MCCOY.

away with the "Duke of Delaware" that night.

As the stage-manager objected to the name of Hook as unnatural and exaggerated, Pat went to his crafty friend, Jo Nikolenos, and asked for a good, natural stage name. It seemed that Jo appeared on the bill among soldiers, officers, waiters, noblemen, and others as "Sydney Demorest." After some thought Jo selected for Pat the pseudonym of "Percy Van Alstyne" as a name suggesting that stern realism which the chorus requires.

The special luminary around which the "Duke of Delaware" company circled, singing, was one Freddie Hockshaw, a comedian who boasted among his assets two or three

seasons' popularity and a shrewish wife who looked like a doll and talked like a fishwife. Mrs. Hockshaw had no part in the company except the honorary one of disturber-at-large. For the Hockshaws were of that type of people to whom matrimony is a public event. They held hands in trolley-cars and threatened violence in depot waiting-rooms. Hockshaw's private life—if such you can call it—was unhappy in streaks; but his professional performances were evenly merry. He was a comedian of talent.

The "Duke of Delaware" was a green show, and Seltzer & Company, its managers, had sent it out on one of those pre-Broadway spins known as "trying it on the dog." The Yale bulldog at New Haven had licked his chops over its jokes; so had the bow-wows of farther New England and a corner of the Middle West. The expedition had looped back at Ohio and was now wearing its leisurely way eastward toward that metropolis commonly, and often fallaciously, supposed to be the art standard of the nation.

During the giddy weeks of performance, car-changing, and rehearsals, Pat Hook sat daily at the feet of Hockshaw. The comedian was to him a tower of genius; but as Pat was of the kidney in which adoration breeds emulation, nothing could be more natural than that he should catch himself repeating Hockshaw's lines and singing his songs. The star had a regular understudy whom Pat despised inordinately, a pallid youth named Kennedy, who looked like Hockshaw in a characterless sort of way and spoke his lines with the accuracy of a phonograph.

"That guy won't do," Pat confided to Eglantine
Digitized by

Schultz, the nicest girl in the chorus.

"You're pretty fussy, ain't you?" exclaimed Eglantine. "Mr. Kennedy can act as much like Hockshaw as his reflection in the mirror."

"That's just what he hadn't ought to do—act *like* him," said Pat calmly. "Now if I was asked to take Mr. Hockshaw's part, I'd make a hit by actin' *different* from him——"

"You asked to take Hockshaw's part—say! Don't make me laugh!" began Eglantine, who was usually very gentle with poor Pat. She was a slim, natural blonde, of a fine Germanic type, and she had been kind to the boy from Erie, permitting him



JMK

"THAT MAN'S A FOOL WHAT WOR-RUKS BY THE DAY WHEN HE
MIGHT BE WOR-RUKIN' BE TH' LIFETIME, GAININ'
FAME A SINGIN' FROM"

to take her out to suppers at such restaurants as the one-night towns afforded. Indeed, when Broadway is far distant, things seem to lose their perspective to the chorus-girl.

"You don't expect Hockshaw to have two understudies. Pat," the girl went on in a less satiric tone. "If he got sick or drunk or something, Kennedy would be on the job."

"I could understudy Kennedy, I guess, in case he fell down," Pat persisted.

"You seem to think the world's like a bowling-alley—everything goin' to fall down every time you roll the ball," said Eglantine without appreciation. "Besides, the understudy game is old stuff. Nobody *really* makes good in that line, except the hero of 'The Star's Success, or a Romance of Broadway.'"

Nevertheless, Pat had the faith of early romance, the freshman enthusiasm which makes anything seem possible—even the winning of a throne or a chorus-girl. Having a retentive memory, he permitted his mind to register innumerable photographs of Hockshaw in his rôle during those few weeks of performances and rehearsals. For instance, in the second act, when he was supposed to be concealing a roll of bills in his shoe, Hockshaw delivered his lines night after night like this:

"I've got a secret" (business of tying shoe-lace) "hidden in my soul." (Business of laughing behind hand.)

Pat learned this and a bundle of tricks besides. Because nobody ever saw his rehearsals, he began to imagine he was pretty good; until one morning when Jo Nikolenos slid quietly into the room and beheld Pat in the midst of this comedy scene.

"Cheese it, you dancin' walrus!" grunted Jo. "Yer feet are about as light and airy as a pair o' bob-sled runners—and just look at yer voice. Say, I didn't think you was that green!"

"How green?" asked Pat.

"Green enough to fall for that poor-boy-who-aspires-to-be-star stuff. Wake up, Little Nemo!"

"But," objected Pat, "you're always readin' about chorus-girls who——"

"Chorus-girls!" drawled Jo. "What's that to *you*? You're a chorus-man. Before you've been long in this game the difference'll strike you in the back o' the neck like a wet towel—nobody loves a chorus-man.

All the eyes are on the skirts. The chorus is the place where woman gits the votes while man carries the banner for 'er. There's nothin' smaller in creation than a chorus-man—unless it is a prima donna's husband."

Saying which, Jo Nikolenos turned sternly like a Hebrew prophet.

The show fared nearer and nearer to the Great White Frost, and its nervousness increased as it fared. However, in the turmoil, Pat Hook was able to bask in the light of Eglantine Schultz for a while each day, and only when the understudy Kennedy came between them like a pale cloud did Pat forget to hope. Lovers are ever unfair. Pat had taken it upon himself to understudy Kennedy in the rôle of understudy, but he did not fancy understudying Kennedy in his attentions to Eglantine. However, his jealous gaze relaxed as the necessity for watching Hockshaw increased.

For a subtle change was undoubtedly creeping over the eminent comedian. Too often he asserted the star's right to be late to rehearsals. He developed a peculiar habit of swallowing his syllables, and he boggled his lines more than once. And his wife, looking like a rather venomous species of wax-doll, came for him every night at his dressing-room. There were loud words from the unconcealing Hockshaws. One night the tortured man broke a mirror with a can of cocoa-butter—a hex on his fortune!

The night they were delayed in Troy Jo came to Pat and said with studied indifference: "Say, 'bout how much would it be worth to you to have Hockshaw's part to act the first night on Broadway?"

"Gwan! That's impossible," said Pat.

"Nothin's impossible down there——" pointing toward Manhattan in a general way. "Do you know what I know?"

Jo bent very close to Pat and fixed him with excited eyes.

"Poor Freddie Hockshaw's on the blink. He's been fightin' his wife and the booze both at once for two weeks, and he ain't goin' to stand up under the combination. The show opens on Broadway next Monday night. Take it from me—*Hockshaw won't be there with the goods!*"

"Supposin' Hockshaw don't show — there's still Kennedy, the reg'lar understudy," said Pat.

"Kennedy!" snorted Jo. "He's a mush-



"LISTEN, PAT!" QUOTH COUNT JO. "I PLANTED KENNEDY GOOD.
HE'S DAFFYDILS ABOUT THAT GIRL AND——"

head. Leave it to me to fix Kennedy."

"It's awful good of you, Jo——"

"What's there in it for me, besides thanks?" asked that prudent friend.

"Well, how much do you think it's worth?"

"I'll pull it off cheap, seein' it's you. Gimme half yer first week's salary, in case you go on. That'll be about two hundred dollars for me, if you make good."

The bargain was struck. And it was none too soon, because Hockshaw came within a hair's width of utterly breaking down at the next performance.

Sunday, at the Zaza Theatre on Broadway, there was the endless sawing of boards and slashing of manuscripts which adds confusion to the day-that-precedes-the-first-night. There was a dress-rehearsal in the afternoon, a brilliant affair, successful in every particular save one—the star failed to show up. Tannhäuser, explaining in a carefully careless voice that Mr. Hockshaw was called away on a little legal business, read the comedian's lines out of the type-written libretto.

Between acts Jo had a word with Pat Hook as they passed each other on the

long trestle leading to the dressing-rooms.

"You've heard, haven't you?" whispered the Greek. "Mrs. Hockshaw swallowed three doses of headache powder this morning—accidental on purpose—doctors pulled her through, but the affair has jarred Hockshaw up so he's took to the vat for keeps. Nobody knows it but John R. Seltzer and Tannhäuser and me. They're keepin' it dark in hopes of bracin' Hockshaw up for to-morrow night. But *I* know he won't be there."

"But what about Kennedy?" asked Pat Hook, the slow.

"Advance me twenty on yer first week, will you?" requested Jo.

Pat produced the bill his mother had given him.

"I know about Kennedy, all right!" Jo paused, looking ever so wise. "There's that German girl, Miss Schultz—she's pretty agreeable with you, ain't she?"

Pat nodded enthusiastically.

"Well, I'm goin' to get her to shanghai Kennedy—see?"

"I wouldn't have the nerve," said shy Pat.

"Leave it to me, old man. You got tem-

perament, I got sense—understand? I been watchin' that girl, and I know she'd do anythin' for you."

"Think so?"

"Know so! Absolooly! With her help we can bury Kennedy under the Great Divide. Don't say a word to 'er—see? I'll fix it. I've already given Tannhäuser the tip that you're letter-perfect in Hockshaw's part. He says you're rotten, but he'll put you on fast enough if he has to."

That night the overworked chorus had a picnic dinner on the stage. The self-conscious Pat dared not approach Eglantine, who, to the ambitious lad's inner rage, sat next to Kennedy and shared his beer and sandwiches. The rehearsal dragged its weary way far into the night.

Pat, in that maelstrom of labor, was bursting for one edge-wise word with Eglantine. The pale and thoughtful Kennedy seemed to be more fortunate. Apparently he always found an excuse to be near the girl; in fact, his earnest attentions would have driven the brooding Pat to desperation, had not Jo Nikolenos soothed him with a wink of deep sagacity. Evidently the plot was beginning to thicken to the consistency of currant jelly.

The rehearsal broke up at half-past one, and Pat, as he hurried from his dressing-room in his street clothes, thought he saw Eglantine in the shadow by a pile of scenery near the stage-door. He was about to join her quietly when a pallid young man darted up to her from the opposite direction. With the instinct of a warring animal, Pat lurked in the shadows and listened.

Kennedy was speaking, his voice thick with emotion. "Excuse me, Miss Schultz. I didn't mean to say anything too strong—I only want to be understood."

"I'm sorry, Mr.—Mr. Kennedy. You ain't the man I thought you was. I haven't got anything else to say—now."

She started away.

"But Miss Schultz—Eglantine!"



ON A COUCH LAY HOCKSHAW, HIS REGULAR STAGE SMILE HELPING PAT OFF

Eglantine vanished through the stage-door. Kennedy started to follow, paused, turned, and strode away in another direction. Pat from his ambush grinned with joy. Evidently Jo's fine Greek plot was working to the disadvantage of the rival understudy—and Eglantine was helping!

The fatal night arrived. I acknowledge this phrase is trite, yet fatal nights *have* behaved like that since the tragedy of Eden—they arrive. Tragedies are more or less alike, so are First Nights. This particular one began commonplacely enough at about eight o'clock, when the auditorium gradually filled itself with flowers, friends, foes, financiers, and female faces. Here and



FROZEN ON HIS FACE. THE CZAR OF BROADWAY WAS WITH HIS COAT.

there a baleful dramatic critic sat sharpening a pencil. Here and there, with shingles cunningly concealed in the palms of their gloves, sat horny-handed members of the firm that was publishing the music. The author, whose soul was now, like his original plot, a thing of shreds and patches, occupied an obscure seat in the gallery. The manager pendulated nervously between two strategic points, the box-office and the stage-door.

All behind the stage was the calm of nervous prostration—the calm that precedes a first performance. Even the scene-shifters shifted hectically. Tannhäuser behaved like a repressed maniac. He had his excuses to-night, because the worst had happened. John R. Seltzer, who had remained

for two consecutive hours at the telephone, spent his odd moments biting black cigars in two and casting the mangled remains on the bare boards. Down in the lairs reserved for the chorus, groups of fantastically clad men and women were huddled together with the air of Christian martyrs who hear the Roman lions howl for food. No one kept his head but that detached, immutable thinking-machine, the Property Man.

Eight French counts, as near duplicates as art and grease-paint could make them, were curling their false mustaches before a long mirror. A tall, bony count drew his short brother to one side.

"Where's Eglantine?" he whispered. "She ain't showed up yet."

"She won't!" said Count Number Two, in the voice of Jo Nikolenos. "Her mother's sick up in Auburn and she had to go. Straight!"

"Kennedy ain't showed up yet," said the tall nobleman thickly.

"Listen, Pat!" quoth Count Jo. "I planted Kennedy good. He's daffydils about that girl and——"

"Look here, young fella," snarled Pat Hook, with an expression that looked particularly grisly under his curled mustache,

"if you been up to any monkey business, I'll——"

"Keep your hair on," said Jo, soothingly. "She ain't got no use for that human gum-drop. Between me and you, she's sort o' doin' this to help you."

This surmise was interrupted by the chorus flocking forth to the opening of Act I.

One minute before the rise of curtain a medium-sized man with the collar of his ulster drawn up to his ears and a golf-cap dragged down to his nose stumped into Room A, the star's sanctum, on legs that behaved like a borrowed pair.

"Thank God!" muttered Tannhäuser and Seltzer in a breath, as they also flitted into Room A.



JANE HUSTON PAGE

The merry revelers trooped on to the stage in mechanical attitudes. The curtain rolled up like the scroll of Fate and revealed a scene which was pleasing without being offensively original. You or I can see it in any successful musical comedy: a wonderful painted garden embowered with astonishing paper roses, beneath whose shade circulate numerous pink-complexioned youths lightly swinging an equal number of pink-complexioned damsels and chanting:

Lady Fitzgibbon's garden party,
We are all invited!

As nobody but the author ever listens to an opening chorus it was not generally known that the "Duke of Delaware" began badly, with everybody forgetting his words and—what's far more important—his feet. The fat lady and the Scottish laird came on for their parts, and their lines were received with consideration but without enthusiasm. Which was as it should be, for nothing is supposed to amount to much up to the star's entrance. The chorus was trooping off for a quick change when Tannhäuser caught Pat on the jump. An electric shock went down the Erie boy's spine and his head began to ache—for lo! the stage-manager was leading him into the star's dressing-room. The place looked inordinately disheveled. There was a smell of aromatic ammonia in the air, and a man with a black beard and a black bag stood in a corner rinsing out a glass.

On a couch lay Hockshaw, waist-stripped to his undershirt, his eyes glazed and his regular stage smile frozen on his face. Occasionally he would work his left foot to a regular rhythm and sing:

Oh, there certainly ain't another little man—like—
me!

You may travel o'er the sea,
You may search from A to Z,
But permit me to explain
That your search will be in vain
For another little divvul of a man like me!

"They tell me you know his part," said Tannhäuser, weeping.

"Every line," whispered Pat Hook, clearing his throat.

"Six minutes!" growled John R. Seltzer, and before the chorus-man could answer, the Czar of Broadway was helping him off with his coat. Fortunately it was an easy change—the costume of a comedy aviator

who tumbles out of a comedy biplane. It took Pat two minutes to slap the grease-paint on his face, adding a few original splashes in his haste. Seltzer and a dozen stage mechanics hoisted him into his fake aeroplane among the flies. The chorus, forming an inviting avenue across the stage, was already singing the cue-song:

See! See! They've got him on the wing!
He's coming like
The Flying Mike,
Suspended on a string.
He circulates
And navigates—
He's doing very well,
This lofty-scootin', highfalutin, aviatin' swell!

Whoosh! They sprung the trap and down slid Pat on to the stage, where he rolled out, bounced to his feet, balanced on his heels, and said, "Greetings, my good people!" much to the delectation of the good people in the stalls, it would seem, if applause were any indication. So far, so good; but no farther. For as Pat Hook of Erie, Penn., stood there grinning blankly in the mesh of public approval, the only thought which came to him was that he could think of nothing at all. They evidently expected him to sing a song, for the orchestra was playing a vamp patiently over and over—*um-pah, um-pah, um-pah, um-pah!*

Vaguely, in the hypnotic cloud that befuddled him, that tune reminded Pat of the "Levee Scratch," Sandy Monk's classic, so oft repeated at the Owl Barber Shop back in Erie. By a sort of animal presence of mind the young man began to dance, his gawky legs and dangling arms wind-milling to the tune in a novel slouch-step which no imported dancer ever brought to Broadway. To the *um-pah, um-pah, um-pah, um-pah* of the music, Pat added the inevitable *pump-a-tickle, pump-a-tickle, ring-a-dangle-doodle-dingle* with the disjointed knee and elbow effect Andy had so carefully imparted to his pupil.

And his overgrown body, as it looped the loop around difficult corners to the ecstasy of music, combined the dignity of the spider monkey with the agility of the polar bear. Every man, woman, and child in the house became a noisy Oliver Twist, gibbering for more. Pat plunged again into the rhapsody, and by the time Broadway would permit his tortured calves to rest in peace, he had remembered the words of his opening song.

which contributed to the topic of aviation the following gem of thought:

There isn't any danger of my dying
When on the lofty atmosphere I jump.
For folks are seldom injured when they're flying—
It's when they hit the ground they feel the bump.

Pat Hook was approved. The audience, as it were, took the Hook like a school of trout. They bit ravenously at his scantiest joke, and when he forgot his lines—as he did about twelve times—he improvised crudely and found he was funnier than before.

So the first act waxed and waned—the first act of any musical comedy plus the difference that makes success. At last the curtain fell in its best first-night manner, coyly, as though it had no intention of staying down. True to its promise, it bounced merrily up for fourteen encores. And when it dropped to stay, John R. Seltzer and old Tannhäuser took turns weeping in Pat Hook's strong arms.

"Van Alstyne," said Seltzer, who knew Pat only by his stage name, "Van Alstyne, you've saved the ship." Almost reverently the two dignitaries led the exalted chorus-man to the star's dressing-room, where various gentlemen of the press awaited with questions of biography, ably assisted by Dal Bunker, the press-agent.

Seltzer began talking business as soon as the room was cleared of all but Hockshaw's useful valet.

"How would you like to stay on Broadway in this part, Van Alstyne?" asked the manager.

"How would I like to go to heaven in a milk-wagon?" replied Pat.

"Nothing's impossible in New York."

said Seltzer. "I've got Hockshaw on a five-year contract, but after the way he acted to-night I wish it was five minutes. I'm going to send him out on a second show to teach him his business. Will you stay at a third his salary?"

"Good God!" began Pat, gratefully. Seltzer misinterpreted the exclamation, having heard actors speak that way before in questions of salary.

"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it, I'll make it a half. Agreed. All right. Then to-morrow night your name goes up on Broadway."

"In electric lights?" faltered the dream-bound Pat.

"Sure—same candle-power that Hockshaw got."

"Gee! The name of Hook on Broadway! Won't that tickle the old lady!" said Pat to himself with sentiment.

When he was made up and waiting for his call, he sent the following telegram to his mother:

*Am now star in
"Duke of Delaware."
My name in electric
lights on Broadway.
Can you come?*

Pat.

That night was fixed on the young comedian's memory as a delirium of flowers, interviews, loud laughter, more interviews, half-improvised songs, and very moist kisses from a fat actress who insisted upon calling him "Darling." He appeared before the curtain and convulsed the audience with a stuttering apology accompanied by one of those broken-leg steps now famous on Broadway.

After the tumult and the shouting blew themselves out,

Mr. Seltzer came around and said with magnificent familiarity: "Percy"—just like that!—"Percy, when you're dressed we'll



BY A SORT OF ANIMAL PRESENCE OF MIND THE YOUNG MAN BEGAN TO DANCE.



"I'M SORRY, MR.—MR. KENNEDY. YOU AIN'T THE MAN I THOUGHT YOU WAS."

go over to the Lambs and have a bite to eat."

The Lambs Club! The stage-struck boy in Erie had thought of the Lambs much as the Afghan herdsman thinks of the Kaaba of Mecca—a holy place to be approached, perhaps, but never touched. Yet there he sat on that enchanted night, with a real manager paying for his beer and English chop, real actors, able dramatists, eminent comedians, passing him, shaking him by the hand, congratulating him on his, *his* remarkable hit. Faces poster-famous throughout the land sat grouped around looking almost as natural as their colored lithographs. There was more beer and funnier stories than he had ever heard before. He wondered if the cup of this Arabian night would hold one more drop of enchantment.

Then he thought of Eglantine Schultz, the girl who had so mysteriously drawn away his rival understudy. His heart became a Vesuvius of gratitude. He would ask her as soon as she got back. They'd have a wedding on the stage after the performance. He'd make her his leading lady, he'd—

"Now, Percy," Seltzer was saying, as they rose to go, "I'll take you over to the Astoria and engage you a suite. No more boarding-house for a star. Hockshaw's valet will be there to look after you."

Out of a mattress that was like a huge bowlful of clouds beaten to a stiff froth, Pat Hook awoke with such a smile as Ulysses must have worn after his first night in possession of the farm at Ithaca.

From the blanket of many papers which covered his bed Pat found his achievement celebrated on a dozen headlines. The *Meteor*, on the front page, right next to the account of a gory massacre in China, displayed a column beginning:

CHORUS-MAN'S HIT

Phenomenal Success of Dark Horse Understudying
Hockshaw's Part

A New Star in the Constellation Seltzer

The old-fashioned fiction tale "The Understudy's Success" was enacted in real life last night on Broadway, but with a difference. In the story it's always a beautiful chorus-girl, asked at the last moment to step into the star's shoes. But the show-girl wasn't in it in last night's picturesque event. It was a chorus-man, etc.

As Pat sauntered forth at eleven a messenger handed him an envelope which had come from Seltzer's office and contained five twenty-dollar bills on account. Pat had time to purchase a fancy vest, a pair of cloth-top shoes, a velvet hat, a silver-mounted walking-stick, and an English overcoat. He was not sure whether it would be more dignified for the star to walk to rehearsal or to go in a taxicab. He decided to walk, as it was well to permit Broadway to see him in the flesh.

Over the main entrance of the Zaza Theatre he noticed a gang of electricians at work taking down the name of Freddie Hockshaw and putting up his own. Already the letter "P" that began his name was in place.

With well-considered majesty he sauntered in and on to the stage, where, in the somber vault, the members of the cast awaited his coming. With the dignity of a Chesterfield he shook hands with the principals and bowed to the chorus. The rehearsal—*his* rehearsal—was on.

After rehearsal the gloom of reaction asserted itself when Jo Nikolenos came around requesting another ten-dollar advance on his commission, but brought no tidings of Eglantine. Neither did the day bring any answer to his telegram to his mother in Erie. However, Pat had a seat reserved well down front, in the event of her arrival unannounced.

That night the "Duke of Delaware," entirely expurgated of the author's plot, swung into the line of success. The public came; got what it wanted, and departed, satisfied. Womanlike, Pat's mother and Eglantine failed to show up, because they were the two human beings he most yearned to see in his hour of triumph.

At twelve-fifteen, when the members of the cast were hustling away inside their overcoats, and the caretakers were browsing through the empty auditorium, Pat ran plump into two figures standing near Dressing-Room A. By the dim light he recognized them—Eglantine Schultz and the pallid Kennedy. Now Pat, so gallant in theatrical emergencies, found here a part he could not fill. Perhaps he had over-rehearsed his lines. At any rate, when he faced Eglantine, to whom he realized that he owed everything, he said nothing.

"I just came in," said the girl quietly. "I want to know everything. How



"OH, ARTHUR," SHE WAILED. "YOU'RE RUINED—RUINED—AND IT'S MY FAULT!"

Digitized by Google

Original from
805 UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

did Hockshaw get away with his part?"

"He got so far away with it you couldn't see him," replied Pat.

"You don't mean—" began Kennedy, swallowing hard.

"That's just what I *do* mean," grunted Pat. "He didn't show up."

Kennedy groaned and threw his hat to the floor.

"Didn't show up!" murmured Eglantine. "Well, who took his part?"

"I did," said Pat, quietly. He had been rehearsing this very announcement for two days. In imagination's eye he had seen Eglantine, at the glad tidings, throw herself into his arms with a cry of joy. Alas, for such a program! The girl began to weep softly, and, more distressing than her sorrow, she shed her tears on Kennedy's narrow shoulder.

"Oh, Arthur," she wailed. "You're ruined—ruined—and it's my fault!"

"Well, what in Arabia is this?" gasped Pat, sick with the turns of fortune.

"Sunday I got notice that mother was sick in Auburn," sobbed Eglantine. "I was no sooner off on the train than that wretched Jo Nickelodeon——"

"No!" gasped the stricken Pat.

"Jo Nickelodeon came around to Arthur and told him I had gone to Auburn to meet a man and marry him."

"Meet what man?" inquired the comedian, in funereal tones.

"Jo said it was—you. When Arthur heard this he wanted to prevent it. He's that jealous, you know. So he packed up and followed. Now how can you and Jo have the heart to fix that kind of a come-on game?"

"Eglantine, I hope to die—I swear I didn't know you was bein' rigged like that. Do you think I would throw that sort of a game on you? *Me*? Why, girlie, when I stood at center stage last night, the biggest minute I guess any man ever had on this rollin' earth, the cream of the Great White Way applaudin' *me*, givin' *me* a hand like a hail-storm on a tin roof—as I stood there I felt I'd made that hit for the sake of just two people on earth—you and my old mother back in Erie. I guess maybe you don't know I love you. Maybe you don't know I want——"

"Want to marry 'er, I suppose," snarled Kennedy, like a study of Hate done in dough. "Well, you've got another want comin'.

Eglantine and I were married this morning in New Rochelle." . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy faded away in the darkness, leaving Fortune's favorite gazing blankly into an empty theatre.

"Say," said Harry, the head usher, at Pat's elbow, "there's an old lady out on Broadway lookin' for you. I thought I'd let you know, so you could make a sneak by the fire exit."

The announcement fell as balm on Pat's wounded heart. Under the dead electric sign on the midnight street stood a little old woman in bonnet and shawl. She was gazing upward and orating to herself.

"Wirra, wirra for the father that can't rest quiet in his grave for grievin' th' day——"

"Mother," said the young man, seizing her affectionately, "I've kept my promise. The name of Pat Hook is famous."

"Gwan wid yer nonsense!" exclaimed the widow, turning an angry face upon her son. "Why should ye add desatefulness to yer other crimes that cause th' ghost av yer poor ould father to thremble in his shoes?"

"What're you jumpin' on me for, mother? Didn't I make good?"

"Make good, is ut!" whimpered the little woman. "Sure ye did not! Didn't I send ye foorth wid instructions to say nawthin' till th' name av Hook was up on Broadway in ilictric lights? Didn't ye promise me ye wud, on yer dead father's grave? Didn't ye tilegraph yer poor ould mother to come look at th' name av Hook illuminated over th' theayter? Didn't I come at th' ixpense av tin dollars 'n' fifty cents each way, t' say nawthin' o' board? And phwat did ye do? Got me here on false pretinses, ye did!"

"Mother, you're crazy!" exclaimed Pat. "I've done everything I said I would. I've done a darn sight more. I'm a star, I'm the talk of the town, I got a fancy salary, my name *is* in electric lights on——"

"That a gossoon o' mine should be a plain liar!" lamented Widow Hook. "To stand here an' tell me yer name is on Broadway in ilictric lights! Is *thot* yer name, Pat Hook?"

The mother pointed an accusing umbrella up to the electric sign where a gang of mechanics was now making repairs. As the current was suddenly flashed on, Pat, in horror and humiliation, beheld the following light-gemmed words:

PERCY VAN ALSTYNE
in
"THE DUKE OF DELAWARE"

It was evident that the manager had chosen for advertisement Pat's lofty-sounding stage name; but how could the boy explain to this little dry-goods seller of Erie the intricacies of theatrical custom?

"Come on, Mother, I'll get you rooms at a hotel," he suggested meekly.

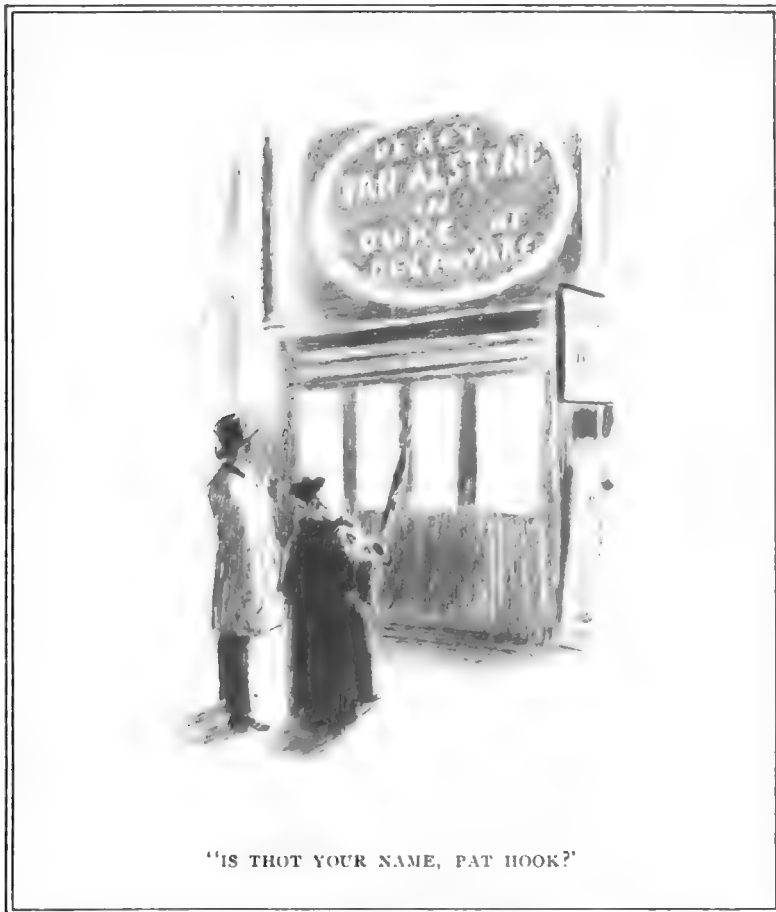
"Ye will not!" snapped Mrs. Hook. "It's back to Erie I go th' night. I've no time t' idle in this town av false names and false faces. It's to th' deepoo I go. There's a two-o'clock thrain back to Erie."

Pat Hook slouched away beside his scolding mother. The sweets of glory were turn-

ing bitter in his mouth. The sparkle of Broadway had already gone stale. At the corner he could see Kennedy helping his bride into a taxicab. In spite of Fate's bludgeonings, there was a smile of triumphant happiness on their faces. Pat groaned.

"Excuse me—er—Mister Van Alstyne," said an unctuous voice at his elbow. It was Jo Nikolenos.

"Now you've made good—er—Mister Van Alstyne," went on Jo, "I hope y' won't forgit yer old friends. There's about a hundred an' seventy still comin' to me on account—can't you 'dvance me twenty? Naw—y' won't go back on a old-time pal now that you're successful and got everything in Gawd's world a man can want!"





KINSHIP

by

Angela Morgan



I am aware,
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
Doing my part of the every-day care—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of a marvelous thing:
Voices that murmur and ethers that ring
In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;
Forces terrific, with melody shod,
Music that mates with the pulses of God.
I am aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of the suns.
Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains
Here in the midst of the every-day air—
I am aware.

I am aware,
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of the systems that swing
Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing—
I am aware of a marvelous thing.
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,
Terrible triumph of pageants that march
To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.
I am aware of the splendor that ties
All the things of the earth with the things of the skies,
Here in my body the heavenly heat,
Here in my flesh the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.
As I sit silently here in my chair,
I am aware.



The DARNED MAN

by

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY," "AT THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

MRS. EPHRAIM DAMON lifted a dipper of water out of the pail in the sink, poured it into the flaring top of the copper cistern pump, grasped the brass knob of the handle, and began to pump vigorously.

"I declare," she said, "I don't feel a bit sick now, but I'm certain I'm goin' to be."

Her daughter Sophie was adjusting a fresh mop. She was a dark, nervous, handsome girl of perhaps twenty. Looking at her now, one would have said she was probably addicted to fits of restlessness, if not of melancholy.

"You've dreamt of not bein' able to set

the table, and not been sick, 'fore now," she said indifferently.

"Once or twice, maybe, but not often," her mother declared. "When you dream o' tryin' to get the table set an' not bein' able to do it, you might 's well make up your mind to a sick spell. And me with so much to do before your weddin'! Thank the Lord the dress is done, anyhow!"

The girl said nothing. She took the wooden pail her mother had filled, plunged the mop in, and began to clean the kitchen floor.

"Here, Sophie!" cried her mother. "What you doin'? Moppin' the floor cross-

ways! Don't you know that means you'll marry a drunken husband? Not as Tom ever drinks," she added reflectively, as if puzzled by the paradox of her superstition.

"No," said the girl hastily, beginning, however, to mop the other way of the boards, "Tom don't drink. Tom don't do *anythin'!*"

Her mother looked at her sharply. "Sophie Damon, you're a queer one," she said. "You speak 's if you wished he *did*. What's the matter with you these last few days?"

"Nothin', mother," said Sophie, affecting a laugh.

Her mother shook her head, but said no more. Presently she threw open the kitchen door. There was a frail hint of coming blooms in the apple-trees. The shrill *phoe*, *phoe* of frogs arose from the meadow. The woman listened a moment.

"I declare, hear them frogs!" she remarked. "Spring 's sure enough come. Funny we don't see the Darned Man."

A shadow crossed the girl's face at the name, and her mop hit the bucket. But she replied as calmly as she could: "Tom said he seen him yesterday, down on the Springfield Pike."

"He's always round 'bout this time, askin' for food and patches for his poor old clothes," said the mother. "I hope nothin' ain't happened to him durin' the winter. Winters I s'pose he goes south, lookin' for his lost gel where it's warmer. Wanderin', always wanderin'."

"Did you ever know the girl who done it to him, mother?" asked Sophie, struggling with evident reluctance.

"Now, Sophie," the woman replied, "I can't deny as I'm old enough to be your mother, but I ain't your *grandmother*. I believe your Grandfather Damon knew her."

She took a basket of mending from a corner and sat down in the rocker by the window.

"Everybody thought she was a nice gel, too," she went on—"kind o' flighty and hevin' high notions about wantin' to live in the city, but real nice, jest the same. Nice—humph! And she runnin' off with a city feller like that Fitch man who's here in town now—on the very mornin' set for her weddin'!"

The girl had averted her face, but her mother was unconscious of it. Thrusting a darning ball into the heel of a stocking, she continued: "Eli Harvey—that's the

Darned Man's name, though nobody ever calls him by it no longer—was all dressed for church when they told him. He jest plumb went crazy on the spot, and he's never changed his weddin' clothes since. When a place wears out, he sews in a patch. I calc'late all the original suit's gone long ago."

"I know all that," said Sophie. "But the girl, mother, what ever became of her?"

"She—the hussy!" her mother answered. "I dunno what became of her. Nobody knows, I guess. They say the man never did marry her, and she died of a broken heart."

Mrs. Damon's scissors slipped off her lap and the point stuck in the floor. "There!" she exclaimed, "we're goin' to hev company." She looked out of the window. "And here he comes. It's Tom, Sophie. Who says there ain't nothin' in signs?"

"Tom!" The girl turned a startled face toward the window. "Why's he comin' now?"

"Don't you want to see him, child? What's the matter with you? Hev you 'n' Tom been quarrelin'?" her mother asked.

The girl shook her head. "No, of course not, mother," she answered. "Tom never quarrels."

There came a step on the walk, and the form of Thomas Dwight filled the door-frame. He had on his heavy leg-boots, caked with soil, and his trousers were tucked into them.

"Afternoon!" he cried. "I was goin' by down to Henry's to git a cow, and 'lowed as how I'd stop in an' see you 'n' Sophie."

He moved toward the girl, his face eager with welcome, as if to kiss her. She repulsed him gently. "Sh!—mother!" she whispered.

"Don't mind me," said Mrs. Damon.

But the girl had slipped to the other side of the kitchen, leaving the man baffled and perplexed.

"We was talkin' about the Darned Man when you come," the woman remarked, to break the awkward pause. "Sophie says you seen him yesterday."

"Yes, poor old feller!" Tom replied. "I met him down on the Springfield Pike. He was singin' 'Old Dog Tray.' I give him a lift, and he asked me if my sweetheart loved me true."

Tom laughed, reaching out a great hand toward Sophie, but the girl did not come to



"NO, IT AIN'T RIGHT TO BELIEVE A GIRL CAN DO ALL THAT TO A MAN,
A STRONG MAN!" SHE CRIED.



WAS THAT THE END TO WHICH WOMEN WERE BORN?

take it. She laughed nervously, pretending an occupation at the stove.

"Sophie," said Tom, striding over to her, "what's the matter?"

"Why, nothin', nothin' at all, Tom," she replied. "I'm kind o' nervous to-day, I guess. Talkin' 'bout the Darned Man always makes me nervous."

Tom stood over her solicitously, his great bulk seeming dumbly to protect her. "Poor Sophie," he said, "you *are* a nervous one."

Her mother laughed. "She's goin' to git married, Tom," she said. "That always makes a gel nervous an' queer. You see, it's a great step she's takin'—leavin' her mother!"

Tom laughed in reply. "I'll let her come see her mother," he said. "I'll be better to her than a man ever was to a woman!"

"I believe you, Tom," said Mrs. Damon, looking at him proudly, "an' I hope my little gel will be as good to you."

Tom laughed a great, confident, happy

laugh, as he looked tenderly at his sweetheart.

"But tell me, Tom," Mrs. Damon continued, when Sophie made no reply, "did the poor old Darned Man look much feebler? How's he stood the winter?"

"Sh!" Tom cautioned. "It makes her nervous."

"We was talkin' 'bout him a long while, 'fore you come in," said the woman. "I guess she can stand you tellin' me that."

"Of course," said Sophie, "I want to hear, too."

"Well, he looked some feebler, an' bowed a bit more," said Tom, "an' kind o' gentler. He's as gentle as a little child now, and looks sorter like an old child with white whiskers an' pale blue eyes, if you know what I mean. He's got two new patches on his elbows—bright red."

"Poor old man!" sighed Mrs. Damon.

Sophie faced suddenly round from the stove. "It seems to me," she exclaimed, "he must 'a' been a pretty weak sort o' man always, to go to pieces so, just because a—a—a no-good girl ran away from him!"

"The strongest man is weak, Sophie," 'bout the woman he loves," answered Tom, gently, but surprised. No one in western Massachusetts had ever before questioned the Darned Man's perfect claim on sympathy. "As I see it, the stronger a man loves a woman, the harder such a blow'll hit him; an' it couldn't hit him hard enough to smash all his reason, could it, unless it was a powerful mighty love? That's the way it looks to me."

Sophie remained defiant, unconvinced. "No, it ain't right to believe a girl can do all that to a man, a strong man!" she cried. "Now, if I was to run away from you, Tom, you'd be sorry, but you'd get over it, wouldn't you? You'd learn to forget me, wouldn't you?"

"Sophie!" cried her mother.

Tom looked at her in wonder. "I might—an' then again I mightn't," he replied slowly. "I don't like to think about it, Sophie. I guess it wouldn't be so hard for any of us folks that are left alone, to go

crazy. If you threw me over, I dunno what I'd do—My God——”

He paused, staring at her. She looked into his strange eyes and turned away quickly.

“Sophie!” cried her mother, “you stop talkin’ this way!” She laughed nervously. “Sophie’s kind o’ high-strung these days,” she said to Tom. “You mustn’t mind.”

“I know,” he replied, as if coming out of a daze. He moved to the girl and put out his hand. She laid hers in it, burying her face for a moment against his coat. With his other hand he stroked her hair. Then he slipped out of the door.

When he had gone, the girl, avoiding her mother’s reproaches, found excuse to busy herself in the dining-room of the old house, which was sitting-room as well. It was a square, low-studded room. Out of a door on one side the stairs went up to the second story. There was a door opening out under a grape-arbor to the yard. Over the fireplace hung her grandfather’s flint-lock and powder-horn, which had gone through the Revolution. Beneath them, under glass cases on the brick mantel, were a piece of coral and a stuffed quail. Along one wall stood a mahogany secretary, containing a set of “The Spectator” and a thin volume of two poems by a man who had gone down to New York from this part of the state—William Cullen Bryant. A mahogany dresser bore three blue platters. In the corner stood a grandfather’s clock. Over the dial face, a little brig, all sails set, was attached to the pendulum, and rocked up and down, up and down, upon a painted ocean.

The afternoon sun was streaming into the room. The clock ticked sleepily. The ship rocked with monotonous rhythm. And the girl, sinking into a chair, buried her face in profound and agitated thought.

Hearing the sound of her mother getting tea in the kitchen, she finally rose and began mechanically to set the table.

“It couldn’t be, it couldn’t be,” she whispered to herself. “He’s so strong!”

She ate her supper in silence, which caused no comment from her father and brothers. They were weary with the spring planting, and after the evening chores went early

to bed. Sophie knew that lethargic dullness only too well. She kissed them good night almost with a shudder, though her arm lingered tenderly on the shoulder of her little brother Jim—poor Jim, who was too young to be so tired and so stupid with the endless drudgery of farming! She watched them all go up the stairs and heard the heavy pounding of their boots on the floor overhead; that heavy pounding which would be succeeded almost immediately by the sound of their snores, while she would sit below at the lamp and bore herself! Ah, how well she knew that life! Was that the end to which women were born? She looked at her mother, now busily sewing the band on a shirt. Such had been her mother’s life, too. She went over and put her arm about the bowed shoulders.

“Go to bed yourself, mother; you’re



“THE DARNED MAN HAS NEVER CHANGED HIS WEDDIN’ CLOTHES.”

tireder than usual to-night," she said.

The elder woman sighed. "I believe I be," she answered. "But this band's got to be sewed on."

"I'll do it; you go to bed," said Sophie.

Her mother reluctantly assented. "You come jest as soon as it's done," she said, "an' be sure 'n' lock up."

The girl nodded. She kissed her mother tenderly, following her to the door of the stairs and listening till the sound of her footsteps had ceased. Then she took up her father's coarse blue shirt and stitched the band upon it, carefully making the button-hole and sewing the buttons firmly on, one at the back, one at the front. That done, she locked up everything but the front door, blew out the lamp, and climbed the stairs herself.

Her room was under a dormer-window. On either side of the window the ceiling sloped nearly to the floor. Her clothes hung from pegs on the wall, protected by a piece of blue muslin suspended on a string. Her wedding-dress was spread out upon the little bed, where her mother had put it that morning to show it to a neighbor. She had never had it on, except for "fittings," because it is bad luck to put on your wedding-clothes before the hour for the ceremony.

In a drawer in her bureau, laid in with lavender leaves, were her underclothes. Removing her shoes so that she would make no sound as she walked, Sophie took her new garments from the drawer and spread them beside the dress on the bed, fingering their textures and laces admiringly, with luxurious satisfaction. Then she reached under the bed and drew forth a carpetbag. Into this she placed first her extra shoes, some clothes from the wall pegs, and her few jewels, ribbons, and handkerchiefs from the bureau. Then she began nervously to pack her underclothes.

She had them nearly all in when she suddenly stopped as if horrified by her own act.

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" she muttered. "Oh, I can't do that!"

With even more nervous haste, she drew the garments out of the bag again and folded them up. She put them back in the drawer, folded her wedding-dress and laid that on top, and then she sank down on the floor beside the bureau, her head against the open drawer, and stared at the carpetbag on the bed.

The boom of the clock down-stairs, stri-

king eleven, roused her. Hastily she took her old underclothes from another drawer, stuffed them into the bag, put on her best hat, tidied her clothes before the glass, blew out her lamp, and cautiously opened her door.

There was no sound in the house but the heavy breathing of the sleepers. She stole down the stairs, her shoes in her hand; paused a long moment in the dark, deserted dining-room, where the old clock ticked sleepily; passed through the front door, closing it behind her; put on her shoes, and started for the road.

The remnants of a moon had risen in the east, and the world was light. Behind her the old house sat square and solid amid its trees and outbuildings. The cows and horses stamped drowsily in the stable. Before her the white road stretched away in the nebulous moonlight. Without daring a backward glance, she began to hurry down this road.

It was a warm spring night, and the frogs were calling from the meadows in every interval of tone, from the deepest bass to the shrill soprano of the Pickerels. But of human sound there was none. The road was quite deserted. Before she reached the next house, however, Sophie turned out of the road, throwing her carpetbag over the bars of a pasture gate and climbing after it. Picking it up on the other side, she started up a gentle slope, her shadow dancing ahead on the close young grass.

She followed a dim path which led, as a short cut, to the Back Road. The man who was to take her to the freedom of cities, to excitement, to Life, to a great, unknown joy, was awaiting her in the shadows of the Back Road, where this path came out—awaiting her with a chaise. As she hastened up the slope, her heart thumping, she thought of this man to whom she was trusting all her future, for whom, perhaps, she was breaking the hearts of those who loved her—this Ambrose Fitch, with his sweet and flattering ways and his golden promises of the life she longed for.

He loved her, that she knew well enough. Had she not seen the hunger for her burning in his eyes? No, no, no! He was not the kind of man who would not marry her! Was not this elopement of her devising? She could think of no other way. She could not face Tom, her family, the village, and



"OH, I CAN'T, I CAN'T," SHE MUTTERED. "OH, I CAN'T DO THAT."

openly proclaim herself a jilt. Ambrose had wanted her to do that. He had said so! But a quarter of a mile separated her from his arms; yet, more than ever, as the moment approached, she turned the matter over in her poor brain, hurrying on the while.

Did she love him? How sudden it had been! Tom, great, kind, tender, solemn, good Tom, had taken her first love and sheltered it. His kiss had been gentle as a brother's; he talked to her of their house, and the crops, and the choir. Always that! Then this other had come, caressing, passionate, telling her tales of wonder. He had kissed her. Her cheeks burned with shame anew as she thought of the treachery and the dishonor of that kiss—and the wild abandon of it! Two weeks, only two weeks, and here she was running away with him—to what? Well, to Life, to excitement, at any rate! It was that she longed for. She steeled her heart and hastened on.

But Tom—what of him? Again the

haunting image of the Darned Man crossed her brain.

"If I should do that to Tom!" she moaned aloud. She set her carpetbag suddenly down on the grass and knelt beside it, raising her face to the stars. "O dear God," she said, "keep this from hurting Tom! Don't let this make Tom like *him*!"

She rose again and continued a few steps, surmounting the pasture ridge. From that point the path dropped steeply to the woods along the Back Road. She was half-way there. To her horror, she saw the figure of a man coming up the path toward her. She could not hide, for there was no cover near. Besides, he must have seen her, because she stood above him, against the moon. Who could he be? What was he doing there at midnight? Would he betray her flight?

As she stood irresolute and trembling, the man began to sing in a soft and quavering voice, and her blood froze in her veins. He was singing "Old Dog Tray." Nearing her, he raised his face, and the moonlight

struck full upon it. He had snow-white hair and a long, uncombed, white beard. His shoulders were stooped, and his garments, even in the moonlight, showed as a strange, unbelievable patchwork of every kind and color. The Darned Man was wandering northward in the night, on his perpetual pilgrimage for her whom he had lost.

The girl could not speak. Her carpetbag had dropped from her nerveless hand. She gazed with a kind of fascinated horror into his vacant, childish old face.

"Pretty one, pretty one, where are you going in the night?" he said, pausing before her and breaking off his song abruptly. "The way is long and the dew is damp and there are men about. I saw one now, as I was coming from the road. He was waiting for something. He was very cross and would not speak to me. I do not like it when folks are cross to me. I am only the poor old Darned Man."

Her eyes still fixed in horror and fascination on his face, she made no reply.

"Pretty one, pretty one," he asked again, "where are you going through the moonlight and the dew? Are you going to meet your lover, pretty one?"

Still she made no reply. He looked at her with his aged, childish eyes, and a light of recognition crept into them. "You are the pretty one who is sweetheart to the kind, big Tom!" he cried joyfully.

Still she made no reply, nor took her gaze from his face. From the Back Road came the impatient whinny of a horse, loud and startling in the midnight silence. But the girl did not stir.

His pale blue eyes clouded with perplexity. "But it is not the kind, big Tom who waits at the bars," he muttered.

Then he spied her carpetbag. One of those uncanny flashes of intuition which come to the insane illumined his poor, dark brain like a gleam of lightning. It was suddenly as if he had become sane again, more frightful in his sanity than in his soft and childlike craze. The girl shivered with horror. He straightened his bent shoulders, and she saw in him the figure of Tom, not in imagination, but actually before her very face. He raised a long, lean finger and pointed it at her bag. His eyes, fixed again upon hers, glinted with a sudden fury. The whites of them were ghastly in this wan moonlight. He opened his mouth. Only a guttural sound at first came forth.

Then the words shaped themselves.

"Pretty one, pretty one, you are killing the kind, big Tom!" he cried. "Killing, killing, killing!"

His voice rose into a scream, a cracked, unearthly scream. Still screaming, he began to run, heading across the pasture toward the woods.

The girl pressed her hands convulsively over her ears to shut out that terrible sound. Then she, too, picking up her bag, began to run—back, toward home.

As she ran, she had one thought—to get to the cover of the road before her waiting lover—who no doubt had heard the cry and would rush toward the spot—could reach the summit of the pasture. As her path lay down-hill and his up, she hoped that she could make it. Her sudden mad, repentant desire never to see, to speak to him again, lent speed to her feet.

As she flung herself over the bars, into the shadow of the roadside bushes, she saw his far figure crest the ridge. Then, as she hurried on, she had a last glimpse of him searching about the pasture.

Up the road she sped, panting, almost exhausted. How still the old house was, how beautiful in the moonlight! On the doorstep she pulled off her soaked shoes, slipped in, and shot the bolt behind her. As it clicked into place, a great sensation of relief, of safety, came over her. The old clock was ticking sleepily in the dark dining-room. There was the familiar smell of home. Yet it seemed to her she had been absent from this room for a long time—as if she came back to it an older woman, a woman who had lived and suffered much.

She crept up the stairs, keeping close to the side, that the boards might not creak, and got to her chamber without arousing any member of the family. Once more in her chamber, she lighted her little glass lamp and began to unpack her clothes. That done, she undressed for the night. Then she took from her bureau a picture of Tom, in a small, silver frame, and, placing it on the bed, knelt before it.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "forgive me! Forgive me, Tom, forgive me, Tom!"

As she bowed her head over the picture she heard the voice of the Darned Man, childish once more and gentle, singing softly as he wandered up the road in the midnight, his feeble treble mingling with the shrill of the spring frogs.

What's the Explanation?

DO YOU own an automobile or a motor-boat? Or do you know some one who does? Do you ever indulge in the luxury of riding in a taxi? Do you have a little gas-engine in the barn for odd jobs about the farm? Or are you merely one of the countless army of pedestrians who object strenuously—but hopelessly—to the odor of the passing motor?

You will, at any rate, be one of the least of these; and so you will be interested in the price of gasoline.

Having thus established bonds of sympathy, let us pass on to dry, odorless facts.

The price of petroleum and most of its derivatives—including gasoline—has been advancing steadily since last autumn. There is every reason to believe that it will continue to advance.

In May, 1911, the United States Supreme Court handed down its momentous decision in the Standard Oil case. The principal point of law decided was that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act forbade only those business combinations which, in the eyes of the courts, might be adjudged guilty of *unreasonable* restraint of trade. But it held that the Standard Oil Company had been guilty of unreasonable restraint of trade, and the trust was ordered to dissolve. So the people are witnessing to-day the futile efforts of the law to make the eggs of the Standard omelet scramble back into their respective shells.

The fact that the Standard Oil trust has been convicted of unreasonable restraint of trade and ordered to dissolve undoubtedly will convince many innocent minds that the trust is no more, and that its present independent (?) constituent companies are behaving as spanked children ought to behave.

This may be true. But certain surface indications serve to fill us with doubts.

We have examined one branch of the trust's activities—gasoline.

Before putting down a few of our findings, let us ask the reader to remember that the Standard Oil Company and affiliated concerns control more than eighty-four per cent. of the crude oil run through refineries.

These are figures from the last available report of the United States Commissioner of Corporations. The report goes on to say: "It also controlled practically similar proportions of the production and marketing of gasoline and lubricating oil."

In New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania the Standard Oil is supposed to be up against opposition. Our survey of three of these states has led to some very interesting discoveries, typical examples of which follow.

Winchendon is a small city of Massachusetts, about fifty miles from tide-water. The Standard sells gasoline there at ten cents a gallon (on orders for one hundred gallons or more). Not only that—it will haul gasoline nine miles farther into the country, in its own wagons, for the same price. Now, since Winchendon is so far inland, it must be expensive for the Standard to transport its product there in oil cars.

Fitchburg is the nearest large city. It is about fifteen miles nearer tide-water and is on the main line of the Fitchburg Division of the Boston & Maine. And yet the Standard charges garage owners there eleven cents a gallon.

There are two "competitors" of the Standard in Fitchburg. If eleven cents is a competitive price for a gallon, then ten cents in Winchendon and its vicinity must entail a loss to the Standard.

If ten cents yields a profit, then the eleven cents charged in Fitchburg would tend to cast doubt upon the genuineness of competition in that city. As a matter of fact, the

garage men tell us that there is some sort of understanding between the Standard and its ostensible competitors.

Here is another curious condition: The Standard's gasoline ought to be very much cheaper at tide-water, because of the low cost of carrying the oil from the refinery to the seaport market. And yet the Standard charges garage owners ten and three-quarters cents a gallon at Portland, Maine. Compare the price at Adams, Massachusetts, away back in the northwest corner of the state—ten cents. Further illustrating this point are these figures:

Fall River	(tide-water)	10c
Gloucester	"	10c
New Bedford	"	10c
Quincy	"	10c
Salem	"	10c
Franklin	(inland)	10c
Lowell	"	10c
Maynard	"	10c
Taunton	"	10c
Webster	"	10c

The clearest sidelights on the activities of the Standard Oil Company and its competitors are furnished by the testimony of garage owners. We omit names because we learn from the men themselves that to come out openly in a criticism of the Standard Oil Company would bring down upon their heads a retaliation they could ill afford.

In Attleboro, Massachusetts, only one garage owner thinks there is real competition, though there are two "competitors" of the Standard in town.

At Brockton, Massachusetts, there was the same opinion. In Holyoke there are three distributing companies, but only one garage owner saw any real competition. The same was true in New Bedford. In Lynn there are two competitors of the Standard, and one man writes us that he has not been approached by them. Only one owner there sees any real competition.

In the state of Connecticut conditions are practically the same as in Massachusetts.

Bridgeport	(tide-water)	10½c
New Haven	"	10½c
New London	"	10½c
Milford	"	10½c
Greenwich	"	10½c
Litchfield	(inland)	10½c
Windsor Locks	"	10½c
Willimantic	"	10c
Meriden	"	10½c
Middletown	"	10½c

The Standard has competing companies in Litchfield, but none in Danbury. Gasoline is a cent cheaper in Litchfield, although it is a longer haul from tide-water than is Danbury.

Willimantic evidently has competition, because the price is uniformly lower there than in tide-water cities: lower than at New London and New Haven, both cities having ostensible competing companies—but without real competition. And both cities have good harbors.

Hartford is served by three companies, but only one man sees competition; another pays ten and one-half cents a gallon "for the simple reason that they can get it." "They" refers to a competitor of the Standard.

In the state of New Jersey the price is generally lower than in New England—from eight to nine and a half cents a gallon. One man in Atlantic City tells us that the price dropped from fourteen to eight cents when the Pure Oil Company entered the field. This same company was mentioned by Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith as an active competitor of the Standard. But our survey of the state would seem to show that this activity has gradually ceased. A garage owner in Long Branch says: "There was competition last season, but there now seems to be an understanding between the two companies."

This seems to be the general sentiment. And it may be taken as an example of the usual result: at first, active competition; then gradual decline because of the ability of the Standard to wear out the smaller companies.

At the risk of appearing quite innocent, we are curious to know the explanation:

1. Is the Standard Oil still up to all its old tricks, for which it has been indicted, convicted, and fined, time and time again, during almost a generation?

2. Is a large proportion of what little competition is left merely a lot of dummy companies set up by the Standard, to give the appearance of competition where practically none exists?

3. And what is far more important—is the Government of this country able to cope with this trust no more effectively than to admonish it, put it to some slight expense, and then let it go on as usual, under another guise, reaping the profits of an untrammelled, uncontrollable monopoly?



A Flyer in Wheat

by

FRANK CONDON



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD GILES

THERE are some people who give away turkeys, baked potatoes, celery, and currant jelly along about Thanksgiving week, and feel the resultant moral uplift sloshing around inside their ethical diaphragms for months afterward. There are ladies with firm chins and thin noses who believe that a hungry tramp should not eat under any conditions unless he is properly registered on a blue card containing red cross-lines. And there are other human beings who come to the thoroughly impractical conclusion that every tramp has a fighting spark somewhere about him, and that a down-and-out citizen is merely waiting for civilization to step off his spinal column and give

him an opportunity to rise and conquer.

To adhere to this last theory, a person can not be a bank president, or a bartender, or the collector for an instalment furniture concern. Theodore Edwards was not a bank president, nor was he a collector of anything but voluminous rents, and his only association with bars was an occasional anchorage to windward on the rail side of the polished mahogany. He was peculiar; he had an assortment of theories about modern life and every-day people; and he had plenty of money—not millions, or hundreds of thousands—but just plenty.

"I've come across a funny thing lately, Gosling," he remarked. Gosling moved his high-ball glass carefully back from the

edge of the table and lolled in his chair. Gosling was not his name—his own name was Bedlow; but the first one indicated his immaturity in the minds of his fellows.

"You are always coming across funny things," he replied, with mild interest in his

and occasionally I see him in the shopping districts. And I happen to know where he lives."

"What's his particular business?" queried Bedlow. "Is he a professional pedestrian or an inspector of pavements?"

"He's a man out of a job," replied Edwards. "Worse than that, he is a man whose spirit is shattered, whose nerve is gone, whose ambition is atrophied, whose eyes have lost their sparkle, and whose mental state is one of constant cringing and stepping aside while the world passes by."

"Well, what's the matter with the man?" Bedlow inquired im-



"I MAY NOT HAVE A JOB NOW, BUT I'LL GET ONE SOME DAY."

tone. "Is it a chorus girl with thirteen children?"

"No, it's a man—at least he was a man once," Edwards returned meditatively.

"What is he now?"

"Well, he's a wreck, I guess. He's all in."

"Drink, or dope, or a wife, or all of them?"

"None of them. He's just a man that Fate jostled into the top of the greased chute, and he's sliding—sliding. It isn't his fault that he's going down, but he knows he's going and, I know it. I've heard his story, and it isn't the first time I've listened to the yarn."

"And at the most pathetic point," Bedlow interrupted, "the man wreck indicates his pressing need for two bits, because he hasn't eaten in four days and doesn't know where he's to sleep to-night. Yes, I know that story, too. I get it most every time I leave the club, and if I ever go broke myself, I'll need no rehearsal. Where did you meet the man?"

"I see him every now and then around town. Sometimes he's plodding along through the crowds in lower Broadway. Sometimes he's walking slowly through the Bowery. Once I met him on Grand Street,

patiently. "If he doesn't drink or hit the pipe, and hasn't a metal-throwing wife, why all this sodden-gloom result?"

"I don't know; I'm interested in him and I'm working over in my own mind a theory I've formed. You know, Gosling, I'm not precisely wealthy—"

"And you're thinking of splitting your earthly chattels with this man wreck," said Bedlow in alarm. "What in blazes is his name, anyhow?"

"Wheat—Bill Wheat. No, I'm not going to endow him or set aside a fund for his maintenance; but if you were a grown-up person with a regulation intellect, I might attempt to explain my theory. Equipped as you are with a ten candle-power mentality, you would first snicker and then sneer at me."

"I give you my word," vowed Bedlow gravely, "if you honor me with your thoughts about this Bill Wheat, I will be respectful. I will listen with careful attention, and when you have finished, I will tell you my honest opinion. In the first place, let us order a fresh drink, for I feel the approach of a long story."

"It is not a long story," answered Edwards. "It is very short and compact. I

began to notice this man, whose name I did not know, some months ago. His clothes were shabby, but not extraordinarily soiled. His face was unshaved and his expression was one of hopeless misery. I remembered his face particularly; I drew a mental picture of the man in a different guise. Suppose I had taken him into various shops and had him fitted up with new garments; got him a shave and a hair-cut; had his shoes polished and his nails manicured; handed him a walking-stick and a wallet filled with money, and then told him to come down Fifth Avenue with me: Can't you see the difference?"

Bedlow nodded and smiled.

"Well, I didn't do anything of the sort. The next time I saw him he was coming out of a factory on Bleeker Street. I knew exactly what had happened to him. He had been in to see some hurried and probably irritated foreman about getting a job. I could see him shuffling up to the foreman, his dirty hat in his hand. I could see the foreman staring at him and noting the general down-and-outness of the applicant, and I could see the nothing-doing finish. When he came out of the grimy doorway he stared up and down the street in a sort of hopeless manner, and then turned and idled along toward Broadway."

"And you followed him," said Bedlow.

"I followed him. He walked along Bleeker Street until he came to the Bowery. Then he turned north and kept on until he reached Eighty-seventh Street. There he swung to the east again, and after a time he paused before a tenement building—one of the battered, rusty buildings that bring so much joy to the hearts of the slummers. While he was waiting at the entrance I stopped beside

him and asked him for a match. He didn't have one.

"It took me about five minutes to discover that the fellow was no ordinary bum. He answered my questions slowly and shyly. Several times he stared up at me with a sort of startled expression as if he thought I might be a representative of the law. He told me, not voluntarily, but in reply to my questions, that his name was Bill Wheat and that he was out of work, and had been so for many months.

"I asked him about his habits, and he laughed rather grimly and said he had no habits, good or bad. Then he told me something of his struggles to get work and of the harder struggle for food and lodging. There was not the whine of the panhandler in his



"SO LONG, COIN. YOU WERE ALL RIGHT WHILE YOU LASTED," SAID BEDLOW, BOWING ELABORATELY.

words, and there was no effort made to build up an interesting or pathetic yarn. Several times he halted abruptly in his story, as if he felt I might be tired of it, and only my repeated questions started him on again. When I left, I told him I would see if I could find work for him, and all he said was, 'I wish you would.'"

"Did you slip him any coin?" Bedlow asked thoughtfully.

"No, I didn't. Somehow or other I couldn't get up the nerve to do it, and I've never felt that way about offering money before. I've seen him often since that first meeting, as I told you, and every time I come across him he seems just a little worse off—a trifle shabbier, a bit more stooped about the shoulders, and a bit more hopeless."

"Well, why didn't you get him a job?" Bedlow asked indignantly. "You know enough people around town to land something for a seedy ruin. I suppose he'd take any old salary."

"I think I could have found work for him, but as I started out to tell you, I've been working on a theory concerning this one human being, with the belief that the same theory applies to all mankind; and I've let it drag and drag. Now I'm going to put the theory to the test, and I'm glad we've had this talk about Bill Wheat, because it will act as a spur. For instance, Gosling—and to get this idea slowly and piecemeal into your limited intellect—did you ever stop to consider the effect of money upon a man?"

"I did," Bedlow answered calmly. "I went so completely busted once in Denver that there was only a fleck of dust to mark the spot I stood on. No eats for three days; slept in a wood-shed back of a butcher shop; pawned every stitch of clothes permitted by law, to pay for the last appealing telegram to New York. I know precisely, to the thinness of a microbe's hind leg, the effect of money upon one man, at least."

"That's the point I am aiming at," Edwards continued. "We have on hand a citizen who has lost his punch—in the gabble of the ring. His fighting spirit is gone. He takes blow after blow meekly, accepting them all because he thinks he must. The cause of his mental collapse is his utter poverty. Suppose, Gosling, that I were to place in the possession of Bill Wheat a

thousand-dollar bill. What would happen?"

"Judging from your brief chronicle of his recent life, I assume that Mr. Wheat would instantly buy nine hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs."

"You misunderstand. I don't mean that I would give Wheat a thousand dollars to spend. That is not the point. I mean that I intend to give him a thousand-dollar bill. The bill will remain my property. But it will be in Wheat's possession through circumstances which I shall arrange."

"You mean," Bedlow interrupted with a grin, "you'll simply let Bill hold the thousand. You'd better let me hold it for you. I feel a sense of my tremendous fitness stealing over me, and I will guarantee myself to be one of the niftiest little thousand-dollar-bill-holders between here and Herkimer."

"Don't josh the thing," Edwards said mildly. "The decayed object that you consider your sense of humor is out of place in this matter. But then, I told you at the start that I had better discuss the business with a full-grown man."

"You don't mean seriously what you've just said?" Bedlow ejaculated, with astonishment writ large upon his round face.

"I *do* mean it seriously; that's why I'm talking with you about it. I'm going to give Bill Wheat a thousand dollars."

"Why don't you take it down and dump it into the East River?" Bedlow laughed. "You've been living in New York for thirty years. You read the newspapers. You can understand sane conversation. You know something about human nature. And yet you sit there and tell me that you're going to give a thousand dollars to a seedy bum, with the ultimate notion of reforming him, leading him to a better life, and proving your idiotic theory. Don't say anything for a moment, while I have a hearty laugh."

"I've talked with the man," Edwards continued, unruffled. "I know him, and you don't. I'm a fair judge of human nature, and you're only a half-witted and incompetent sponger upon a civilization that hasn't enough sense to make you go to work. I believe that Wheat is what he says he is, and I'm positive that he isn't a thief and that he won't steal the money and disappear. Believing all these points and being firmly convinced that a man with money is already on the path up, even though the money he carries is not his own property,

I am going to hand Bill Wheat the thousand. I'll do it to-morrow."

"And I will wager you a full-sized dinner," Bedlow chuckled, "that your man disappears with the coin about one minute after you give it to him; that you never see him again; that your whole scheme for improving his nature and restoring his fighting spirit never amounts to anything; and finally, I will bet you another dinner that you ought to be put in the hands of a capable guardian, who will prevent you from throwing away what little money you have left."

"I'll take the wager and I'll win it."

"How are you going to do it?" Bedlow asked suddenly. "Walk up and say: 'Bill, here's a thousand dollars; have a good time, and mind you, don't neglect to reform and make a man of yourself?'"

"I've thought out the mechanical details," replied the theorist. "I am going to seal the bill in a plain manila envelope and direct it to James Montmorency Dillingham at the Waldorf. Of course, there is no James Montmorency Dillingham at the Waldorf. I will be certain of that. I will find Wheat to-morrow afternoon and tell him that I want him to deliver the letter to the man addressed, and to be particularly careful about it because of the thousand-dollar bill inside. I will then give Wheat five dollars for executing the errand. You see the point?"

"Sure," Bedlow chuckled. "So will Bill Wheat. In fact, if Bill isn't a total imbecile, the point of this festive event will come home to him with almost appalling suddenness. He will

wait until we are out of sight—I'm going with you, to see that you do it right—and then he will take a cross-town car. That's the end of William Wheat, ex-pavement pounder. He will probably have a neatly furnished apartment before nightfall, with

a couple of valets and a private shoe-shiner."

"Of course you are welcome to whatever feather-weight opinion you prefer," Edwards drawled. "Wheat won't find Dillingham. He won't find me to return the money, because he doesn't know my haunts or my home——"

"And is frightfully uninterested, anyhow," interrupted Bedlow.

"Therefore he will have to carry the money with him. My theory is that Bill Wheat's reformation begins from that moment."

"My theory is that we ought to have another drink and then go home. If you fail to return to sanity by to-morrow and persist in this mad nonsense, I'll meet you at noon."

"I'll be at the Traders' Bank at twelve," replied Edwards.

While the two friends sat before their club window discussing him, a man lay upon a soiled cot with his fingers locked behind his head, staring out through the single window of his room. A much-dented hat swung from the gas-jet, and a frayed coat hung from the only chair in the narrow room.



"I'M GOING TO BANG YOU OVER THE HEAD WITH A CLUB, IF YOU COME AROUND HERE AGAIN."

From the pocket of the coat projected a copy of a morning newspaper, and a close examination would have revealed pencil-marks in the columns devoted to help-wanted advertisements.

For Bill Wheat there had been another

fruitless day. He had visited four places and had been turned down unanimously. He had not been shaved for several days, and a general air of frowsiness surrounded him. His clothes might have presented a better appearance if they had been pressed; but there was no one to do a bit of benevolent ironing for him, and his credit with tailors was down to a slight trace.

"All right," said Bill, after a long pause, addressing the top of the window out of which he stared, "I may not have a job now, but I'll get one some day."

Then he went to sleep supperless, as he had often done before.

At five minutes of twelve the next day, Bedlow stood in the marble hall of the Traders' Bank, and on the stroke of noon Edwards came in briskly.

"Well?" asked the former.

"Perfectly well," smiled the potential benefactor. "Wait here a moment and I'll be with you."

He dropped into the line leading to the paying-teller's window, and Bedlow watched him absently.

"He's making an awful fool of himself," he muttered. "I wonder if there's no way to prevent it. This is simply the same as throwing a thousand dollars into the fire. It won't help the man who gets it, and it will cut a chunk out of Edwards's visible supply. He's a sentimental idiot, and I'm no better for letting him do it."

Edwards reappeared a few moments later. Bedlow saw him slip the long green lithograph into an envelope and carefully moisten the flap with his tongue.

"You're going to do this fool thing?" he asked sternly.

"I certainly am; got to win the silly wager you made."

"How much money have you left in this bank?"

"Oh, a couple of barrels, I suppose," Edwards retorted airily. "It's not your funeral, anyhow. I'll not come around begging the loan of a ten-spot; so ease your aching mind."

"It's not that, old chap," Bedlow said earnestly. "But I hate to see you make such an ass of yourself about a man who probably wouldn't lift a finger for you. Why not give the bum twenty or thirty dollars and let it go at that? Be sensible about it."

"It may probably occur to you that I am running this business," Edwards laughed. "It is mine—the scheme and the money to carry it out. I am content. You've got to be."

"You can't afford to drop a thousand dollars," Bedlow remonstrated.

"I'm not losing it. I'm investing it. It is a fund for the re-creation of a man. Now come along and stop chattering. You're my guest, but you have no hand whatever in the proceedings."

The two men left the Traders' Bank and boarded a cross-town car. An hour later, Edwards stepped into the narrow court where he had held his first conversation with Bill Wheat. An old woman regarded the two with suspicion, and informed them that Bill Wheat sometimes was at home and sometimes wasn't. Side by side they mounted the shaking stairs and Edwards pounded at a blackened door.

"Who's there?" asked a voice. Bill Wheat was at home.

The door opened and Mr. Wheat stood before them, half dressed. He recognized Edwards and nodded. Then he silently regarded his callers.

"I've come to give you a little job," Edwards said. "I want you to carry a letter for me to a friend of mine who is stopping at the Waldorf. It is highly important that the letter be placed in his hands and the hands of no other human being. It is also important that you do not lose the letter, because it contains a thousand-dollar bill. I have a particular reason for wanting the letter delivered in this fashion, but that has nothing to do with you. In case you can not find Mr. Dillingham at the hotel, please go back until you do find him. Don't let the money out of your sight under any conditions. And for doing the work, I pay you this five-dollar note. Can you start at once?"

Wheat stretched forth his hand and accepted the manila envelope. He took the five-dollar bill and thrust it into his pocket.

"Thanks," he said. "I'll take it right down there."

Edwards backed into the hall, drawing Bedlow with him. When the outer door had clicked behind them, Bedlow turned to face it, removed his hat, and bowed elaborately.

"So long, coin," he said. "You were all right while you lasted."



HE PRODUCED A LARGE WALLET, AND EXTRACTED FROM IT A WORN ENVELOPE.

Far above them, Bill Wheat sat on the edge of his bed and stared at the yellow envelope. Then he picked it up and carefully read the inscription. He turned it over in his hands again and again. Finally he reached for his hat and coat and smiled for the first time in months.

"What do you think of Bill Wheat?" Edwards asked, as they turned the corner.

"I think he's a long way ahead of the game, and if he isn't dazed, he's on his way to a state of unheard-of bliss. How long before you pay me that dinner?"

In the two weeks that followed, the clerks at the Waldorf and sundry guardians of the peace ejected an unpleasant-looking individual not fewer than twenty times. It was Bill.

"And if you come around again," roared an angry doorman on the occasion of the final throw-out, "I'm goin' to bang you over the head with a club and then chuck you into jail. Didn't I tell you they ain't no party stoppin' here named Dillingham? There never was and never will be. Now beat it."

Sorrowfully, Bill went away. In the inner pocket of his vest reposed the stiff envelope with its precious contents.

A part of the five dollars he received for

the work had gone for various needed articles, including a safety razor, and their possession had worked a change for the better. When he walked abroad, seeking employment, some of the stoop fell away from his shoulders. On the avenue his feet lifted themselves over the cobblestones. His hat sat firmly on his head, and his walk was a trifle more brisk than formerly. Edwards, watching him from a taxicab one afternoon, smiled at the improvement.

Bill changed the wording of his opening speech to people in official positions. He no longer said: "I'm pretty bad off; I need work." He said: "Can you give me a job?" Many people could not or would not give Bill a job. One person asked him if he could drive a laundry wagon, and Bill replied that he could.

"Come around to the barns at five tomorrow morning," growled the person, and Bill ceased to belong to the unemployed.

Why follow Bill? He went up; but details are wearisome. In a month he had changed the laundry wagon for a grocer's delivery wagon, and had become familiar with cauliflower, canned corn, brooms, pickles, cheese, and eggs. In three months Bill was working on an inside job for the retail grocery, and in five he had been

transferred to a wholesale house in Worth Street.

Edwards followed his career with interest. Unrecognized, he watched Wheat move his few belongings from the dingy room to an apartment on the opposite side of town. When Bill changed from the laundry wagon, his benefactor knew it. When he entered the wholesale house, Edwards was perfectly well aware of the advancement.

In the course of time Edwards broke the news to Bedlow.

"I'd like to have you meet me in the club Thursday about two o'clock," he said. "There's somebody coming up who might be of interest."

"Who?" asked Bedlow.

"The man's name is Bill Wheat."

"How do you know he's coming?"

"Because I wrote him a letter asking him to call."

"To the laundry company?"

"Bill Wheat left the laundry company months ago. I have kept you in ignorance of his progress, but he has made progress. I think that I have proved the correctness of my theory of some months ago. I think I have demonstrated that a down-and-out man only needs a stiff back-bone, and that the possession of money gives it to him."

"Does it occur to you," Bedlow asked with a grin, "that Mr. Wheat may not answer your letter; that he may not come to the club; that, if he does come, he may know nothing whatever about the thousand dollars you gave him in an envelope?"

"In that case," Edwards replied imperturbably, "I will concede that you win the dinner."

A young man of some thirty years called at the appointed club at two o'clock on Thursday, and his card bore the name "William Wheat." He was well dressed, businesslike, and in somewhat of a hurry.

"I'd like to see Mr. Edwards," he said pleasantly to the doorman. "I have an appointment with him here at two."

Before the big window where the plan had first been disclosed, Edwards and Bedlow received the regenerated Wheat. He

paused in some embarrassment, but Edwards reassured him.

"It's all right, Wheat," he said smilingly. "Mr. Bedlow knows something about you, too. You may remember the thousand dollars I gave you to deliver to Dillingham. I have since learned that he changed his plans very suddenly and did not come to New York. Consequently, you could not have delivered the money to him, and if it is convenient, I'll take it myself."

"You're quite right," said Bill Wheat, easily. "There was no man named Dillingham at the hotel. Here is the money exactly as it was when you gave it to me."

He produced a large, thick, red wallet, and extracted from it a somewhat worn-looking manila envelope, with a heavy seal, which he placed on the table before the two men. Then he put away his wallet, looked at his watch, and picked up his hat.

"I have an appointment at two-thirty," he said, apologetically. "I am sorry to hurry away. There is one thing I would like to say. It is this: I shall never forget the commission you gave me that day. The five dollars was a great help to me. Thank you and good-by."

When he had gone, Edwards turned to Bedlow and smiled dreamily. The smoke from his cigar curled upward to the ceiling and hung in a misty cloud. Bedlow poked the rug ruminatively with his stick.

"I suppose I owe you a dinner," he said at last.

"You do."

"The whole thing has taught me a lesson. It has increased my respect for your knowledge of human nature and your genuine love for your fellow beings. I tell you, it amounts to something when a man is willing to risk his money like that. . . . What are you laughing at?"

"At the last part of your complimentary remark," Edwards chuckled.

"Why?"

"Open the envelope."

Bedlow did so, wonderingly . . .

A long, sinuous, green cigar-coupon slipped out upon the table.



⚖ BIG BUSINESS ⚖ AND THE BENCH

*The Federal Courts -
Last Refuge for the "Interests"*

BY C. P. CONNOLLY

V

Editor's Note.—Many good citizens have felt that although state courts with elective judges are sometimes susceptible to improper local influences, we have an ultimate safeguard in the learning and the integrity of our Federal judiciary. It would be a satisfaction to find that the Federal judges, appointed by the President for life, are indeed bulwarks of justice for us all. Mr. Connolly now turns to the Federal courts, and offers us examples to show that they are more, instead of less, vulnerable than the state courts.

IF THE Government Secret Service would follow the trail of certain Federal judges, it would do the country a real service.

I speak with all due respect for all honorable judges, with a strong sense of the high regard that as a nation we owe them.

There are many high-minded men on the Federal bench; but they are not numerous enough to compensate. The wonder is how even they got their places.

Federal judges are usually selected by the United States senators from the different states. These senators, in most of our states, are in turn selected by the corporations who are the most frequent litigants in our Federal courts. Railway magnates who never attend a primary, hurry to Washington to look after the appointments of Federal judges. If the President refuses to name the candidate selected by the senators, senatorial "courtesy" refuses to confirm the appointment.

Men of learning and ability sit on the Federal bench, but they have been appointed, not for these qualifications, but because of their prejudice in favor of Privilege.

The Federal judiciary—I am not now speaking of the Supreme Court—has been the resort of that creature known in the parlance of the day as the "lame duck." A rep-

resentative, a senator, or a state judge is rejected by his constituency. Whereupon either a new judicial district is created to make a place for him, or his name is placed on the waiting list.

The Federal bench has become the Soldiers' Home of disabled politicians.

After lawyers like Hoar, Edmunds, Vest, Spooner, Bailey, Root, Knox, and Borah have worked diligently on a measure of importance, compromising here and there to insure safety, the act will be declared unconstitutional by some of these Federal judges. In nine cases out of ten, if one of these former congressmen sitting on the Federal bench had attempted to discuss a constitutional question on the floor of Congress during his term of service, he would have been laughed at for his pains. But the moment he mounts the bench, his utterances become oracular. His sense of importance in his ability to set aside an act of Congress, duly approved by the President, is a constant temptation to exercise this power. He becomes a veritable bull in a china-shop. The efforts of the ablest lawyers in the Senate and House are snuffed out by the decisions of mediocre judges.

Before the Supreme Court of the United States decided that it had the power to declare a law unconstitutional, this power had been claimed by a court in Rhode Island;

but the decision was repudiated by the legislature, and the judges responsible for it were retired to private life.

There is not a great difference between the people of Canada and the people of the United States. Canadians come of the same stock that we do. Yet the traveler who crosses the St. Lawrence is in a country where courts have not the power to declare a law void. In our own country the traveler changes laws as often as he changes cars. No one can tell what was the last guess of some judge as to whether the legislature was an aggregation of bunglers or a conclave of wise men.

In no other important country of the world are the courts allowed to veto the acts of the legislature.

"It is a misnomer to call a government republican in which a branch of the supreme power is independent of the nation," said Jefferson.

WHEN IS A CAR NOT A CAR?

Judge Smith McPherson is the Federal judge for the Southern District of Iowa. His judicial district is known among Middle West lawyers as the "Burlington reservation," because the Burlington railway system is believed to have exclusive control of the appointments of judges there. McPherson was the attorney for the Burlington road when he was elected to Congress, and he left Congress to become a Federal judge. Some Iowa and Missouri lawyers charge that he is still very close to the railways.

He once decided in a damage case that the tender of an engine was not a "car" within the meaning of the Safety Appliance act; the Supreme Court of the United States thought differently. McPherson also wrote the opinion in the Missouri rate case, enjoining the state of Missouri from enforcing its laws.

At a public gathering some years ago in Iowa, McPherson was so intoxicated that he was compelled to cling to the furniture while trying to poise on his feet. He said at that time, and in that condition, that he was "opposed to reforms and reformers." This exhibition on the part of Judge McPherson led to the introduction in an Iowa business organization of resolutions calling for his impeachment.

In the judicial virtues of Henry T. Reed, Federal judge for the Northern District of

Iowa, there is some compensation for the character of McPherson.

John F. Philips, until he recently resigned while under threat of Congressional investigation, was the Federal judge for the Western District of Missouri, with headquarters at Kansas City, Missouri. Had he been impeached, his salary of six thousand dollars a year would have been discontinued. He is still drawing his salary; his resignation made it secure. Shortly after resigning, he appeared as attorney for the Missouri Pacific Railway, whose tool he was charged with being while on the bench.

Eminent lawyers in Kansas City had for years, up to the time of Philips's resignation, refused to practise in the Federal court. They claimed that Philips had a kitchen cabinet, headed by Frank Hagerman, the Standard Oil attorney, and that it was impossible to win a case in that court unless you were a member of this cabinet.

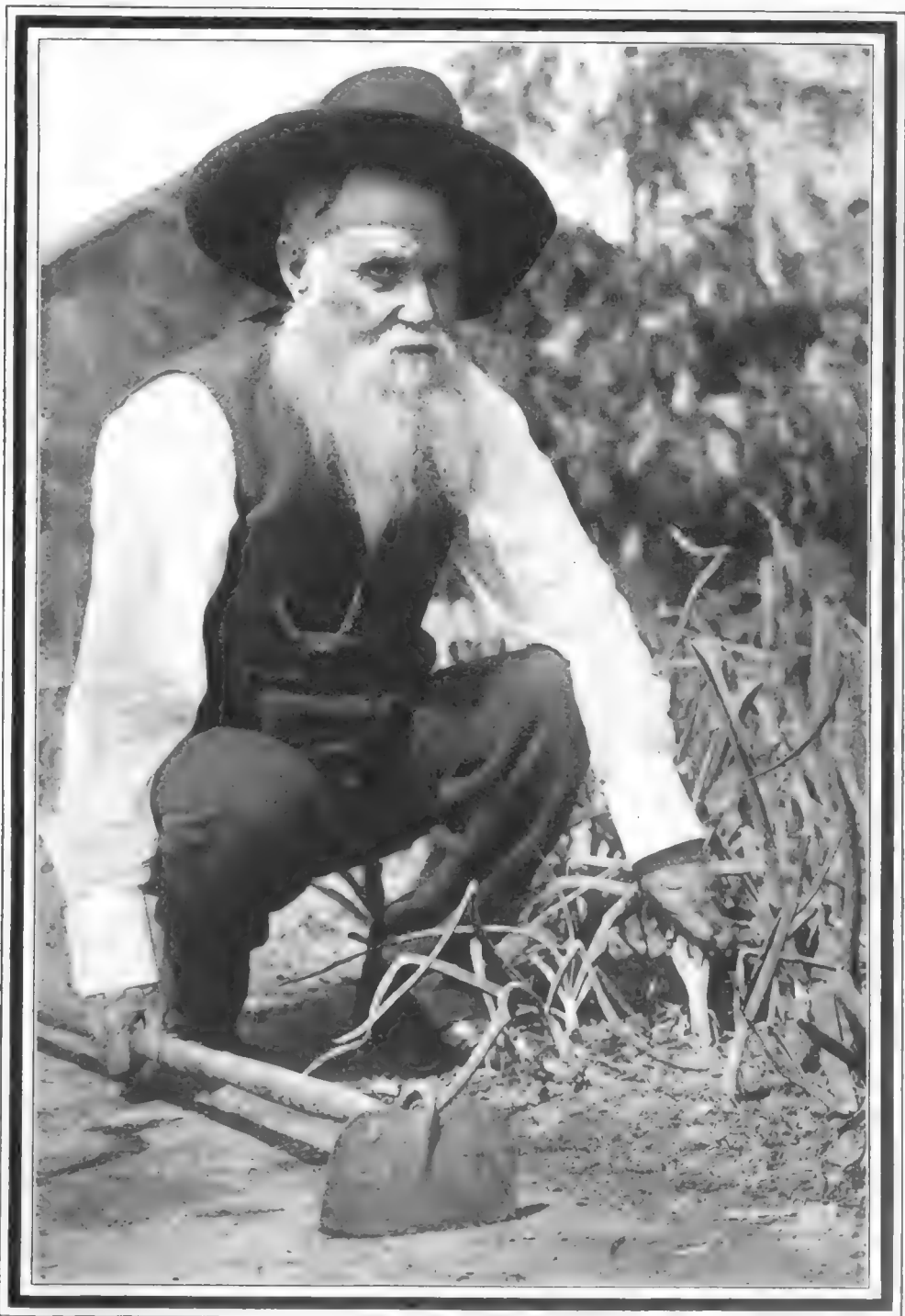
John C. Pollock is the Federal judge for the District of Kansas, with headquarters at Kansas City, Kansas, immediately across the line from Kansas City, Missouri. Papers on record in the Supreme Court of Oklahoma show that Pollock was charged during his career as a lawyer with appearing on both sides of a case.

As a judge of the Supreme Court of Kansas, he concurred in an opinion in favor of the Midland National Bank—an Armour institution—which misstated an important fact in the case. The bank profited many thousands of dollars by this decision. When the court's attention was called to the misstatement of this fact in its opinion, it refused to correct it. The judge who wrote the opinion afterward resigned to become attorney for the Santa Fé Railroad.

"JUDICIAL FORGERY"

Judge Pollock declared unconstitutional the splendid Bank Guarantee Act of Kansas, by which the state banks were secured against insolvency. The national banks were opposed to the act. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld the law.

In 1903, the Kaw (Kansas) River, which flows into the Missouri River at Kansas City, overflowed its banks, destroying twenty million dollars' worth of property. Fifteen thousand people were thrown out of their homes. In 1904 and in 1908 the river again overflowed its banks.



FORMER FEDERAL JUDGE HENRY CLAY CALDWELL, NOW LIVING IN HONORABLE RETIREMENT
AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. HE WAS APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN, AND IS
ONE OF THE FINEST TYPES OF FEDERAL JUDGE.

The railways and beef-packing corporations had encroached upon the channel of the river, reducing its width to about six hundred feet. These encroachments were largely the cause of the destruction of life and property at Kansas City, Kansas. The legislature of Kansas authorized a drainage district for the purpose of widening the river. Federal experts reported that the river should be widened by more than one hundred feet.

The railway companies sought through Judge Pollock to enjoin the work of widening the river. Judge Pollock took the matter into his own hands. Not satisfied with the report of his own referee, to whom he had assigned the task of investigation, he ordered him to draw up a second report.

In the presence of all the attorneys in the case, Judge Pollock, while plainly intoxicated, signed a judgment which left the width of the river as it had been, and saved the railways the expense incident to lengthening their bridges. It pretended to be a decree consented to by all parties to the suit, and he signed it while the attorneys for the people of Kansas were on their feet protesting that they did not consent. *His act has been publicly characterized, with emphasis if not precision, as a "judicial forgery."*

"Any one who appeals from this decision," threatened the intoxicated judge from the bench, "does so at his own risk."

This judge left the people along the river-front where he found them, at the mercy of the railways and the elements.

A COSTLY RECEIVERSHIP

One other case that shows Pollock's characteristic practise may be cited. In 1909, on his own motion he appointed Henry McGrew, a close friend, receiver for the Bonner Portland Cement Company. In order to get the stockholders of the Bonner Portland Cement Company to consent to his receivership, McGrew, at a meeting of the stockholders, informed them that he would not charge for his services as receiver. He was subsequently allowed by Judge Pollock \$25,000 for fourteen months' employment. McGrew was without previous experience in the cement business. No cement plant would have paid him \$5,000 a year. He was also allowed \$5,000 in addition for attorney's fees, although he was himself an attorney. Five hundred dollars would have been

a liberal allowance for the legal services performed.

Judge Pollock personally took charge of the reorganization of the company. He helped select directors for the new company. McGrew secretly bought up the stock of the old company at depreciated prices. Then he entered into a contract with the new company for his services as manager at \$6,000 a year, \$15,000 less than he had collected in a year as receiver. McGrew and his friends now control the new company.

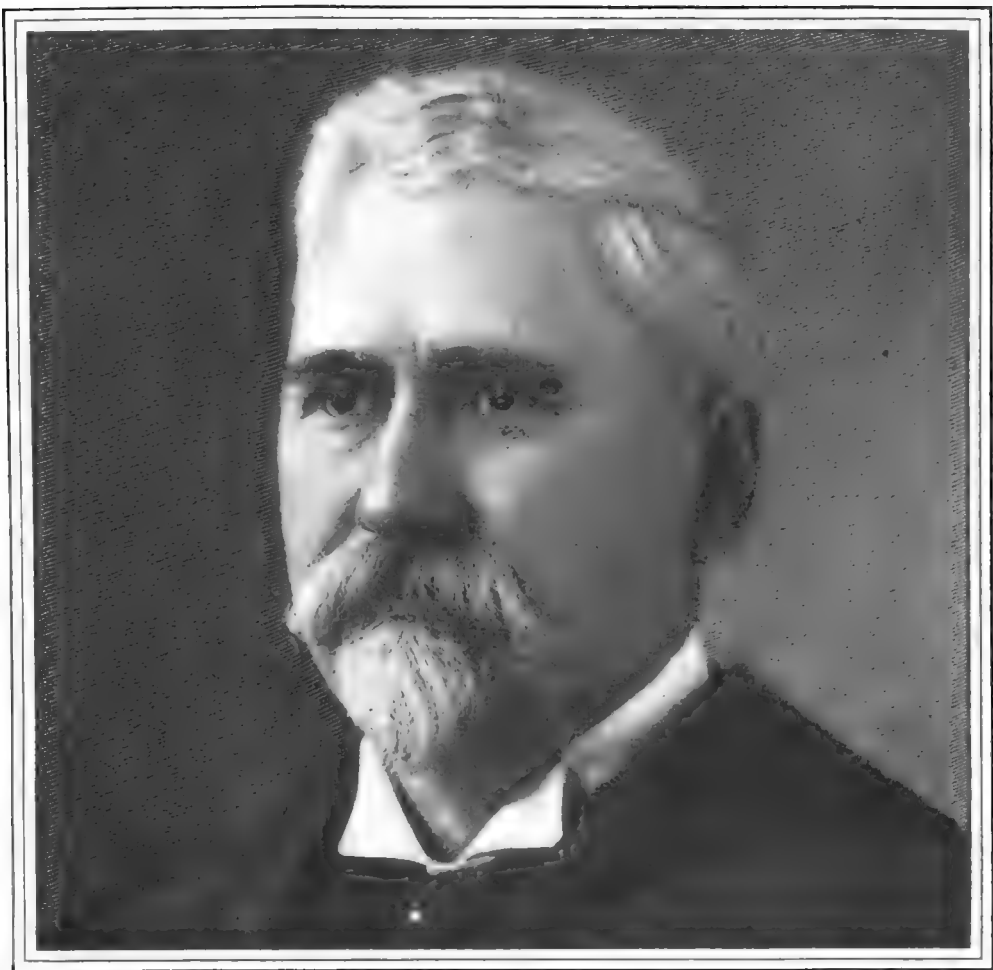
When the appointment of Judge Pollock to the Supreme bench of the United States was being urged upon President Taft, Governor Walter R. Stubbs of Kansas telegraphed the President that Pollock was unfit for his present office.

JUDGES' TRAVELING EXPENSES

Originally, the Federal judges were not allowed expenses for holding court in other districts than their own. It was a high misdemeanor for a district judge to reside in any other district than the one for which he was appointed. The act of Congress of July 1, 1898, however, provided that district judges directed to hold court outside of their own districts be paid reasonable expenses, not exceeding ten dollars a day. These expenses are paid by the marshal of the district *upon the judge's written certificate*, and in some instances they have led to invitations for the exchange of friendly calls among the judges.

For many years Judge Smith McPherson of Iowa has been constantly sitting in Kansas City, Missouri. Philips took his place in Iowa. Pollock sat in both jurisdictions. Their annual expense accounts are high in the list of such items—ten, twenty, and fifty times as great as those of other district judges.

Grave irregularities have recently been discovered in the accounts of eighteen Federal court clerks. Several of these clerks resigned or were removed. Five criminal prosecutions were ordered and four indictments found against these clerks. One of those mentioned in the report of the attorney-general for 1911 is the clerk of Judge McPherson's court of Iowa, and another was the clerk of Judge Andrew P. McCormick's court of Texas. This is the same Judge McCormick who a few years ago was



WALTER H. SANBORN OF ST. PAUL, ONE OF THE ABLEST OF FEDERAL JUDGES, WHOSE DECISIONS DISTINCTLY FAVOR BIG BUSINESS.

charged in a memorial to Congress with gross partiality to the railways. The charges were allowed to repose. The attorney-general in his report calls attention to the fact that these clerks can be removed only by the judges of the court, and that these judges have failed to cooperate with the Department of Justice in the attempt to correct these irregularities.

THE FAMILY, TOO

Henry L. Wilson of Chicago was for years, before Judge Christian C. Kohlsaat's elevation to the Circuit bench, a professional receiver in the Federal District Court presided over by Judge Kohlsaat. He was

formerly a clerk in Kohlsaat's law office. He has been appointed as receiver, as trustee, and as appraiser in fifty-eight different cases, and allowed exorbitant fees in many. He has grown rich out of his receiverships. In violation of the Federal statutes, Judge Kohlsaat appointed his son to the discharge of judicial duties for which compensation was made. He also appointed his private secretary receiver, and he appointed his brother-in-law, Gustave N. Smith, to the performance of official duties.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup appointed as one of the receivers of the traction lines in Chicago, Marshall E. Sampsell, clerk of his court. Grosscup lived at Sampsell's home during the summer. Grosscup's judicial

management of the traction situation gave wide scandal. He is now retired, rich, and is in many street-railway, gas, and oil deals, in which deals his former clerk is also interested.

When Charles H. Aldrich of Chicago was reviewing the acts of Grosscup in administering Chicago traction matters, in an argument before Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, sitting in the Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago, that jurist asked Aldrich if public necessity did not require that the question at issue be definitely settled, even though the Appellate Court should not approve of Grosscup's conduct.

"No," declared Aldrich; "it would be better for the public interest that the tracks of the entire system be closed forever to traffic than that this court should sanction the conduct of this judge."

Judge D. P. Dyer, a Missouri Federal judge, was charged, prior to his appointment, with withholding moneys of one of his clients, a widow. It was only after threats of prosecution that he gave up the money. He was appointed through Senator Warner, the distributor at that time of Federal patronage in Missouri. He is a striking example of the workings of the system by which senatorial courtesy controls the selection of judges.

JUDGES AND JUDGES' SONS

A year ago, a son of Federal Judge W. C. Hook, Ingham Hook, was employed in the office of Frank Hagerman, a Standard Oil attorney, in Kansas City, Missouri. The Post-Office Department and the Department of Justice tried to put the Uncle Sam Oil Company, an independent concern, out of business. It was charged in the pleadings in one of the cases that there was a conspiracy in this, and that the Standard Oil Company was in the conspiracy. The president of the Uncle Sam Company was on the stand before Judge Hook in contempt proceedings. Hook mercilessly browbeat him. And a Kansas lawyer, who is also something of a literary man, and who saw the scene in court, told me he went away from the court-room with the inspiration for a story to be entitled "In the Lion's Mouth."

It is a matter of common knowledge that state and Federal judges everywhere have

had relatives in the employ of litigants whose suits took up a large part of the time of these judges.

A. L. Sanborn, Federal judge at Madison, Wisconsin, was for years the lobbyist of the public-service corporations of Wisconsin. When he was appointed to the Federal bench, his son succeeded to his place.

Henry F. Sanborn, son of Judge Walter H. Sanborn of St. Paul, who wrote the opinion in the recent Minnesota rate case, which aroused the temper of the governors assembled at Lakewood, New Jersey, last summer, is traffic inspector for the Great Northern Railway Company, one of the beneficiaries of Judge Sanborn's decision. The son was appointed last year.

Another son of Judge Walter H. Sanborn, Bruce Sanborn, was taken into partnership in the law firm of Durment & Moore of St. Paul, immediately after Judge Sanborn had appointed a member of that firm to a lucrative position in connection with the receivership of the Chicago & Great Western Railway.

A son of Federal Judge John E. Carland of South Dakota was for years in the employ of the Great Northern Road. Judge Carland was recently appointed to the Commerce Court.

One of the sons of Judge James B. Gantt of the Supreme Court of Missouri was, during his term of office, in the claims department of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of Kansas City, probably the largest litigant in the state of Missouri. Another son was in the engineering department of the same company.

Judge Valliant of the same court had a son who was general claims agent for the St. Louis Transit Company. He wrote an opinion holding that the fellow-servant law of Missouri, passed for the protection of employees, did not apply to street railways.

It is possible that Judge Valliant was sincere in his contention. Unfortunately, the doubt was resolved against him in the public mind. And furthermore the legislature corrected his doctrine.

I might carry on this list at great length. Does the proof show that these employments influence the judges?

"I can not give you judgments, my son, in order that you may profit by them," said that righteous chancellor of England, Sir Thomas More, "but men will think I will,

and therefore you will be enriched by your connection."

If any lawyer is curious to know how far and how foolishly a judge will go to serve a railway, let him read 117 *Federal Reporter*, page 463. If he is also curious to read a stinging rebuke to a lower court by a Chief Justice of the United States, let him read 196 *United States Reports*, page 1. This is the story of those decisions:

A Southern Pacific brakeman named Johnson was ordered to uncouple the engine from his freight train and couple it to a dining-car standing on a side-track at Promontory, Utah, for the purpose of turning the dining-car around, in readiness to be picked up by the next west-bound passenger train. The dining-car had been dropped by the east-bound passenger train an hour or so before. An act of Congress provided that all interstate commerce cars should be equipped with couplers coupling automatically. The engine of the freight train was equipped with a different coupler from that of the dining-car, and the two would not work automatically. Johnson was compelled to couple them with a pin, and while doing so was seriously injured.

Judge Walter H. Sanborn of St. Paul held that the dining-car was not engaged in interstate traffic, because it was on the side-track waiting for the west-bound train. He held that the engine was not a car, and that it made no difference, so long as the cars were equipped with couplers, whether they were couplers that would couple or not.

In overruling him, the Supreme Court of the United States paid its respects to Judge Sanborn in a scathing opinion, saying, in part, that his conclusions were "arrived at by an inadmissible narrowness of construction."

WHY CASES ARE TRANSFERRED

When the amount involved is over \$2,000, and one of the parties to a suit is a resident of another state, a case brought in the state courts may be removed to the Federal courts on demand of the non-resident party. This is one reason why large corporations are concerned with the selection of Federal judges. They may bring or defend a suit in any Federal court except in the state where they are chartered. The Federal judges are irremovable except by the an-

tique remedy of impeachment. They are protected from the reach of the public by the salvage corps of the railways in the United States Senate.

THE GENTLE ART OF DODGING STATE LAWS

In one litigation in Montana, a subsidiary company of the Amalgamated Copper Company which had been organized under the Montana laws, was reorganized under the laws of New York, and transferred its entire property and assets, amounting to \$40,000,000, to the New York corporation, in order to have the pending case transferred from the Montana state court to the Federal court.

Another trick of litigation was peculiar to the Amalgamated. The farmers of the Deer Lodge Valley in Montana claimed that the smoke from the Washoe smelter, which refines the ores of the Amalgamated, killed their stock and ruined their farms. They brought suit in the Federal court in Montana. They lost their suit. They undertook to appeal. There was a large mass of testimony. The clerk's fees for copies of the testimony and court records would cost \$15,000. While the case was pending, a tool of the Amalgamated introduced a bill in Congress, and had it passed, doubling the clerk's fees *in the Montana court*, which would compel the farmers to pay \$30,000 for their transcript. Upon learning the facts, the Court of Appeals at San Francisco ordered the transcript transmitted in its original form, without expense to the farmers.

WHAT'S "JURISDICTION" BETWEEN FRIENDS?

In May, 1906, suit was brought in Federal Judge Robert E. Lewis's court at Denver to validate the claim of the Denver Tramway Company to a perpetual franchise of the streets of Denver. Mayor Robert W. Speer, Democrat, employed as special counsel for the city, to fight this claim, Walter Dixon, the personal attorney of "Boss" William G. Evans, Republican, president of the Tramway Company. The Federal court had no jurisdiction to try the case, and be it said to the honor of Dixon that he so told the court. He announced, however, that he had been ordered by his client, the city, not to press the question of jurisdiction. Judge Lewis gave the Tramway Company a decision. He said that if the question of his



JOHN C. POLLOCK OF KANSAS, WHOSE RULINGS IN FAVOR OF THE RAILWAYS AND BIG INTERESTS HAVE BEEN MORE VIOLENTLY CRITICISED THAN THOSE OF ANY OTHER
FEDERAL JUDGE IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

jurisdiction had been raised, he would have been compelled to decide that he had no jurisdiction. But inasmuch as it had not been raised, he would assume jurisdiction.

It is hard for the people to win a lawsuit when the lawyers for the corporations represent both sides, and when the judge is so anxious to try the case that he will take jurisdiction whether he is entitled to it or not.

In 1910, the Mercantile Trust Company of New York, which held the bonds of the Denver Water Company, filed a suit in Judge Lewis's court to prevent the city of Denver from issuing bonds for its own water system, after the water company had refused to sell its plant for \$7,000,000. Judge Lewis enjoined the issuance of the bonds. At the same time he delivered from the bench a most intemperate harangue against the whole tendency toward popular government.

About five years ago the legislature of Missouri passed, almost unanimously, a law providing that a railway company incorporated under the laws of Missouri which removed its litigation from the state to the Federal courts should have its license to do business in that state revoked. An act of Congress provides that the Federal courts, except in those rare cases where the Federal Constitution or statutes otherwise require, shall be governed by the laws of the state of their jurisdiction. This act of Congress is frequently ignored by Federal judges, and the result is practically two different rules of decision in the same jurisdiction, confusing and disheartening the practising lawyer.

Wisconsin, Iowa, Texas, and Kentucky had passed laws similar to the Missouri law, and the Supreme Court of the United States has held such a law constitutional. But Judge Smith McPherson declared the Missouri law unconstitutional. He said that the Supreme Court of the United States often overruled its own decisions.

From 1888 to 1906, 244 railway cases were removed on motion of the railways from state courts to the Federal courts in Kansas City, Missouri. Two hundred and fourteen of these cases against the railways were dismissed by the Federal judges. In only fourteen cases were verdicts secured against the railways.

In fourteen years, only one final verdict

against a railway in a personal injury case was secured before Judge Philips. The plaintiff in that case got \$300. This record is better by one notch than that of Judge William Lochren of Minnesota. It is said that Judge Lochren never decided against a railway except once, and that then he was reversed by the Court of Appeals. "If you had a suit against a railway in Judge Lochren's court," said a distinguished Minnesota lawyer, "you might just as well dismiss it and save costs."

JUDGES' JUNKETS

At ten-thirty on the evening of January 28, 1906, the private car of Gardiner Lathrop, chief attorney at Chicago of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad Company, lay in the Union Depot at Kansas City, Missouri. It was stocked with meat and drink. The engineer had steam up. In the car were Judge Smith McPherson of Iowa; Judge John F. Philips of Missouri; Judge John C. Pollock of Kansas; Samuel W. Moore, general solicitor for the Kansas City Southern; Judge O. M. Spencer, general solicitor for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Gardiner Lathrop, and a physician. They were starting for Tampico, Mexico, for two weeks of tarpon-fishing.

J. H. Durkee, a local coal dealer, a heavy shipper over the railways, and a friend of one of the lawyers, was about to board the private car with a hamper containing two geese, nine snipe, and half a dozen prairie chickens. It was the closed season for prairie chicken under the game law of Missouri, and Durkee was one of those who had gone to the State Capitol the winter before and lobbied for the law. He was intercepted by J. H. Rodes, the state game warden, and relieved of the prairie chickens; the geese and snipe he was allowed to take to the private car.

The arrest of Durkee led to some unpleasant newspaper publicity. In a public speech, Judge J. McD. Trimble, a distinguished Kansas City lawyer, denounced the junketing trip of the judges and the railway lawyers. "I do not hesitate to say," he declared, "that I believe those general solicitors would not have invited the men they did had not those men been judges."

This fishing-bee occurred during the pendency before Judges Philips and McPherson of the celebrated Missouri rate

case—now pending in the Supreme Court of the United States—in which these judges without notice enjoined the state authorities from enforcing the laws of Missouri. Judge Philips denied that these social attentions on the part of the railway attorneys influenced the judgment of the judges. (A Montana legislator who appropriated \$1,100 that he found in an envelope which was thrown over his hotel transom, said the same sort of thing.) The railways won their case, however.

In the impeachment proceedings against him, Federal Judge Charles Swayne of Florida admitted that he had traveled without expense to himself in a private car from Delaware to Florida, and from there to the Pacific coast and back. Judge Peter S. Grosscup of Chicago solicited and received a private car to go to the Pacific coast. It is true that Grosscup inveighed against the corporations, but all too frequently he decided in their favor.

A few years ago a Chicago railway lawyer stated that he had never lost a case for his company in the Federal courts.

Justice Horace Lurton of the Supreme Court of the United States was formerly known in his district as "Private Car" Lurton. President Roosevelt refused to appoint him to the Supreme bench. Justice Lurton had "the railroad mind." President Taft made Justice Lurton's confirmation a matter of personal favor to himself.

Governor Braxton B. Comer of Alabama, in a formal interview dated October 5, 1910, said that he had no confidence in Federal Judge Thomas G. Jones of Alabama. Judge Jones had enjoined the enforcement of the railway-rate laws of Alabama. Governor Comer stated that Judge Jones had been an employee from youth

of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad; that he continued in that employment until he went on the bench; and that many of his relatives were thus employed.

Robert W. Archbald, the Pennsylvania Federal judge and member of the new Commerce Court, who sentenced a consumptive fruit importer in New York to jail, while at the same time he merely fined a wealthy silk importer who had robbed the Government of over a million, was appointed to the Federal bench through the influence of Matthew S. Quay, the former Pennsylvania boss; and behind Quay were the great corporations.

WHAT'S IN A NAME!

Formerly, whenever a railway company could profitably pay the expense incident to a receivership for the sake of ridding itself of its debts, it sought, through one of its bondholders, the aid of the Federal courts. Its property was sold to a new company organized by the stock-and bond-holders of the old company.

The Memphis and Little Rock Railroad Company, for instance, went through this process three times. After the first foreclosure, it changed its name to the Memphis & Little Rock Railway Company. After the second foreclosure, it went back to its old name, and after the third foreclosure assumed again the title of the Memphis & Little Rock Railway Company. The Federal courts were parties to these gross frauds.

Suits amounting to some two million

dollars had accumulated against the St. Louis Traction Company. That company disorganized and transferred its property to the St. Louis Transit Company. Not an officer or a car conductor quit his



FEDERAL JUDGE CORNELIUS H. HANFORD
OF SEATTLE, WHO WAS RECENTLY
HANGED IN EFFIGY.

post. The courts held that the suitors had no claim against the new company. They were told to look to the old company, which did not even have office furniture left to satisfy its creditors. One of the attorneys who was a party to this was a former Federal judge. He is the author of the highly moral aphorism that "bribery is a conventional crime." He resigned from the Federal bench to be succeeded by his partner, another representative of Big Business in St. Louis.

A SUICIDE THAT CHANGED COURT PRECEDENT

Judge Henry Clay Caldwell, late of the Eighth Circuit, an appointee of President Lincoln, was one of the first judges to seek to cure the evil of receiverships. The judge-made rule at that time was that debts for labor, material, and supplies were outlawed after three months. Judge Caldwell threw out of his court the debt of a tie-contractor which was eleven months old. By this decision the contractor lost his all. He went from the court-room, and was found the same night at his home hanging to the limb of a tree.

This incident changed the law in that jurisdiction. Judge Caldwell, filled with remorse, decided that precedents should no longer stand for injustice in his court. He never thereafter appointed a receiver except upon condition that all claims for labor, supplies, and material, and all claims for damages against the road, unless outlawed under the state law, should have preference over mortgages. The injustice to the poor tie-contractor with the coon-skin cap made ultimately for justice in subsequent cases. His wraith haunted the bench.

For more than two thousand miles along the line of its road, from Minnesota to Puget Sound, the Government gave the Northern Pacific Railroad Company every alternate section of the public lands, for twenty miles on each side of its track in the states, and for forty miles on each side of its track in the territories. The grant expressly said that the railway company should sell the land to the public for not more than \$2.50 per acre. The Government desired to encourage settlement, and to distribute the land among the settlers; it had in mind the ancient control of the land by the untaxed nobility.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company mortgaged these lands. The Government grant had stated: if you mortgage the lands, and they are sold under the hammer, you must sell them at public sale, in single sections and subdivisions, to the highest and best bidders. By grace of the Federal courts, the Northern Pacific Railroad Company went into the hands of receivers. It emerged as the Northern Pacific Railway Company, disencumbered of its debts, and invested with this great grant without condition. It was enabled to sell the land at any price it saw fit.

In a small loft in the office of the clerk of Judge Cornelius H. Hanford's court in Seattle is the evidence that shows how this was done. The list of lands in the Washington jurisdiction had been made out in a great volume, months in advance, showing each subdivision sold for \$2.50 an acre. As a matter of fact, the land had all been sold in one day, not to settlers but to a committee of gentlemen appointed by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, who in turn transferred the lands to the Northern Pacific Railway Company, which thus became an "innocent purchaser."

The same proceedings took place in other Federal jurisdictions. By a fiction, and with the connivance of the Federal courts, these men in control of the Northern Pacific Company acquired an empire, free of conditions, estimated by competent authorities to be worth *one thousand million dollars*.

LAND STEALS

Justice Willis Van Devanter, now of the Supreme Court of the United States, owes his political advancement to the influence of Senators Warren and Clark of Wyoming.

Senator Clark is a brother of D. O. Clark, vice-president and general manager of the Union Pacific Coal Company, whose fraudulent entries of coal lands in Wyoming have been the subject of Government investigation. Cyrus Beard, the local attorney of the Union Pacific at Evanston, Wyoming, was one of Clark's "dummies" in these coal-land steals. He is now one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Wyoming. Senator Warren is the head of perhaps the worst land-stealing ring in the United States.

Justice Van Devanter was chief of the legal staff of the Interior Department from 1897 to 1903, while the fraudulent coal claims of



JOHN F. PHILIPS OF KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, WHO RECENTLY RESIGNED FROM
THE FEDERAL BENCH WHILE UNDER THREAT OF IMPEACHMENT—
NOW AN ATTORNEY FOR THE MISSOURI PACIFIC.

his former railway clients were pending. One of his duties was to pass upon the legality of all such claims. Senator Warren also secured patents, while Justice Van Devanter was in the Interior Department, to several hundred acres of land, through the use of soldiers' scrip. A report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, dated April 8, 1908, stated that the acquisition of these coal lands had been attended with fraud, perjury, violence, and disregard of the rights of individuals, and that "protests to the general land office had in many instances been disregarded and had not been productive of curative measures." John W. Lacey, the brother-in-law and former law-partner of Justice Van Devanter, appeared for the Union Pacific Coal Company at the Interstate Commerce Commission hearing which investigated these frauds.

While sitting as judge of the Eighth Circuit, prior to his elevation to the Supreme bench, Justice Van Devanter, together with Judges Walter H. Sanborn and W. C. Hook, took part in a decision in a mining case (*Lawson vs. United States Mining Company*) involving many millions of dollars, deciding the case upon a question of fact, which was shown by the maps in the case to be directly contrary to the fact as stated in the opinion. When the matter was called to the attention of the court, Judge Van Devanter and his colleagues refused to correct their decision. This decision has been the talk of the intermountain region.

It has been in rare instances that the Federal courts in the various jurisdictions have granted redress in the matter of these public land steals. Judge Alonzo Sawyer, who by his judicial decisions validated many

of these stolen land grants, constantly rode his circuit in the private car of the railway whose land grants he had declared legal.

Justice Van Devanter was one of the judges of the Eighth Circuit when that court decided the Standard Oil case. He sat in judgment in the Supreme Court on his own decision in the lower court.

THE ABUSE OF INJUNCTION

The Minnesota legislature recently passed a law fixing maximum freight and passenger rates within that state. Judge Lochren of the Federal Court of Minnesota, at the suit of certain bondholders of the railways residing in New York, enjoined the state from enforcing this law, and fined the attorney-general of Minnesota for ignoring the injunction. The eleventh amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibits the prosecution of any suit against a state by citizens of another state, and the Supreme Court of the United States had theretofore held that a suit against a state official as such was a suit against the state. In this case they held that the attorney-general of Minnesota could be enjoined.

While the Minnesota legislature was in session, the representatives of James J. Hill, among whom was his own son, announced that if the legislature would accede to their terms, they would not seek evasion of the law. The legislature acceded to their terms and increased the rates as contemplated to be fixed in the law. After the legislature adjourned, James J. Hill repudiated the agreement of his agents. A master was appointed by Judge Walter H. Sanborn to take testimony on the question of whether the rates were confiscatory. More than one Minnesota lawyer said to me that he would as lief submit his case to Hill himself as to this master, who had formerly been known as a Hill judge. The whole proceeding was one of the most amazing in the amazing history of Federal courts.

While it was pending, James J. Hill promised his offices in securing the appointment of Judge Sanborn, who wrote the opinion in the case, to the Supreme bench of the United States. Judge Sanborn, basing his judgment on the doctored evidence before the master, decided that the rates were confiscatory and made the injunction against the state of Minnesota permanent. He did this under color of the fourteenth

amendment to the Constitution, which may be said to have freed the negro and, by judicial construction, to have enslaved the white people of this country. The case is now before the United States Supreme Court.

Without exaggeration this may be said to be one of the most important questions that has ever come before that court—perhaps the most important. So important was it that the congress of governors at Lakewood last year appointed a committee of three of their number to represent the states. A decision in favor of the railways will mean that the sovereign states of the Union are merely tenants upon a Federal reservation, to be dispossessed of their sovereignty at the will of Federal judges who are the willing tools of those great interests which select them.

During the pendency of this case before the State Railroad Commission of Minnesota the evidence showed that one railroad, at least, granted leaves of absence, with expenses and full pay, to its employees, to go to Wisconsin and work against the election of LaFollette. James J. Hill was protected by the Railroad Commission from cross-examination by James Manahan, the attorney for the Minnesota Shippers and Receivers Association. It was sought to show by Mr. Hill that he had expended vast sums in politics. As soon as Mr. Hill appeared before the board, Manahan, the attorney for the shippers, was refused permission to proceed with the case, and was superseded by the state's attorney, who helped Mr. Hill over the rough places.

On the night of Friday, August 25, 1911, Judge Cornelius H. Hanford was hanged in effigy opposite Dreamland Rink in Seattle, while five thousand people gathered in that hall to protest against his decisions.

Judge Hanford had been pressing public patience for some time. He had granted an injunction against the recall of the notorious mayor of Seattle, "Hi" Gill. This injunction had been granted on the petition of a non-resident of Seattle, who paid an annual tax of less than one cent on some city property that stood in the name of a friend of the mayor. Judge Hanford had rendered a decision in a case in which R. A. Ballinger, former Secretary of the Interior, was charged with unprofessional methods; and in this opinion, to protect Ballinger, he had deliberately stated that

a certain document, which was the basis of the conspiracy alleged in the case, was not in the handwriting of Ballinger. The document *was* in the handwriting of Ballinger.

Hanford was constantly seen on the streets and in public places in a state of gross intoxication. While hearing cases he would often doze on the bench. He was the last resort of corporations distressed by legal necessities. A few months ago he granted a new trial—in a case in which a jury had rendered a verdict against one of the Stone & Webster corporations—on the ground that he had given an instruction to the jury in which the word “any” was used where it should not have been used.

It was his habit to allow such large fees to his professional cronies in receivership cases as to leave practically nothing for the creditors. He induced a good many lawyers who were practising before his court to invest their savings (to their sorrow) in his Hanford irrigation enterprise. He differed only in method from Federal Judge Charles Swayne of Florida, who used to procure as indorsers on his notes lawyers who had cases pending in his court. The clerk of Judge Hanford's court is one of those whose accounts are mentioned by the attorney-general as being irregular.

The franchise of the Seattle, Renton & Southern Railway, an interurban line, provided for a five-cent fare within the city limits of Seattle, and the Supreme Court of Washington had decided that the annexation of adjoining territory to the city brought the territory within the provisions of the railway charter. The Rainier Valley, through which the street railway ran, was annexed to Seattle after the charter of the railway company had been granted.

The railway company declined to obey the decision of the Supreme Court of Washington. The street-car passengers refused to pay the extra five-cent fare demanded by the company. They boarded the cars and would not leave them. Augustus Peabody of Chicago, as trustee for the bondholders of the interurban line, instituted a friendly suit against his own company in Judge Hanford's court.

Judge Hanford thereupon enjoined the interurban company from *failing to collect* a ten-cent fare. This was as sensible as enjoining a landlord from *failing to collect* his rent, or a lame man from *failing to limp*. The writ

of mandamus would have compelled the company to collect these fares. But mandamus would not lie in this case; so the judge *enjoined* the corporation from *failing to collect*. The company wanted the process of a Federal court, behind which is the force of Federal troops, to intimidate its passengers.

No better illustration could be cited to show that the writ of injunction is running amuck in this country. Tricks like this are frequent among Federal judges.

At the meeting in Dreamland Rink, a former mayor of Tacoma, one state senator, and two Seattle lawyers addressed the five thousand people. Resolutions were adopted calling on Congress to impeach Judge Hanford on the ground of his flagrant decisions and his personal habits.

Six of the speakers at the meeting were on the following day arrested for “conspiracy to obstruct justice.” The Federal Grand Jury refused to indict any of them, and Judge Hanford later vacated his “injunction.”

I am not telling one-tenth of the grievances that incited these citizens to revolt.

MORE JUDICIAL IRREGULARITIES

LeRoy Sanders, editor of the *Seattle Star*, had been sentenced to four months in jail for criticising a state judge for granting an injunction of the same tenor and effect as Judge Hanford's, after another court of equal jurisdiction and the railway commission of the state had both declared against the company, which at the time was paying nine per cent. dividends on heavily watered stock. If there was contempt, there was cause. There was no evidence that the hanging of the effigy was contemplated or countenanced by any of those attending the indoor meeting.

Is the case of Judge Hanford peculiar to the West? United States Judge G. W. Ray of New York was the target for an avalanche of criticism last December before the Cayuga County Bar Association. Resolutions were adopted stating that the political and personal conduct of Judge Ray “should be brought to the attention of the proper authorities for full investigation.”

In the Federal courts, newspaper libels on a judge are not punishable as contempt. The judge must seek compensation for such alleged injustice in the same way in which any private person would seek it.

Yet Josephus Daniels, editor of the Raleigh, N. C., *News and Observer*, was, in June, 1904, fined \$2,000 for criticising Federal District Judge T. R. Purnell of North Carolina, for appointing a receiver for the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad. The state of North Carolina owned over three-fourths of the stock in that road, and it was sought by this receivership to get the control of the road out of the hands of the state.

The receiver was appointed without notice to the state. He was appointed on the application of a man named Finch, who did not own a share of stock in the road.

Daniels stated in his newspaper that there was not an instance of a receivership of large property in North Carolina that had not resulted disastrously. "If every man in North Carolina who has at any time expressed contempt for some act of a Federal or state judge should be sent to jail," he said, "the jails would have more people in them than are outside of prison walls." When Daniels was fined, men fought their way through the court-room to have the privilege of contributing to the payment of the fine. Mr. Daniels refused these offers. He said he "would rot in jail" before he would crawl in dust before this Federal judge and permit him to censor his editorials. He was released by Circuit Judge Jeter C. Pritchard.

In 1904, David J. Brewer, then a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, said: "It must be conceded that there are good citizens who are apprehensive that the same insidious influence which corporations sometimes exercise over legislators is also exercised over judges. . . . It is urged that corporations, by their wealth and power, are potent in conventions and with

executives, and have large, if not controlling, influence in the nomination or appointment of judges; that naturally they will seek to put in judicial position those friendly, and that thus gradually they will secure a dominance over judicial decisions, making them in harmony with their interests. It is well to look a matter like this squarely in the face, and to consider both the possibilities and dangers. . . . It is useless to try to

laugh the suggestion down, as though it were outside the range of possibilities. But is there good foundation for the suspicion?"

This indictment is all the more significant because it is framed in the cautious, restrained words of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The evils that Justice Brewer saw, more distinctly perhaps than he cared to express, have since grown more pronounced. These evils are defended on the pretense that property rights should be protected from madcap legislation. The Constitution, the acts of Congress and of leg-

islatures are meaningless until the courts have given them meaning. So that in the last resort, these judges are the real legislators for state and nation. And the more one looks into the situation, the more one will be convinced that the courts are "packed."

Much more important than the considerations mentioned is the sacredness of justice. As a nation, we shall be judged by our temples of justice. If this is a democracy, then the courts have gone too far. If it is not a democracy, let us entrust our interests to the courts; but let us first remove them from the influence of the railways, which ultimately means the influence of one or two great financial powers.



JUDGE SMITH MCPHERSON, OF THE SOUTHERN IOWA DISTRICT—THE "BURLINGTON RESERVATION."

In the concluding article of this series, in the July number, Mr. Connolly will outline the control of state courts in the East.

The LOVING HEART of A DOG



BY IMOGEN CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD V. BROWN

IT WAS Barney—the Colonel's orderly—who told us the news. He was leaning against a tree, quite a bit beyond Officers' Row, as if he'd all gone to pieces, though the moment he saw us he stood to attention and saluted. He always does that. Gilbert says it's because he—Gilbert—is going to be a general some day; but he needn't put on such airs. Barney salutes all four of us Egerton kids, because father is Senior Captain, and because, when you come to think of it, a soldier never takes off his hat, anyway.

Still, there's more than just that in his salute. When I spoke to Lieutenant Sperry about it he said he guessed it was Chesterfieldian, which means about the best manners in the world. Well, Barney was just as Chesterfieldian as ever that morning, but we missed something from his looks, and Judy asked right off:

"Is it a gnawing in the pit of your stomach, Barney, or a little crick in your neck?"
—He often has both.

"'Tis nayther of thim, thank you, kindly, Miss Judy," he answered. "'Tis only—arrah! an' why am I sayin' 'only' in that cold-blooded fashion whin 'tis me best frind as will gambol no more?"

"Gamble!" interrupted Gilbert sharply (and anybody to have heard him would have thought him a major at the very least). "He'd better not try it. Father says there must be no gambling at this post. It's a most permiscuous habit."

"'Tis not that sort I mane, sir," Barney said, real Chesterfieldingly, which was pretty white of him, because Gilbert's voice was so orderiferous it would have made any one mad. "'Tis gambolin' on the turf, an' up an' down dale—lapin' an' run-

nin' about. But mebbe gambolin' was not the word to use."

"It's a very nice one," I cut in, "and it's a very nice thing to do. You can bet your life we know all about it, though we never called it *that*. I'm sure father and the Colonel wouldn't mind that sort of gamboling. Queer, how words can be in the same family and one be good and the other bad; though like as not Gilbert's muddled things up."

"Well, I haven't," he said crossly (I suppose I did put a little too much ginger in my elder-brother glance), "and you needn't scowl at me, Philip Egerton. Gambling's done with cards and chips, and people lose heaps of money at it, and blow out their brains after—or go to the dogs—"

"They couldn't go to anything better!" flashed Judy. She'll never hear a word against dogs.

"You never told us where the pain was, Barney," Margery piped in, "and you look so aching. Where's Brother?"

"Brother—" Barney's voice sounded sharp and choked-up at the same time, and his face twitched—you'd have known what that meant in a real young kid, but he was a man. "Brother," he said again—then he had to keep still and swallow hard, and then he spoke very quickly, mumbling the words together: "Him-was-the-frind-I-mintioned-as-would-gambol-no-more—lape an' run, you mind—he's—he's—dead!"

We couldn't speak. We just stared up at him. I don't know how the others felt, but everything went queerly round in front of me, grass waving, leaves dancing, and the bit of sky that showed through the trees winking like a laughing blue eye. I kicked a stone out of the dirt and sent it whizzing along the road. But I wasn't playing, you

know; I was—was—just feeling. From the barracks came the sound of music where the band was practising—somehow I wished they'd shut up with their noise. Didn't they know about Brother? But then they'd never loved him the way we had—we four Egerton kids, and Barney, and the Colonel. I stepped a little nearer Barney—he'd suddenly grown so blurry.

"Have you noticed how uncommon bright the sun is to-day?" I asked in a companyish voice. "It's got into my eyes and made them blink dreadful."

"Yis sir," Barney answered, "'tis the same with me exactly. The sun's crooel bright, an' I don't see how it has the heart to go on shinin' untimpered."

Judy went close to him and put her hand on his arm; her face was all teary, and she didn't seem a mite ashamed. But then she's a girl!

"It can't do different!" she cried. "It's one of the days when the Weather Bureau says 'Fair.' I saw it in father's paper. It's got to obey orders same as any soldier. Don't be cross at the sun! You know how Brother'd pick out the very brightest patch and lie on his side with the shine glinting on

his lovely red coat, and he'd twitch his paws a little as if he was running, and sometimes his tail would whack the ground as if he was glad about something. He loved the sun."

"Now, Mary bless and defin'd you for the comfort you are," said Barney. "'Twas wicked thoughts I was nursin', the saints forgive me; but me heart's heavy with the loss of him."

"We're all so sorry, too," Judy sobbed. "He was our truest friend. Was it sudden?"

"Suddin!" cried Barney, with a groan. "A wink couldn't have been suddiner. 'Twas black murder—that's what. He was in foine condition, an' me an' the Colonel lookin' for him to live for years. I put the requist into me prayers—'tis not ashamed I am to own up to it. He'd the sinse of a Christian, the honor of a soldier, an' the lovin' heart of a dog—an' that last's a treasure you can't bate the wurrl'd over."

Margery choked and edged away from Barney, and really you couldn't have blamed her—he looked so savage. She's the youngest of us, too.

But he wasn't a mite cross. "There, there," he said more quietly, "'tis wild



"HE'D THE SINSE OF A CHRISTIAN AN' THE LOVIN' HEART OF A DOG—AN' THAT LAST'S A TREASURE YOU CAN'T BATE THE WURRLD OVER."

things I've been spakin', an' you'd best put him out of your heads intoirely. The Captain would tell you that same, but he'd not blame me overmuch."

"Of course he wouldn't," cried Judy, before I could speak. "Father 'd understand just how you feel. Does he know about Brother?"

"He does thin," Barney answered, "an' I see now as he's kept back the news, fearin' 'twould pain your tinder hearts. Sure, the whole garrison knows——"

"Listen to the band," I interrupted. "Wouldn't you think the men would remember and not play the 'Merry Widow'? It's so jolly."

"They're only doin' their dooty like the sun," Barney said bitterly. "Things has got to go on; 'tis all in the day's wurrk. But it would have been more seemly if they'd sarched their ripytraw for somethin' stid-dier than the 'Widow'."

"Make him tell how Brother was—you know what," Margery whispered, clinging to me, her courage oozing out at the mere mention of the word. I put my arm around her so she shouldn't be afraid.

Barney glanced down at us with a worried look, as if he was wondering what to do. Then his common sense must have shown him that we really knew the worst and that what led up to it couldn't make us any sorrier, for he pitched right in.

"Last night the Colonel was out strollin' the same as usual," he said, "him an' Brother together, an' suddintly, as they wint down the road beyant the garrison, a man leapt out from the bushes. 'Twas that good-for-nothin' Tracy—you mind him, Master Phil—a riotin', drunken chap as was a disgrace to the sarvice. He'd been nursin' a bitter black grudge agin the Colonel this long time, so he sprang on him unbeknownst, callin' out that at last he'd be aven with him.

"A big man is Tracy, an' the Colonel ain't much on the inches; moreover, he's gittin' on—only a couple of years this side the age limit. So Tracy knowed he could do for him. But he quite overlooked Brother in his plannin'. An' Brother wasn't the sort to be overlooked, for all that he'd the name of gentleness, an' no fighter. In a jiffy he was at Tracy's throat same as to say, 'You'll git aven with me before you touch me master, you dirty spalpeen!' An' he lit into him somethin' fierce. An' Tracy—

he'd a knife in his hand—he'd mint the Colonel to fale it, but instid he drove it home to Brother's heart!"

The tears rolled down Barney's face, but he didn't try to wipe them away. We understood. I could hardly see him on account of the blur, and I had to keep quiet. We were all pretty quiet, though not what you'd call still.

"The wretch made off thin," Barney went on presently, "an' there was nothin' the Colonel could do for poor Brother, so he come back double-quick an' sint a detachmint to ripryhind the villain. Yis, they caught him, an' I wish I'd been the one to do it—orders or no orders, I wish— Yis, yis, they got him aisy enough; he's in the guard-house now—not that that can undo the harrm he's done, or aise the ache in the Colonel's heart an' mine. But you'll be wantin' to hear of Brother. This afternoon 'tis meself as will make a bed for him in some swate green place, an' may the turf lie light upon him."

"Won't you let us help?" cried Judy, clasping her hands. "You know we loved him."

"Hold on," I cut in, before he could answer. "Brother ought to have a military funeral; the men ought to turn out in full uniform. He was a hero. Can't we get it up?"

"No, no, Master Phil," Barney said, "thank you kindly. I'd some such thoughts meself at first, but I soon recognized the futility of them. The min liked Brother an' riverinced his act, though aven to the best of them he was only a dog. That manes a lot to us; but there are all kinds of folks in the wurrl'd, an' too many of the wrong kind, I'm free to say. If we had a funeral for Brother, 'twould be in the papers before you could turn round, an' people readin' an' pokin' fun at us from Maine to Californy, an' some perhaps blamin' us, too, as you wouldn't well understand."

"Do you think the Colonel really cares?" Gilbert asked after a moment.

"Do I think?" stormed Barney. "I know! 'Tis miny a year now since we've been together—him an' me—an' I can read him pretty well. He's not wan of the jokin' kind, like some of the oficers I could name; but he's got a rare heart. An' he's lived a crooel lonely life. 'Twas long ago that his lady died—an' she that dear to him!—an' after her goin' he was fair wrapped up in

the boy, their only child, you mind. I'm not now to rake up fam'ly secrets, an' what I say now I say to your honor—which manes you're not to brathe it. Yis, I can trust you, ivery wan—bless your clane sows. The Colonel's boy grewed up, an' he grewed up wild—drinkin', an' card playin', an' gamblin'—that's why the old man's so set agin gamblin'.

"Thin, ten year ago it was, the son finished his life in a way to bring discredit on the father's name. But the Colonel held his head high through it all. Do you know what comforted him jurin' that black time? I'll tell you. It was a little red setter pup—the only human thing to stay faithful to his boy. A little, slobbery pup who clung to the boy, whimperin', an' would make frinds with none but the Colonel. He wint to him at wanst, an' it did seem as if he'd knowed what was in the poor boy's breast at the last

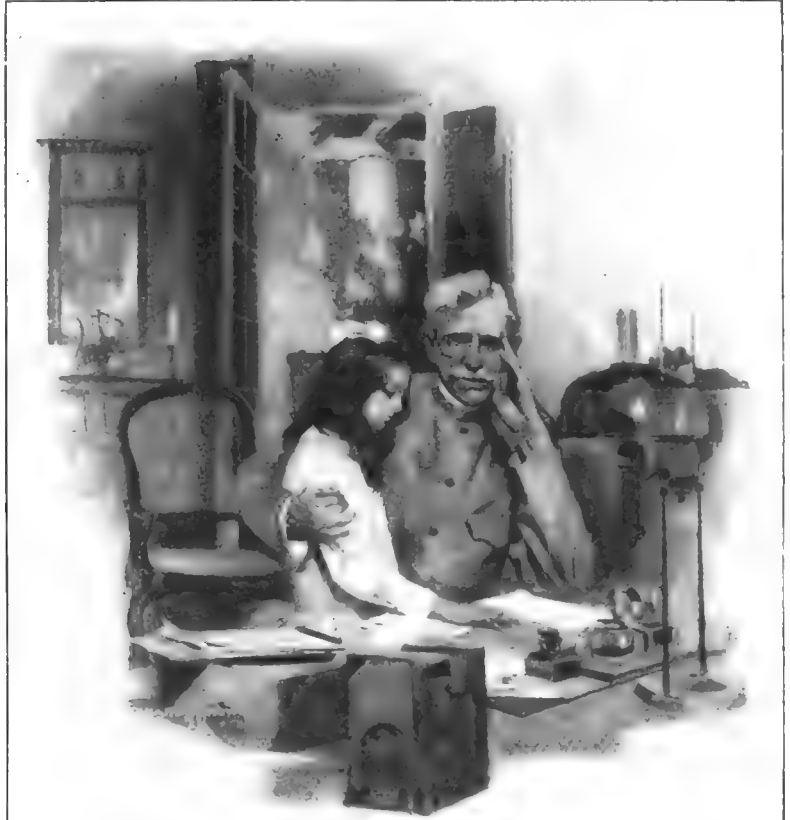
—some thought of remorse, an' love, I'll be bound, an' mebbe a cry for forgiveness—an' he carried thim straight to the sorrowin' father. They came home together after 'twas all over—the Colonel an' the little dog that the boy had called Brother—an' Brother he's been to the father in his sorrow an' loneliness through the long years since—brother an' frind. . . . Do you think now that the Colonel cares, Master Gilbert?"

Gilbert could only nod.

"The poor, darling Colonel," sobbed Judy. "Lots of times I've thought him

stiffish and horrid, but I never will again—never! P'r'aps he'll let us help you, Barney."

"I'm thinkin' not," Barney said, shaking his head slowly. "He told me he wanted no fuss—no lookers-on. I'm hopin' he'll



HE SLIPPED HIS ARM AROUND HER AND HIS FACE LOOKED ALMOST AT PEACE.

come himsilf, though I'm not bankin' on it."

"We'd make no fuss," Judy interrupted. "Don't you suppose if I told him how we loved Brother that he'd let us help honor him, too?"

"I can't say," Barney answered. "He's grievin' that harrd back there in the stillness, makin' a purtinse of writin', an' his thoughts comin' betwixt him an' the paper hinderin' him—don't I know how he's sufferin'?"

"But I'm so sorry for him," Judy insisted. "Don't you think I could comfort

him a little teeny bit? You know when you feel bad if some one just says 'I'm sorry,' it makes the pain easier."

"Now Mary bless you while time is!" cried Barney. "If anny wan could bring comfort 'tis you, with your little swate ways. I'm half minded to let you try. Only it may be that the Colonel might spake savage-like an' scare you, not manin' anny harm, you know, but strikin' out blind in his own hurt."

Judy got a bit white around her lips; she was quiet a moment, thinking; then she spoke up boldly: "I'm not afraid. I'm pretty sure he won't scare me. I'm not afraid."

"Come along, thin," Barney said. "I'll take you to the door meself. But remimber that he's a sorry man this day."

He moved off as he spoke, and we followed, half running to keep up with him as he hurried along the sunny road past Officers' Row to the Colonel's quarters beyond. He pushed open the gate with an unsteady hand, and we all went silently up the little path to the house. The screen door was closed, but the house door stood open so we could see into the hall, and it had such a lonely look.

At a sign from Barney, Gilbert, Margery, and I stopped at the foot of the steps, while he went on with Judy and opened the door. He stood for a minute as if trying to decide whether to go with her all the way to the Colonel's study. But he didn't—he let her go by herself; then he closed the door softly, and we all went and sat under a tree. I suppose he knew what he was doing, though it did seem mean of him not to back Judy up. And yet, he does like her so! He'd do lots for the three of us; but he says he'd make a carpet of himself for her to stamp on—not that she would! So I had to think he knew best when he let her go alone to beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall, as the verse says—only she looked so little through the screen door, and she's my twin, so I couldn't help being a bit cast down.

Well, we waited. At first Barney did seem uneasy, I'll say that for him! But presently I heard him mutter, "The saints be praised, 'tis comfort the child's givin', an' no mistake!" Then he began to talk about Brother, and we joined in.

As the time went on, and there was no sign of Judy, we felt sure that the Colonel

meant to let us help, and Barney felt so too, for he asked us what we thought of this, and that, because he wanted the last honors to be the best possible. Now, we're great on plans, and we were glad enough to give our advice. He told us that he would have a monymint later, but the inscription puzzled him.

I couldn't think of one all in a moment, so I promised to look it up—a verse out of the Bible, or poetry, or some words in Latin. We all agreed to that. Then I thought of something.

"Why, Barney," I cried, "we must put up a cross! Brother was an Irish setter and his religion was your kind."

"Sure, that bates all!" he said, "an' I'm obleeged to you for lightin' on that same. I'll put it up if it takes me last cint—yis, you can chip in, if you want to. The Colonel will be that plazed whin he sees the little upstandin' white cross with just the one word 'Brother' on it. 'Tain't Latin nor varsifyin' we nade to ricollect what he was, an' what he done—Brother manes all, whin you come to think of it."

At that moment there was a soft click of the latch, then the door opened and Judy came slowly down to us. Her eyes were red, but her face had such a quiet shine—it seemed to come from inside. The first thing she said was that the Colonel would let us help Barney, and he thanked us for offering. She knew that would put our minds at ease—as it did; and then as we all walked home—for Barney went with us—she told us what had happened.

She had been awfully afraid when she went down the hall, and only the thought of Brother kept her from running back to us. She said she just gritted her teeth and remembered the many times he'd been there; and as she crept along she could almost hear the pad-pad of his feet on the floor, and she swung her hand down to where it would have touched his head if he'd really been there, and—somehow—she did feel something (you won't believe that, but we did), and suddenly she was as brave as brave.

Through the crack of the study-door she could see the Colonel at his desk; his back was turned to her, and he was leaning his head on his hand. He was very still, but Judy felt that he wasn't thinking up a letter, so she coughed softly. He didn't hear her, and then she walked right in. Her



IT WAS VERY STILL. THE BIRDS HAD STOPPED SINGING AS IF TO LISTEN, AND EVEN THE AIR SEEMED TO HOLD ITS BREATH.

heart was pounding, but she could hear Brother moving at her side, and she could see his dear, goldy-brown eyes smiling courage up at her.

When she'd almost reached the Colonel, he turned, and his face, for all that it was so tired and sad, grew very stern. It had a regular "Off with her head" expression, though of course they don't do that in this country, or in any other, nowadays; but before he could speak she told him who she was, and how much she and the rest of us had loved Brother, and how sorry we were. The Colonel said, "Yes, yes, little girl, run away." But she stood to her guns. And she began to talk very quick, only soft and gentle, too, and not pushing—she wouldn't do that, ever!

The Colonel didn't seem to pay any attention; he just drummed with his fingers on the desk, though he stopped doing that when she spoke of the way she'd felt in the hall—like a coward, and not the least like a soldier's child until Brother had made her brave. The Colonel put out his hand suddenly near his knee, kinder groping, like a blind man, and then he turned his face to Judy. It looked so queer, and he said in a shaky voice:

"I only feel the emptiness!"

Judy leaned against his shoulder and whispered softly: "I know you do, and the emptiness hurts awful, but it isn't so empty as if he'd never been there!"

The Colonel thought a moment, then he said: "You're right, little one, you're right. It isn't so empty."

He was very quiet after that, and Judy was quiet too; but he slipped his arm around her and, by and by, his other hand went down to his knee, and stayed there, and his face looked almost at peace. After a little, Judy began talking again about Brother, and the first she knew the Colonel joined in, so she kept still. He told her a lot of things.

"It was a faithful heart," he kept saying about Brother, "faithful and true to the end. There was never a truer—I shall miss him sorely."

His head dropped down and he looked off, but before Judy could comfort him he spoke of how Brother and he were bound together, because Brother had been the dear friend of his dead boy Robert. (Well, Barney was surprised at that, you'd better believe; he said the Colonel hadn't uttered

that name for years.) Of course, Judy didn't let on that she'd heard the least thing about the poor boy; she just patted the Colonel's arm, and he knew what she meant. People don't always have to use words to make their feelings clear.

Presently Judy remembered us waiting outside, and she told the Colonel what we wanted to do. He heard her out, then he said—with such a kindness in his voice you never could think—that he was very much touched, and he accepted our offer gratefully. He knew that we had been true friends of Brother's, and our wish was to honor him. He hadn't intended to go with Barney, but now he saw that he couldn't stay away. His place was there, too, "faithful to the end."

Judy squeezed his hand hard, and asked him if she might get the Chaplain to come and—but before she could finish the sentence he snapped out "No," very quick. Then he must have seen from her face that he'd frightened her, for he said more gently that the Chaplain was a good fellow, and very kind, but his religion wasn't for dogs. I guessed Judy blazed out at that—I know her! At any rate, she stood right up, she told us, and cried: "But Brother did just what the Bible says: he gave up his life for another! Don't you b'lieve he'll go to heaven?"

The Colonel kept quiet for a long time. "I don't know," he said at last, very slowly. "I can't say."

"But he was faithful to his duty!" Judy put in.

"Always!" the Colonel owned up. "He never missed it."

Barney had picked out the dearest, quietest spot at the farther end of the Post. It really was "unfrequented," as he said, for people didn't seem to care for it. The land ran into a point that looked up and down the valley where the river glinted in the sun, and there was a huge rock at one side that stood like a sentry mounting guard. The top was gray and bare, but lots of vines climbed across its face, and the grass at its foot was long and tangly. It was very sweet all around, for the big elder bushes were in bloom and the birds were flying in and out of the branches with their little low songs.

Barney and old Michael, who takes care of the Colonel's garden, had dug the grave and had put the box in before we came. I

think they did that so it wouldn't be quite so sad for us. And there was nothing to hurt. The sun seemed to love the place—it was so goldeny and bright, and the greenness was so green, and the air so full of lovely smells, that we felt sure Brother was glad to have it for his very own. The Colonel was waiting for us at one side; he had on his full uniform—even to his sword—and Barney was dressed up too.

After we four had shaken hands with the Colonel—and he offered first—we went close and looked down at where Brother was lying. Somehow, we couldn't make it quite true; we couldn't think that he'd never run to meet us in the old way again. . . . We didn't speak, we just stood looking at the big box, looking through it and seeing him so still, with that knife wound in his dear, loving heart. . . . I'd brought my best silk flag along, and I stepped back and asked the Colonel if I might leave it with Brother, and he said, "Yes, and thank you very much, Egerton," as if I'd been a grown-up man. Then I dropped Old Glory down very gently. It quite hid the box with its shimmering folds of red and white, the stars showing clear on the blue field as if they knew that Brother was worth shining for and they were proud to do it.

After a moment I told the Colonel that, if he didn't mind, we'd like to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," because Brother had been an Army dog and we thought it was so fitting. He didn't speak—he just nodded his head; and then we four sang the first verse, and the chorus—we sang the chorus twice.

When we had finished, Judy knelt right down—I hadn't known she was going to do it, and I glanced around quick to see what the Colonel would think. He didn't look as if it went against his religion, and he had his hat off, and his head was bent as if he was in church. So I turned back and plumped down on my knees by Judy, and Gilbert and Margery knelt too, with their hands folded just beneath their chins. It was very still. The birds had stopped singing as if to listen, and even the air seemed to hold its breath, for the grasses hardly

waved. Very still, and very sweet everywhere, and the next moment Judy said softly:

"Dear God, you know all about Brother—you made him. You know he had the sense of a Christian, the honor of a soldier, and the loving heart of a dog—and that last's a treasure you can't beat the world over. You know how he cared for us all, and how very, very much more than tongue can tell he cared for the Colonel, and you know how he gave up his life to save him. So you will let Brother into heaven, won't you? There really couldn't be any one truer or faithfuller there, and he never gets in the way—he isn't that sort. And please, dear God, make the emptiness here not quite so empty for the darling Colonel—it's very lonely at his house and he misses Brother so. Please let him think that Brother will be waiting at the gate for him till he comes. Let the dear, dead lady be there too, and the poor boy Robert who was the first to love Brother very long ago. Amen."

Gilbert's cold was pretty bad, and so was mine, I can tell you, and as for Barney, he was almost sniffing his head off. I thought the Colonel had his handkerchief out, but I couldn't be sure—I really didn't look. All I do know is that he put his hand on Judy's shoulder as she got to her feet, and drew her back to stand with him while Michael filled in the grave and covered it with the growing grass. When everything was finished, Barney stepped to a tree and reached down a bugle from the branches; then he came back and took up his position at the side of the grave. He raised the bugle to his lips, and the next we knew he was playing "taps."

Oh! it sounded so beautiful—so beautiful! And back from the rock, and the trees, and the river came the echoes; the air all around seemed to be saying: "Lights out! Lights out! Sleep well, dear soldier!" Then the words died away, softer, sweeter, fainter. And in the stillness that followed we turned toward home; Gilbert and Margery and I were walking with Barney, but Judy stayed behind with the Colonel, and they came on slowly together.



LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE



BUTCH AND THE STARS

BY

BESSIE R. HOOVER

YOU wouldn't know Old Jane had legs, moggin' along like this; but start her toward home and she's as swift as any horse," expounded Little Butch Panner for the benefit of Fairy Jones, who sat beside him, her stiff white skirts primly arranged, her red pompadour grazing the hood of the meat-wagon.

"But I wouldn't make her walk too fast," cautioned Fairy, as they started up the hill to the summer cottages in the deepening twilight.

This horse and wagon might not have qualified everywhere as a fashionable equipage; but on Loretta Avenue, the home of Butch and Fairy, it was the proper thing. And although Old Jane was ungainly and pampered, and the dusty wagon was smeared from hands that had handled meat, yet Fairy Jones rode in this questionable vehicle beside Little Butch Panner, whose father owned the corner meat-market, with a pleasant sense of distinction.

The cottage lights soon twinkled cheerfully about them, and Butch distributed his meat with so much dispatch that Old Jane, unexpectedly finding herself on the road home, broke into a swift trot.

"I'll soon be stayin' across the street from your house," Butch informed Fairy, "'cause Pa and Ma are goin' on a visit to

Indianny, and I'm booked to stick it out with Jule."

"Why don't you call Mrs. Peebles *Aunt* Jule?" questioned Fairy.

"Aw, her? Why, I dunno—I never did. But she's my aunt all right. When I git over to Jule's I'm goin' to come and set on your porch evenin's—huh?"

"I should be pleased to have you," assented Fairy formally.

"Old Jane'll feel different in a minute," prophesied Butch, "'cause I'm goin' to take you over to Bailey's Gap—if you think your ma wouldn't care."

"Oh, no; you're such a good driver—so strong—and use such good judgment, that I always feel perfectly safe," assured Fairy. "And then you're almost twenty-one."

Butch certainly was strong, though he was not at all judicial in temperament; but, nevertheless, Fairy's faith in him was like exquisite nectar to his greedy soul.

"And I wouldn't set foot in nobody's wagon that wasn't a gentleman," continued Fairy emphatically.

Butch was infinitely uplifted by this implied tribute, for he was really a boisterous, overgrown boy, and, though he was now nearly six feet tall, was still called Little Butch to distinguish him from his father, Big Butch Panner.

Old Jane, disliking to go toward Bailey's

Gap, stumbled and almost fell. "She's fudgin' on us," admired Butch.

"Oh, ain't these woods grand!" exclaimed Fairy, as they drove along the little valley between wooded banks, whose rounded tree-tops were delicately traced against the deep blue-black of the sky, where the stars were already beginning to appear. "Oh, ain't the stars too beautiful for anything? See, Butchie——"

"Uh-huh," grunted Butch, looking carelessly up. "Giddap, Jane; quit pertendin' you're lame."

"Everything's so changed by night," cried appreciative Fairy.

"It's a wonder there ain't more muskeeters," observed Butch. "Whoa, Jane, would you tip us over?" And he stopped the horse on a grassy opening between the bluffs, called Bailey's Gap. "I'm goin' to the lake," he remarked, jumping nimbly out and starting down the sandy road to the water.

"Oh, I'm caught!" shrieked Fairy, getting her skirt tangled in the wheel as she stepped from the wagon.

"Jest like a girl," complained Butch, who reluctantly returned, wrenched her skirt

loose, and then walked toward the water, whistling shrilly.

"Oh, wait!" ordered Fairy. "I dunno as I want to go down to the water. And I don't want to stay up here alone, *neither*."

"Aw, Jonesey, come down," teased Butch, returning a few steps.

"It's jest grand up here. See the lake stretchin' away into the mists—jest like the future: you don't know what's beyond——"

"Sixty mile of water—if you ast me."

"See the big stones by the water's aidge—oh, ain't they grand?" admired Fairy.

"Come down closer to 'em, Jonesey," coaxed Butch.

"It's perfectly lovely up here—I don't want to."

"Yes, you do too," contradicted Butch, with masculine peremptoriness, catching hold of her arm.

"Butchie Panner, stop draggin' me! . . . Well, a little ways. Are you sure they're safe? Oh, ain't it fun!" cried Fairy, as Butch pulled her on to the stones, about which the waves washed with a murmuring sound that was repeated along the sandy, indistinct shore.



"HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GIT YOURSELF ENGAGED?"

"Oh, if I should slip!" shrieked Fairy, holding tightly to Butch's arm.

"You might," teased Butch. "Whoa there, Jane. Hear her rattle her harness. A feller did fall in here onct. And *in you go!*" shouted Butch, and he suddenly caught Fairy in his arms and held her struggling over the shallow water.

"Butch Panner, if you ever dast to do that ag'in, I'll tell your pa!" scolded Fairy shrilly, when she felt her feet once more on the solid stones.

"As if I'd leave you fall," reproached Butch. "Why, I could 'a' held a hull hog as easy as I held you!"

"I know you're awful strong; but I always was scared of the water. I think it's fierce—but, oh, ain't it lovely, too? Hear the little waves along the sands, and see the bluffs stretchin' out dimmer and dimmer, and so many, many stars overhead a-lookin'—just at us, Butchie. Ain't it awful pretty?"

"If you say so," conceded the boy, so gently that Fairy knew he, too, thought it beautiful.

"Don't jostle so, Butchie; I might slip."

"Not now—" and Butch tried to put his arm around Fairy's waist.

"No, sir; take it away," she energetically ordered.

"What's the diff? You was hangin' on to my arm."

"A lady can always hang on to her gentleman friend's arm, when there's danger," qualified Fairy with dignity.

"How long have we been goin' together?" asked Butch, suddenly serious.

"I didn't know we was really goin' together," answered Fairy.

"Durn that horse! Jane, stop your pawin'. I was goin' to say, that is—I've chased round considerable with Fern Bistle this summer; but she ain't *you*. I wisht me and you was goin' together for good—" And Butch looked straight at Fairy in the dim light of the pleasant summer evening, as she stood beside him, in her white dress, holding confidently to his arm—with the lake rippling softly in from under the mists, the bright stars above, and the friendly bluffs melting into the dusk, while Old Jane, an unwilling chaperon, shook her harness in impatient summons.

"Mebbe we'd better start home now, on account of the horse," suggested Fairy mildly.

"Whoa, there! Not jest yit. A feller oughter quit chasin' round—and think of bein' faithful to *one*—huh? Well, I suppose we will have to mosey now, 'cause of Old Jane," sighed Butch, "but such is life!"

As they drove home, the moon, a shield of palest gold, rose over the distant towns, and Butch and Fairy talked on subjects as far apart as the price of sausage and the peculiar twinkle of a star that seemed to look knowingly at them.

"I'm goin' to do it now!" announced Butch suddenly, as they were driving in the deep shade of the willows.

"No, you ain't," denied Fairy vigorously, understanding by Butch's cryptic remark that he intended to kiss her.

"Aw, Jonesey, what's the harm?" coaxed Little Butch.

"It wouldn't be right," returned Fairy, indignantly. "Why can't you behave when we're havin' such a good time?"

"I wanter have a better time," insinuated Butch. "Ain't we goin' together?"

"Mebbe we are; but, anyway, you've gotta cut it out."

"Aw, very well," acquiesced Butch, cracking his whip like a pistol; then he added significantly, "All right—for now." Yet he secretly admired her for being so obdurate.

"Talk sensible," advised Fairy shortly.

"Jest as you say," gave in Butch, in a dreamy maze, compounded of starlight and moonlight and a pleasant, mysterious feeling that caused him to exclaim: "Gee, Fairy, but you're a good-looker!"—though by daylight she was plain and freckled.

Several evenings after the ride in the meat-wagon, Fairy sat so long on the front porch that her mother sharply inquired: "Who you lookin' for?"

"Why, er—nobody in particular," stammered Fairy.

"Young Panner'd feel hisself considerably frosted—if he was to hear that," jocosely observed her father, Tulliver Jones, who was so easy and kind that Mrs. Jones always felt that she was the backbone of the family.

"I'd ruther Little Butch'd stay away—if you was to ast me," declared Fairy's mother shortly.

"He's a good lad to work," said Tulliver generously; "besides, they're only kids."

But Butch did not come that evening, and the week dragged by without Fairy's



seeing him. "He's busy," she charitably concluded.

"How you do fidget, Fairy! You need air," decided Mrs. Jones, on Sunday afternoon. "Why not take Rosedale and go for a walk?"

"Where to?" asked her daughter forlornly.

"Anywheres, so's to be out-of-doors."

Fairy lingered in the house as long as she could, hoping that Little Butch would come; but when Rosedale appeared, her short white skirts at an alarming angle, her tightly curled auburn ringlets topped with an enormous bow, she could no longer delay; so, taking her little sister's hand, she started for a walk.

It had rained the night before, and the

air was as fresh and pleasant as if it had been washed especially for Fairy and Rosedale. And Fairy kept hoping as they passed through town that they would meet Butch.

They walked toward Bailey's Gap, and from the river bridge at the end of the willows they saw St. Joe across the marshes, set like a cameo against the distant sky. "The landscape's jest like a novel," thought Fairy; then she said to Rosedale: "Let's wait here till that buggy that's comin' gits by."

It was a shining, red-wheeled buggy, drawn by a high-spirited chestnut horse. A young woman, showily dressed, posed indolently against the high back of the seat, her white veil floating far behind. Beside her sat a large young man, terrible in what he supposed to be the correct attire, one red-tan shoe hanging carelessly outside the box. It was Fern Bistle and Little Butch Panner, and Butch was keeping a sharp eye on the horse, which was from the best livery-stable in town.

Fairy Jones, looking unconcernedly up, was surprised and pained by this resplendent vision.

Butch's face flushed fiery red as he lifted his hat and grunted a feeble "Hello."

Fairy's heart almost stopped beating as she spoke, while Fern Bistle called out with disagreeable familiarity, "Hello, kid!"

"I thought Sig Zelinsky was Fern's beau," said Rosedale.

"I thought so, too," acknowledged Fairy miserably.

The next morning, as she was sorting the week's washing on the back porch, her mother came hurrying home from the corner grocery, where she had gone for soap, and breathlessly exclaimed: "Guess who's engaged to be married!"

"Anybody I know?" asked Fairy, without interest.

"You know 'em both. It's Fern Bistle—

and she's goin' to marry Butch Panner instead of Sig Zelinsky."

"Little—Butch?" faltered Fairy.

"None other—the two-faced imp."

Fairy said nothing, but put the clothes into the tub, sure that she would never be happy again. And every night that week she cried about it, silently and secretly, after Rosedale was asleep.

After Little Butch's father and mother had gone away on a visit, Fairy saw Butch every day, at his aunt's, though she was careful not to get within speaking distance.

One evening Jule Peebles sat in the kitchen waiting for Butch to come from the meat-market. Milo, her meek husband, and his father, Grandpaw Peebles, had gone to bed; but the irrepressible twins, Janice and Jasper, could not be induced to leave their game of dominoes.

Jule, a thin, strenuous young woman, was crocheting lace from so intricate a pattern that she was constantly making blunders, and had just raveled out three inches, when Butch stamped heavily in, threw himself on the old lounge, and sighed gustily.

"How on earth did you git yourself engaged to that flirty Fern Bistle?" demanded his aunt abruptly.

"Aw, don't ast me!"

"But I want to know," she sharply insisted. "Everybody's talkin' about it to store."

"Take it from me, Jule, I dunno how it did happen myself," Butch gloomily informed her.

"Everybody thought it was Fairy Jones—the way you was rushin' her in the meat-wagon."

"Leave *her* out. And I never did ast Fern one word."

"Then you ain't really engaged," decided Jule, relieved.

"Yes, we be, too. You know me and Fern run round considerable together this summer—when she wasn't goin' with Sig Zelinsky. But I got tired of Fern, so I quit. But, durn it all, Fern she wouldn't stay quit. She reminded me right over the counter, before other customers, that I'd promised to take her ridin' some Sunday in a livery rig. And I had—a long while ago—so I had to keep my word."

"You knowed Fern was a flirt—" began Jule.

"I oughter 'a' knowed it—for she played me a mean trick when I was a kid. And

while we was ridin' she got softer and softer, and finally let on like I was jest crazy to marry her. And, durn it all, she got me rattled; but I never ast her—she done it all."

"What else can you expect, Butch Panner, flirtin' with two girls to onct?" asked Jule solemnly.

"I wasn't flirtin' with either of 'em," protested Butch. "But what can a feller do when a girl says: 'Ain't you goin' to kiss me good-night, Butchie?'"

"Land, no! Did Fern say that?" exclaimed Jule. "You young ones git out of here," she ordered, for Janice and Jasper were staring wide-eyed at their cousin Butch. "I don't care to have the twines a-drinkin' in such doin's," she said later, after forcibly putting them to bed. "But the idee of kissin' one girl when you're dead gone on another! The matter with you is, Butch Panner, you want 'em both."

"I do not," denied Butch violently.

"Well, I wouldn't worry; you don't need to marry Fern if you are engaged."

"Yes, I do, too," asserted Butch. "I've give my word."

"*Your* word!" laughed Jule. "You talk like a feller in a show. Why, you ain't nothin' but a kid. You ain't even old enough to vote."

"Kid!" shouted Butch, offended. "I'm bigger'n Pa is. And I'm old enough to know that a feller ain't no good if he don't keep his word. I guess Pa's dinged that into my head enough times."

"Fern got around you, Butch," decided Jule; "she's all of four years older than you be—and you don't know nothin' about life."

"Don't know nothin' about life?" echoed Butch, astonished. "Why, I know *all* about life. I guess I ain't went to movin' pitcher shows, vaudevilles, shows at the op'ry house, and every other durned kind of a show ever since I could remember—and not know life. 'They are pitchers of life,'" he quoted from some advertisement that had impressed him.

"No, Butchie, they ain't neither. They're jest got up to draw a crowd—kinder spicy and frothy and no account—when they ain't worse."

"But bein' engaged to Fern ain't all of the mix-up," confessed Butch. "I said things to Fairy Jones that I meant for dead sure."

"If you'd only stuck to your feelin's about Fairy in the first place," worried Jule.

"I don't have to stick to my feelin's about Fairy—they stick to me," enlightened Butch dolefully.

"Well, it's too bad, 'cause you're hard hit on Fairy."

"I ain't neither hard hit—I jest prefer Fairy," he explained, with offended dignity; for Little Butch, after confiding in his Aunt Jule, was not willing that she should think him in love. A careless boy one minute and a thoughtful man the next, Butch was a hodgepodge of emotion and shamed reserves, wanting, yet resenting, sympathy.

"And you ain't the only one that's sufferin'," Jule told him. "Fairy Jones's cryin' her eyes out 'cause you've gone back on her."

"Did she say so?" questioned Butch greedily.

"No, great gumphead, she didn't! But I see her every day—so I can't help but know."

"Aw, gee! I didn't suppose she cared like that."

"Jest like a man!" complained Jule. "Thinks he's got the only real true, endurin' heart in town. But Butch, listen. I'll bet Fern's got engaged to you so's to bring Sig Zelinsky to time; she means to marry Sig. Only she'll flirt—and so'll he."

"No, Fern likes me best—she said so. But with me and Fairy it was different. And at night when I look up at the stars——"

"What'd you look up at the stars for?" demanded Jule.

"Why—er—the stars," stuttered the boy, "durn it all—everybody looks at 'em—don't they?"

"Everybody that's in love—I guess," grinned his aunt.

"Who said anything about *that*?"

"Aw, don't be so touchy, Butchie. And, anyway, you ain't losin' any flesh over it."

"Mebbe I do eat," he admitted, "though I don't ralish nothin'. But when I look up at the stars at night—I dunno how it is, but the stars—they're always there—faithful——"

"Everything might come right yit," encouraged Jule.

"No, it can't," Butch spoke hopelessly. "I've gotta keep my word; Pa'd want me to—even if I didn't think it was right myself."

"Aw, what's the use of bein' so high-falutin'? Give Fern the go-by," urged Jule.

"But if I *was* a cheap guy that wouldn't keep his word, Fern wouldn't leave ~~me~~ off," declared Butch. "I've got money to spend, and she'll be after me when she wants somethin'."

"Ain't you saw her since the buggy ride, Sunday?"

"You bet I ain't—she knows where to find me. She done all the gettin' engaged herself—now she can see it through," asserted Butch, sulkily.

Saturday evening, Little Butch came from the meat-market more disconsolate than ever; but the minute he entered the house, Jule cried triumphantly, as she rushed toward him with the evening paper: "Read this! Fern Bistle's married to Sigismund Zelinsky. It took place this afternoon in St. Joe, and the paper says: 'Mis' Zelinsky is the favorite of all, and Mr. Zelinsky is a popular baggage-man'—ain't that the limit?"

Fairy Jones had slipped into the back yard to be alone, and was leaning forlornly on the gate in the dim starlight, when she heard some one running, and a familiar voice cried: "Come out into the alley, Jonesey. I've got somethin' to tell you!"

"When did I ever stand chinnin' in the alley with any gentleman?" demanded Fairy.

"Then open your durned old gate and leave me in," commanded Butch.

"Talk where you are"—Fairy spoke icily.

"Aw, I guess not!" and Butch jumped over the gate and grabbed Fairy joyfully in his arms before she could escape. "Oh, Fairy, the stars is true, the stars is true," he ardently declared.

"Leave me go—or I'll tell your pa," threatened Fairy, greatly distressed.

"Fern's married—she's married to Sig," exulted Butch. "I thought you knowed it. I won't neither leave you go. Listen, can't it be like it was that evenin' at Bailey's Gap—can't we be near together like we was then? Why, every time I've saw the stars since—they've said it was true—what we felt down there on the rocks. Now I'm goin' to do it!"

"Oh, Butchie, you ought not to." But her protest came faintly, and the faithful stars looked down unheeded on the reconciliation of Little Butch and Fairy Jones.



THE LITTLE PATH

BY

LOUISE DEFOREST SHELTON



MOTHER was standing by the nursery window, looking out into the sunshine. The toys were in their familiar places—the dilapidated dolls in a row against the wall; the big rocking-horse that Jack, Jr., loved to ride on those happy occasions when he came to “Grandma’s;” the small table where the children always had their meals; and the four little chairs. The little faces came before Mother’s eyes, the dear little faces of long ago.

How many memories came into her mind as she stood there! The time that Milly fell down-stairs and didn’t cry; the first day Jack went to school; the story that Beth liked best of all, about the winged horse Pegasus in the “Wonder Book;” and the doll that always was naughty! She glanced at that offending person with amused pity—all the children had abused her—she was pale and battered, poor thing.

The nursery clock played a little tune which meant that it was four o’clock, and she turned to go down-stairs. Father would be coming soon.

Below, in the high-paneled hall, she passed a portrait, done years and years ago. To-day she paused, looking up at it. She remembered the dress, the pearl at her throat, and the shell comb she wore in her hair. Yesterday. Was it slipping from her, and must it carry so much with it? Then, taking another step or two, she leaned forward, looking into a great, gilt-framed mirror. The same eyes—a little softened; the same lips—a little saddened; but *the golden hair was white!*

“I suppose I am old,” she said wistfully, gazing through the gathering darkness at the shadowy face in the mirror. “*Old.*”

She turned away, and went on down the hall, her silk skirts trailing softly on the polished floor, her little slippered feet feeling the way. She always waited for Father in the library. It was almost time.

Soon she heard the sound of his key in the door, then his voice, calling up

the stairs: “You there, Mother?”

“I think perhaps Elizabeth will stop in this afternoon,” she said, smiling, when he came into the room.

“Good! I like to have Elizabeth stop in.” Father sank into his chair by the window with a comfortable sigh. “Any babies been here to-day?”

“No—none of them. But I’ve been up in the nursery this afternoon,” she admitted. “I can’t get over loving it.”

“No,” he answered, “nor I. Pretty lively lot, they used to be! Do you remember how I always played with them after their supper on Sundays?” Father laughed. “And then when they came home from boarding-school and college for the holidays! What a houseful! Do you remember how it looked, the night of Milly’s party? Great girl—Milly; and Beth was an imp.”

“You always had an especially soft spot in your heart for Beth,” Mother reminded him, reproof in her eyes, “and Beth was always the naughtiest.”

Father laughed again. “We should have kept Elizabeth,” he said.

“There she is now,” Mother said eagerly. “I heard the bell.”

In another minute Elizabeth herself had run up the stairs and into the library.

“My darlings!” she cried happily. “I’ve only time to kiss you—as usual! How sweet you’re looking, Mammy—and my Dadsy,” she said affectionately, coming over to his chair and sitting on the arm, one hand on his shoulder. “You must come and see *our* new living-room chairs. Tom’s is a wonder—it will hold us both! It’s leather, like this, only the kind they use now; and I have one of those new high-backed chairs for my desk.”

She smiled, looking around. “How old-fashioned all this furniture begins to seem! But I love it,” she added quickly, lest she hurt their feelings. Mother saw her glance up at the handsome lambrequins she and Father had bought so many years ago.

"We have some new window-hangings, too," Elizabeth said—"green art-cloth. They make our living-room so attractive. I think window-hangings really make more difference than anything else—just as a woman's hat does!"

Suddenly her eyes began to shine—dear eyes that used to shine like that when she was a little, little girl—and she stooped, pressing Father's shoulder with her small, gloved hand; "Oh, Dadsy, dear, do you realize how happy I am?" She took a long, deep breath. "But I mustn't stay another minute. It's baby's bedtime, and Beth must be coaxed indoors, and I must dress before Tom gets home." She laughed happily, then stooped to kiss them both. "You see I'm grown up at last—with a household and husband and babies to manage! Did you think I never could grow up, Mammy dear, because *I* was the baby?"

She gathered up her furs, and fastened the violets she wore more securely, then paused, looking back at them. "Do you know," she said, almost wistfully, "I wish you knew Tom better. He's such a dear. We see so little of you—our lives are so full."

"Yes, I know that you both are too busy to come often." There was wistfulness, too, in her mother's voice, as she looked up fondly into Elizabeth's rosy face. She felt a desolate sense of isolation from this woman beside her—Elizabeth was so capable, and so fresh and fair—it seemed incredible that this was her little girl, the youngest of them all. . . .

Elizabeth patted her cheek. "I'll send Anna round with the baby in the morning. He grows more like Tom every minute—Good-by!" She buried her face for a moment in some roses on the table, drew her furs round her more closely, then hurried out of the library and down the wide stairs.

The front door closed. The house seemed appallingly quiet to the two she had left behind. They sat silent in the half darkness. The great clock in the corner chimed once, twice. At last Mother spoke—without turning her head.

"She has gone home, Father dear. She has left our house to go *home*."

Father looked round and saw only the back of Mother's head, silvery in the dusk. Before he answered she spoke again:

"All the ardor of our young love, the

gladness of our life together, the wonder and the joy of our babies, and the years we spent making them men and women—all the wide, beautiful road of our life has narrowed into a little, half-forgotten path where we two are alone."

She leaned her cheek against one hand, still looking out and out, never meeting his eyes. "We are grown old, Father, and they—our own children—do not heed us or need us." Her breath came quickly—"And they have been our life—our life."

"Yes," he repeated, "they have been our life."

"But we are not *their* life," she continued. "They are out on the wide road—on the highway—and sometimes, lovingly, they step aside to find us and fondle us a little. They love us, but . . . that is all."

They sat quietly, Father's hand holding hers, holding it hard, as he sought in his clumsy man's way to find some comfort for her. The minutes went on and on; shadows in the far corners deepened, the fragrance of the roses grew heavier, tears were on Mother's cheek, falling silently.

Then he bent toward her eagerly. "Dear," he said, "in the beginning, when it was only you and I, we wanted them all to forget us—we wanted the whole world to ourselves—love was enough."

"Yes," she said softly, "love was enough."

He bent nearer, the eagerness still in his voice: "Then came the fulness of our lives, the blessing of our love. *We* were doing the things *they're* doing now—living and loving and working and rearing our children. And now that is done, Little Mother, and over, and we are alone again."

There was a pause, then their eyes met—lovers' eyes. He drew her nearer.

"*Then* there were so many demands," she said, thoughtfully. "For you business, for me the children. But now—" her eyes brightened; he could see them, even in the darkness—"oh, Father, after all, the Little Path does lead to the truest happiness!" She leaned gently back against his broad shoulder and felt for his hand. "Those dear children on the highway will be too busy to think us foolish. Their road is wide and fine, and there is much meeting and passing, but on the Little Path there is love and quiet—"

"And there is *you*, Little Mother!"

"And there is *you*," she echoed softly.



A ROW OF BOOKS

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

ANY publisher will tell you that the surest way to kill a work of fiction is to announce it as a work of genius. There is a second way almost as deadly—to proclaim it a novel with a purpose. To the average reader genius suggests obscurity and purpose suggests a preacher. We approach fiction in our holiday mood and have no desire to be either elevated or instructed—we simply want to be enchanted.

For there was a time, before necessity bound us on "the wheel of things," when we had hoped that life might be a grand adventure: it has proved for most of us a humdrum round of continually recurring duties. The supreme passion which we once promised ourselves has not arrived; the lazy ramble through the world which we planned, we have not taken. Like tethered cattle, we tramp the never-widening circle, the only noticeable change being that the grass grows thinner underfoot. We may even have reached that point of contented stagnation from which, looking back, we can pronounce the pageant dreams of youth to have been immoral and hysteric, flattering ourselves, with a smug smile, that we have grown common sense with years: what we mean is that we have grown commonplace.

Yet, fetter ourselves as we may, memories of our old emancipation return to us; and it is then that we strive to recapture the abandon of our dreams in books. For the man who was dead to such charming folly, Stevenson had a crushing reply, "Sir, you will never be a pirate."

The essential child in us is hard to die; beneath the outer crust of common sense the play-spirit survives. Most of us want to be illusioned. We are anxious to believe that to other people, though they have not come within range of our experience, delightful accidents happen, so that they are suddenly lifted out of their daily rut by some daring emotion or rare

opportunity, and set, to their own amazement, upon some dizzy peak of glamour. It was to this primitive desire that the Arabian storyteller catered when, spreading his rug in bazaars of the Orient, he held men spellbound from dawn to sunset, telling of people wafted magically away to fabled palaces, or of unsuspected doors, hidden in walls of familiar streets, which gave entrance to twilight gardens of fairyland.

We read a novel primarily to be amused; but its genius or its purpose makes us read it twice. Two notable novels have recently been published which should be read in the spirit of the second time.

Neither is a work of genius, but both are emphatic in their purpose. They are slashing big stories, raw with life's melodrama and crude with those ugly facts from which we are accustomed to avert our eyes. In these two books the footpad sins of society spring out on us from shadowy hiding-places into the garish lamplight, startling us out of our discreet somnambulism into honest wakefulness.

The first is a product of America—a good example of the vehemently individual trend our fiction is at last taking: it concerns itself with machine-made politics and the corruption to which they give rise. The second is of English manufacture and equally characteristic: it deals with the slow disintegration of a great mind under the corrosive influence of alcohol.

In "The Counsel for the Defense" (Doubleday, Page), Leroy Scott tells a story of the infamy which was practised by bribed agents of a wealthy corporation in an attempt to get con-

trol of the water-supply of a town at an undervaluation. Mr. Blake, a churchgoing, holier-than-thou lawyer, is the villain of the plot. He aspires to become senator; the corporation men have promised to forward his ambitions if he will enable them to wreck the municipal water-supply so that they can buy it in at the smallest price.

His first step is to accuse Dr. West, who has been responsible for the installation of the town's new water-works, of accepting a bribe. The case is so black against him that no one will undertake his defence. At last, in desperation, his daughter, Katherine West, a girl-lawyer, becomes his counsel. She is defeated, and her father goes to jail. Then by accident she stumbles on the track of Blake and the plot is slowly unraveled. The drama is heightened by the fact that Blake had once asked her to become his wife.

The story is one which has been enacted under varying circumstances time and again. It is worked out with relentless cunning and told with a considerable amount of pathos. Seizing on a condition that is widespread, Mr. Scott centralizes it in a group of characters, and presents us with a picture that is typical of a social phase. He wrings the necks of our gods of hurried prosperity and hurls their corpses at us with a furious, "There they are. Now look at 'em."

The second novel with a purpose comes from a quarter from which it is least expected. The title is unfortunate and brutal, but the book itself approaches within reasonable distance of greatness. It is bigger in its first conception than in its final rendering. The weakest thing about it is the ending, which is an anticlimax. Guy Thorne, in "The Drunkard" (Sturgis & Walton), gives an almost painfully exact study of the drink problem, done in the manner of Zola.

His leading character is Lothian, better known as The Christian Poet. Lothian has contrived to rescue religion from the chilly hands of the theologians; he has made it personal; inspired it with passion, and given it reality. All England is talking about him. His great poem, "Surgit Amari," has brought comfort to sufferers and sinners in remote places, enabling them to regain an ennobled view of life. Now the curious thing about Lothian is that all his best work is done under the influence of liquor. He saves others, but himself he can not save. Carefully and with wonderful minuteness, the history of his downfall is traced.

But despite its purpose, the atmosphere of the story is not all gray. It has excellent touches of humor—among the best is the character of John Podley, a millionaire pin-maker, who,

knowing nothing of literature, feels that books have a certain educational value. He is anxious to pose as a philanthropist and still more anxious to leave a memorial to himself; consequently, he invents and finances Podley's Pure Library.

In addition to its courage in dealing with an unpleasant subject, the book is brilliantly audacious in many ways. For instance, Mr. Thorne informs us that The Christian Poet, the greatest genius in England, wrote a jeweled letter to the girl whom he had planned to betray. Most novelists would wisely leave that letter to the reader's imagination; not so Mr. Thorne—he rises above such tricks of the trade. He gives us the letter in full and it is worthy of its supposed author, the resplendent man of brains.

Again, Lothian keeps a diary of his sensations during the last stages of alcoholic poisoning. It is so sincere that it would pass for genuine, were it not in a work of fiction. We are almost tempted to believe that it *is* genuine, and that Mr. Thorne has borrowed it for the occasion. The most interesting audacity, however, is in the choice of characters: one suspects that he would find little difficulty in picking them out from life and giving them their real names.

We are tired of seeing Lazarus at the gate. In the old days we relied on the policeman to move him farther down the street; to-day we are haunted by the knowledge that, whether he suffers at our own or our neighbor's gate, our personal responsibility remains. Percy Alden's "Democratic England" (Macmillan) is a clear and balanced statement of what Lloyd George has accomplished by his social legislation. While written with the reformer's passion, it is marked by an economist's exactitude. The personalities of the leaders who have played their part in this attempt to legislate for happiness are described. Mr. Alden is a man with a background; his analysis is made additionally valuable by the running commentary which it includes on the experiments of other nations in democratic law-making.

Galsworthy's fantasy in three acts, "The Pigeon" (Scribner), is very much to the point. Though it ventures no solution, it states the problem of incompetent poverty with artistic precision. Our social attitudes to the outcast are finely embodied in five characters. The Pigeon is a kindly disposed artist who can not bear the pain of withholding charity; he gives and gives inconsequently, and is always fledged for the next plucking. His daughter is a common-sense little person, callous with the sus-

pitions of youth. She thinks only of number one, and, seeing that her father is accomplishing no good, seeks to restrain him. Calway, the professor, believes in the magic of science; Sir Thomas Hoxton, the magistrate, in the magic of chastisement; while Canon Bertley likes to pray with down-and-outs, after which he feeds them for their patience. They are all applying salves to the sores of specific cases; none of them is attempting to change the conditions which produce them.

The incompetents are an immoral flower-girl, a drunken cabby, and a degenerate alien, all of them debilitated by apathy. The action takes place in the Pigeon's study; the play simply makes the obvious assertion that the poor are the chronic invalids of society, but it makes it with brilliant detachment.

Walter E. Weyl's "The New Democracy" (Macmillan) is a keen, shrewd, cruel analysis of modern America's economic development. It advances the cynical theory that our Constitution was in intention, and is in essence, undemocratic. It represents the public as a loose-limbed giant who has been asleep all these years and, waking up to stretch himself, falls to pieces; so he lies where he has rotted—amazed, disjointed, sprawling, ridiculously attempting to gather himself together and stand upright. Dr. Weyl asserts that the great merit—and the greatest defect—of the Constitution is that it has lasted.

He lashes out fiercely at the incorrigible levity of America, which sees something humorous in dishonesty. In caustic phrase and stinging simile he points out that America never was a democratic nation; it is only just desiring to become so. All these years, while it has been madly pursuing prosperity, an oligarchy of finance has been collaring its liberty.

Such accusations are discomfiting, but so were the forty years in the wilderness; a certain amount of annoyance is necessary to the winning of the Promised Land. The truth which Dr. Weyl speaks is not the truth of sweetness and light; it is scornful with indignation. This book should be read by every thinking American alert to the movements of the times.

And now we come to what old Malory would have termed "a very grimly story." It certainly can not be recommended as a bedside novel. From the first chapter until the dreaded

thing happens, one has an eery sense of the stealthy tread of the pursuer. It is like entering a deserted house which is supposed to be empty, only to realize, when you have climbed to the topmost landing, that some one is stirring in the lower rooms.

There are occasions when most of us like to be scared by ghost-tales and stories in the dark. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes in "The Chink in Armour" (Scribner) sets out to make the hair stand on end; she accomplishes her purpose in so thorough a fashion that even bald heads should have an old sensation. She produces her effects not with horrid details, but by reason of her polished art; a good deal is suggested, and most of it is left to be worked up by the reader's own imagination.

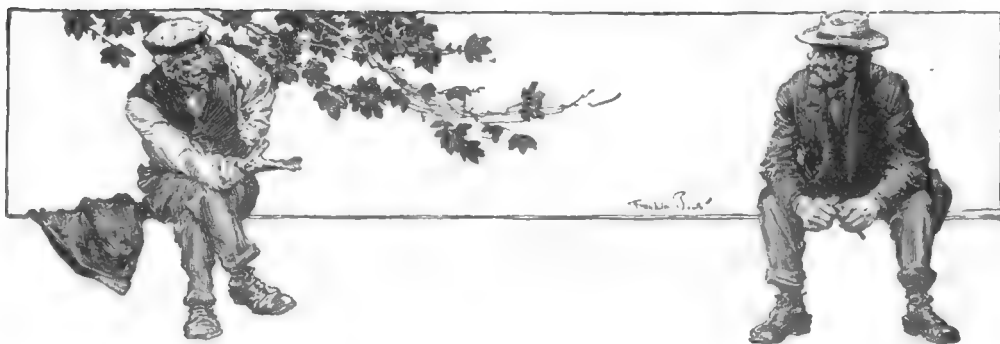
The title is deceptive; the book has nothing to do with the Yellow Peril. It is founded on a spectacular tragedy which took place two years ago at Monte Carlo. The fact that one knows the true version detracts nothing from one's pleasure in following Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's clever adaptation. On the contrary, it rather adds.

The story concerns itself with a pretty English widow, Sylvia Bailey. She is having the time of her life in Paris, and tasting for the first time the sweet joys of being unattached. In her travels she has picked acquaintance with a mysterious Polish woman, Anna Wolsky. Anna Wolsky is a victim to the gambling habit, and, like most gamblers, is a great believer in luck; she thinks that Sylvia Bailey has brought her good fortune. They go together to consult a sorceress in the Montmartre. When the sorceress had spread out the cards, she becomes hysteric and refuses to tell them what she has seen there; as they are going, she calls them back and warns them never to leave Paris together.

Each, unaware of the other, makes an excursion to a little-known gambling resort just outside Paris. Far be it from me to repeat the name of it. If I did, it would probably become the haunt of traveling Americans anxious to get rid of their money. And there are enough temptations already in Europe.

Well, it is at this charming place, situated in the midst of feathery woodlands, that the terrible *thing* happens. Anna Wolsky and Sylvia Bailey have journeyed there in ignorance of each other, so, after all, they have disobeyed the sorceress and have left Paris together. I will not rob the reader of one shudder by divulging the secret further. He will find uses for them all, and I can promise him they will be many.





UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

An old darky, with an old gray mule hitched to a ramshackle wagon, stood on the incline of Capitol Hill, in Washington, during one of the worst sleet storms in January.

The old man huddled in his rabbit-skin cap, shivering; the mule was trembling with the cold. Two congressmen, waiting for a belated car, were attracted by the strange outfit and wondered, as time went on and the darky made no effort to depart, what ailed the old fellow.

One of the congressmen walked over and said: "Why don't you move on, uncle?"

The old darky pointed a trembling finger at his "team" and replied: "'Cause dis yere mule won't go 'les' I whistle at him, and it's so cold I cyarn't whistle!"

In the hall of a Philharmonic society the following notice was posted:

"The seats in this hall are for the use of the ladies. Gentlemen are requested to make use of them only after the former are seated."

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.

A passer-by rushed to his assistance and, after helping him to rise, inquired if he was injured.

The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said:

"No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

A well-known author tells of an English spinster who said, as she watched a great actress writhing about the floor as Cleopatra:

"How different from the home life of our late dear queen!"

"I wish to complain," said the bride haughtily, "about that flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" asked the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made a pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

"You George Washington Calhoun Pinckney," screamed his mother, "what you doin', chile, settin' dere a-hollerin' an' a-mutterin' to yo'sef ober dat book? An' what you froffin' at de mouf laik dat fo'? Is you havin' er fit?"

"No, 'n deed, maw. I'se steddyyin'," replied George, with dignity.

"Steddyyin'? Huh! What in de worl' am you steddyyin'?"

"Nuttin' Original, nuffin' new piece to recite, what teacher gib me."

"What kin' ob a piece do you call dat, boy? I cyarn't understan' er word you say."

"'Deed, I dunno, maw," said George, "but teacher remark when she gib it to me dat it were one ob dese hyah negro dialeck stories."

Speaking of common sense, Dr. Faulkner, head of the Vineland, N. J., Hospital, told the following story:

A mysterious building had been erected on the outskirts of a small town. It was shrouded in mystery. All that was known about it was that it was a chemical laboratory. An old farmer, driving past the place after work had been started, and seeing a man in the doorway, called to him:

"What be ye doin' in this place?"

"We are searching for a universal solvent—something that will dissolve all things," said the chemist.

"What good will thet be?"

"Imagine, sir! It will dissolve all things. If we want a solution of iron, glass, gold—anything, all that we have to do is to drop it in this solution."

"Fine," said the farmer, "fine! What be ye goin' to keep it in?"

A story of extraordinary deafness was recently related at a meeting of a medical society in Philadelphia. An elderly lady, exceedingly hard of hearing, lived near the river. One afternoon a warship fired a salute of ten guns.

The woman, alone in her little house, waited until the booming ceased. Then she smoothed her dress, brushed back her hair, and said sweetly:

"Come in."

A man once was talking about hard luck, and his friend was listening with a sour expression. "Why, you don't know what hard luck is!" said the friend. "I have always had it. When I was a kid there was such a bunch of kids in the family that there had to be three tables at meal-times and I always got the third one."

"What's hard about that?" snapped the other.

"Why," said his friend, "it was fifteen years before I ever knew a chicken had anything but a neck!"

In order to impress upon his congregation the length of eternity, a colored preacher used the following illustration:

"If a sparrow, breddern, should take a drop

of water from the Atlantic Ocean at Coney Island, and with this drop of water in its beak should hop a hop a day until it reached the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco, and when it got there should let the drop fall into the Pacific, and when this was done should turn around and hop a hop a day all the way back to Coney Island and get another drop and do the same thing over, and keep on doing this very same thing until it had carried the whole Atlantic Ocean over into the Pacific, it would then only be early morning in eternity."

During a recent financial stringency a small New England bank was issuing clearing-house certificates. One of its customers, an old German, could not understand the procedure and was not at all satisfied with it. After repeated explanations, and assurances that his money was safe, his face showed a degree of intelligence and he said he understood.

"It iss like dis," said he. "Ven mein baby wakes up in der night undt cries fur milk, den I shust gif him a milk-ticket."

Two women were leaving the theatre after a performance of "The Doll's House."

"Oh, don't you *love* Ibsen?" asked one, ecstatically. "Doesn't he just take all the hope out of life?"

The late Senator Daniel of Virginia, who was being rallied at dinner on his sanguine outlook upon the political future of the Democratic party, said he was reminded of the cheerful philosophy of an old darky who drove the solitary hack in a small town on the Virginia shore, where he had spent the season.

In good weather, the senator, who was lame, was its only patron, but in storms the old vehicle was so popular that he had narrowly missed several engagements, owing to the old man's taking more orders than one antiquated chariot could possibly fill.

One stormy night the senator said: "Now, Jordan, be here to-morrow morning in time to take me to the ten o'clock boat, without fail. I have an important engagement in Washington."

Jordan drove away, promising to show up in good season; but next morning a quarter to ten came—and no Jordan. Finally, at five minutes to ten, he drove up and the senator climbed in and started on a mad race to the wharf, arriving there just in time to see the boat pulling out.

"Now, Jordan!" cried the exasperated Daniel, "I said we'd miss it!"

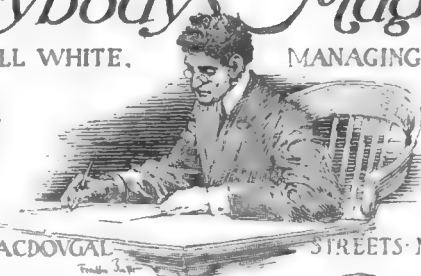
"Yes, suh, dat's so; but"—with sudden inspiration—"she ain't been long gone!"

Everybody's Magazine

TRUMBULL WHITE.

MANAGING EDITOR.

PUBLISHED BY THE
RIDGWAY COMPANY
HERMAN J. RIDGWAY
PRESIDENT



RAY BROWN SECY
AND TREASURER
ROBERT FROTHINGHAM
ADV. MANAGER.

SPRING & MACDOUGAL

STREETS NEW YORK CITY.

With Everybody's Publishers.

A FAVOR, please. Will you wade through the list that follows? For some of you it will be fun, you who are keenly interested in advancing the average of living conditions for the multitude. But those of you who have not taken a hand in progressive work may find this list slow reading. Won't you, nevertheless, read it for our sakes? It is our apology for being alive. It represents our aspirations, what we have meant by our work. It is a list incomplete, and necessarily brief, of the serious work we have been attempting through the nine years of our ownership of EVERYBODY'S. As you read, bear in mind that the public knew very little about many of these subjects when we began. Bear in mind with what difficulty we got the public ear, and then consider the present conditions, when nearly everybody is working for these progressive movements which EVERYBODY'S began working for almost single-handed.

"*Frenzied Finance*," by Thomas W. Lawson. Perhaps the greatest—and certainly the most effective—series of muckraking articles ever published in an American magazine. A startling exposure of the methods by which the people's money in banks and in trust and insurance companies was juggled and manipulated to the profit of a few score men. The series was directly responsible for the sensational investigation of the insurance companies by the present Justice Hughes. The forerunner of a period of national housecleaning, of which the end is not yet in sight.

Two months ago, the Government again failed to find the Beef Trust guilty of criminal restraint of trade. The Government has been trying for ten years, and has always failed. Six years ago we published a remarkable series by Charles Edward Russell, called "*The Greatest Trust in the World*," which not only showed the existence of a beef trust in virtual control of the industry, but found it guilty of illegal, unfair, and immoral practices. Many

of you will remember the Great Yellow Car articles, which laid bare the methods by which the trust throttled the railways in forcing them to grant rebates. This exposure was largely responsible for remedial legislation by Congress.

Everybody knows now what the "*Bucket-Shop Sharks*" are. They sneak along the trail of the big beasts of prey—the Frenzied Financiers—picking up the leavings. Six years ago we exposed them in three articles by Merrill A. Teague. We are informed now that the sharpers are again on the job. So, if you feel that you simply must take a little flyer in the stock of a mythical company, you'd better search the attic for the June, July, and August (1906) numbers and read them over—carefully.

We pride ourselves on the fact that we have done our part in warning the average man of Wall Street's pitfalls. We have laid bare the machinery of the System. We have traced the connection between our huge corporations, controlling the bulk of the people's necessities, and the vast accumulation of the people's wealth in a few hands. We have explained the part Wall Street plays in this manipulation. "*Frenzied Finance*" was the beginning. Here is the chronology since then:

"*Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?*" by Charles Edward Russell. A vivid account of the huge fortunes amassed by Wall Street operators, and an explanation of the wicked juggling of such industrial securities as American Tobacco, Metropolitan Street Railway, Chicago & Alton, etc.

"*The Cheat of Overcapitalization*," by Will Payne. Three articles on the three and a half billion dollars of watered securities (in 1907) and what these securities meant to Wall Street—and to you.

"*The Gold Brick and the Gold Mine*," by Emerson Hough. A block signal to the investor who contemplated buying mining stock.

"*Steel Rail and Iron Hands*,"
"*Facing the Railway Facts*,"
"*The Open Bunghole in the*
Railway Barrel," } by Richard Washburn Child.

An exhaustive original from muddled railway problem, and its complication with Wall Street.

"*The Game Got Them*," by Edwin Lefèvre. The object lesson from the panic of 1907.

"*Tricks of the Wall Street Game*," by Frederick Upham Adams.

"*The Cost of the Wall Street Game*," by Frederick Upham Adams.

"*The Game Gets You*," by John Parr.

"*The Stockyards of New York*," by John Parr.

"*The Poison of the Street*," by F. S. Dickson.

These titles in this connection themselves explain sufficiently the scope of the articles.

"*The Porcupine Trap*," by Trumbull White. A recent study of the newest mining camp. A new idea in muckraking—warning the investor of a stock-selling trap before it is sprung.

Congress is at present intently on the search for the Money Trust. It's really not hard to find. Lincoln Steffens in his series, "*It*," revealed its existence two years ago.

When James Bryce told us that we had the worst municipal and state government in the world, we were aghast. Lincoln Steffens in his "*Shame of the Cities*" proved it to us. But Judge Lindsey in his remarkable series, "*The Beast and the Jungle*," followed the trail of such corruption to its lair—huge corporations seeking special favors from the people's representatives. The series by "de kid's judge" showed you that the story of Colorado and Denver was the story of your own city and state. And Brand Whitlock, in his "*Instead of an Article*," explained the idea in Pittsburgh's case.

"*The Prophet in Utah*," by Former Senator Frank J. Cannon and Harvey J. O'Higgins, continued west, and disclosed the alliance between Wall Street and an impregnable religious hierarchy which exploits its followers and secretly practises polygamy.

President Taft pronounced the wool schedule "indefensible"—and then signed the bill creating it. In 1910, Richard Washburn Child found it indefensible and exposed it for us in three ripping articles:

"*What is K?*"

"*The Making of Schedule K.*"

"*A Battle Royal in Wool.*"

We have followed affairs at Washington pretty closely for our readers; and we put in our modest claim for some credit in the Insurgent victory of last year. Our contributions to the cause were:

"*The Insurgents vs. Cannon*—" two articles by Henry Beach Needham.

"*Ask Your Congressman*," } by Frederic

"*Choose Your Congressman*," } C. Howe.

"*Watch Your Congressman*," by Lincoln Steffens.

"*Dollar Diplomacy*," by Henry M. Hyde, showed why our neighbors in South America hate us; why they don't take kindly to a relentless ex-

ploitation by Wall Street with the connivance of the State Department.

And, finally, "*Big Business and the Bench*," by C. P. Connolly, a serious, exhaustive examination of a widely corrupt judiciary—corrupted by the same forces that disgraced Denver, San Francisco, your state, most states. A remarkable—but you are yourself reading it, and Mr. Connolly has the floor.

In the field of industrial, sociological, and political research, here are some of the more important articles:

"*Our Industrial Juggernaut*," by Arthur B. Reeve.

"*The Needless Slaughter by Street Cars*," by John P. Fox.

"*The Growing Railway Death Toll*," by Carl Snyder.

"*Just Wops*," by Arno Dosch.

"*Making Steel and Killing Men*,"

"*The Law of the Killed and Wounded*," } by William Hard.

"*Pensioners of Peace*,"

The theme in all of these was the needless waste of human life sacrificed each year in our industrial progress. Mr. Hard's articles were reprinted in pamphlet form, and twelve thousand copies were distributed to legislators, officials, manufacturers, and publicists through the country, unquestionably influencing much of the humanitarian legislation of the past few years.

Other articles of sociological importance we can but lightly touch. We must omit many.

"*The Passing of the Idle Rich*," by Frederick Townsend Martin. A plea to the upper crust to awaken to a sense of its larger responsibilities.

"*What Shall We Do with the Old?*" } by R. W. Child.

"*What Other Nations Do with the Old*,"

"*The Men Who are to Vote*,"

"*A Clearing House for Tramps*," } by Ernest Poole.

"*A Mixing Bowl for Nations*,"

"*A City's Dream of a City*,"

"*The Burglar in the Making*,"

"*The Slum as a National Asset*," } by Charles Edward Russell.

"*The Tenements of Trinity Church*,"

All vivid pen pictures of the downtrodden, written with sympathy and hopefulness.

"*The Insurgent Sunday-School*," by George Creel. The awakening of the Sunday-schools to the modern idea of religious education and of social obligation.

"*Ships for Americans*," by John L. Mathews. A plea for the establishment of an American merchant marine.

"With Everybody's Publishers" is concluded on Page 62 of the Advertising Section.

**■ READ OUR NEW SERIAL, "SALLY CASTLETON, SOUTHERNER"
—A DRAMATIC STORY OF YOUTH, LOVE, AND WAR See Page 754**

Vol. XXVI

Everybody's Magazine

No. 6

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1912

Everybody's Almanack	Franklin P. Adams	<i>Reverse of Frontispiece</i>
Composite Photograph of Thirteen Insurgent Senators		<i>Frontispiece</i>
Out in the Orchard With Photographs	Carlyle Ellis	723
The Acid Test. A Story Illustrations by F. R. Gruger	Lloyd Osbourne	740
Sally Castleton, Southerner A Serial Story. Chapters I-V Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth	Crittenden Marriott	754
The Insurgents Cartoons by C. R. Macauley	Hastings MacAdam	770
"The Man from Down Yonder" With Photographs	William Brown Meloney	782
Wanted—A Carpenter. A Drawing	Mary Ellen Sigsbee	792
Fortune's Favorite. A Story Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg	Wallace Irwin	793
Kinship. Verse	Angela Morgan	808
The Darned Man. A Story Illustrations by C. F. Peters	Walter Prichard Eaton	809
What's the Explanation?		817
A Flyer in Wheat. A Story Illustrations by Howard Giles	Frank Condon	819
Big Business and the Bench. V With Photographs	C. P. Connolly	827
The Loving Heart of a Dog. A Story Illustrations by Howard V. Brown	Imogen Clark	842
Little Stories of Real Life:		850
Butch and the Stars	Bessie R. Hoover	
The Little Path	Louise Deforest Shelton	
A Row of Books	Coningsby Dawson	858
Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree		861
With "Everybody's" Publishers		863

The contents of this Magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission

Issued monthly. Yearly subscription, \$1.50 in advance. Single copy, fifteen cents

Foreign postage, \$1.00 additional.

No extra postage for Canada.

Copyright, 1912, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York City

5, Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C., England

Entered at the New York Post-office as Second Class Matter

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada

The Power of Confidence

*"The confidence of Everybody's readers
in the Advertisers using Everybody's."*

THE history of a war, or the career of a man, may be told in an epigram. Ten words of printed type may aptly sum up a decade of endeavor.

Just that has been done by the man from Michigan who wrote the letter we give below.

It is peculiarly fitting for quotation in this June issue of EVERYBODY'S. For this is the Ninth Anniversary of the present management. In each one of the One Hundred and Eight issues of the magazine we have labored to keep our advertising pages so upright that our readers would find nothing there either harmful or misleading.

To exclude the unworthy and untrustworthy advertisements that incessantly asked to be admitted has cost a daily vigilance. It has cost the magazine, roundly speaking, as much money as the dividends it has paid.

But it has given the publishers a boundless satisfaction, and it has given to the readers of the magazine a sense of security.

So this Ninth Anniversary is a good occasion to quote our correspondent's happy phrase:

*"The confidence of EVERYBODY'S readers
in the advertisers using EVERYBODY'S."*

The North American Construction Company makes "Aladdin Houses,"—that is, all the materials, fitted and finished, for a complete building, shipped to any place. In the Spring of 1911 they began to advertise in

EVERYBODY'S, which they are still doing. This is what the Treasurer writes about EVERYBODY'S readers.

NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

Bay City, Michigan, March 28, 1912.

MR. ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, Adv. Mgr.,
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, New York.

DEAR SIR:—The writer has always been interested in the little monthly talks on advertising which dress up your advertising index.

But there is one phase, which I think you have not touched upon, that has come to my particular notice on several occasions: that is, *the confidence of Everybody's readers in the advertisers using Everybody's*.

I have before me a letter that forcibly illustrates the tangible dollars-and-cents value of this influence. It says: "I have seen your advertisement in several different publications for some time, but just note your page advertisement in the April number of EVERYBODY'S. That settles it with me. I have great confidence in advertisements appearing in EVERYBODY'S. I want to buy a house. Please send me a catalog."

The relative merits of large and small copy have been definitely settled to our own satisfaction through the past year's experience in EVERYBODY'S. In 1911 we used forty-two-line copy in the spring months, which are naturally our best advertising months. Our inquiries from this copy cost us approximately 75 cents each—which would seem to be very satisfactory on a product with an average sale of \$500. But our full-page advertisement in the September issue of EVERYBODY'S has produced inquiries at 24 cents each, and they are still coming in from that page at the rate of four to six a day.

Yours very truly,

O. E. Sovereign,
North American Construction Co.

(Read the rest of this on page 4)

Index to Advertisements

Architects		PAGE	Automobiles, Motor Boats and Accessories—Continued		PAGE	Building and Construction Continued		PAGE
Los Angeles Investment Co.		60	Prest-O-Lite Co.		52	Ludowici-Celadon Co.		87
Miller Co., Burd F.		68	Reo Motor Car Co.		46-47	Mershon & Morley		83
Automobiles, Motor Boats and Accessories			Stewart & Clark—Speedometers		90	New Jersey Zinc Co.		88
Anderson Electric Car Co.		108	Tuttle Motor Co.		66	North American Construction Co.		59
Brooks Mfg. Company		66	U. S. Tire Company		51	Northern Pine Mfgs. Ass'n		36
Classified Advertising		79	Waterman Marine Engine		67	Pratt & Lambert—Vitrinite		83
Cleveland Auto Boat Co.		64	Banking and Financial			Sears, Roebuck & Co.		68
Detroit Boat Co.		66	Bankers Trust Co.		86	Southern Cypress Mfgs. Ass'n		42
Detroit Engine Works		68	Rollins & Son, E. H.		85	Tarvia		34
Detroit Motor Car Supply Co.		64	Bathroom Appliances			Trussed Concrete Steel Co.		40
Diamond Rubber Co.		48	Standard Sanitary Co.		104	Wyckoff Lumber Mfg. Co.		66
Electric Storage Battery Co.		38	Trenton Potteries Co.		59	Cameras and Optical Goods		
Electric Vehicle Ass'n of America		39	Building and Construction			Classified Advertising		76
Evinrude Motor Co.		90	Barrett Mfg. Co.		26	Eastman Kodak Co.		20-21-106
Goodrich Tire Co.		110-111	Berry Brothers		27	Folmer & Schwing Division		86
Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires		44-45	Cabot's Creosote Stains		83	Geneva Optical Co.		91
Inter-State Automobile Co.		49	Corrugated Bar Co.		55	Kryptok Company		94
Lee Rubber & Tire Co.		61	Enterprise Foundry & Fence Co.		66	Rochester Optical Co.		102
Michigan Steel Boat Co.		65-67	Glidden Varnish Co.		82	Cutlery and Strops		
Mullins Co., W. H.		82	Johns-Manville Co., H. W.		161	Auto Strop Safety Razor Co.		41
National Motor Vehicle		50				Kanner Co., S. A.		68
Peerless Motor Car Co.		53				Young Safety Razor		74

TIFFANY & Co.

DIAMOND, PRECIOUS STONE, AND GOLD JEWELRY
PEARLS, PEARL NECKLACES AND COLLARS, CHAINS, HAIR
ORNAMENTS AND PINS, PLAIN AND JEWELLED WATCHES
FOR WOMEN, EXTRA-FLAT GOLD WATCHES FOR MEN

SILVER AND GOLD TABLEWARE, OPERA, FIELD, AND
MARINE GLASSES; STATIONERY, LIBRARY AND SMOKERS'
ARTICLES, TRAVELING AND SHOPPING BAGS, TOILET
ARTICLES IN SILVER, GOLD, AND IVORY

HALL, MANTEL, AND TRAVELING CLOCKS; MANTEL
SETS IN PERIOD DESIGNS, BRONZE AND MARBLE
STATUETTES AND GROUPS BY NOTED SCULPTORS
TIFFANY FAVRILE LAMPS AND HANGING SHADES

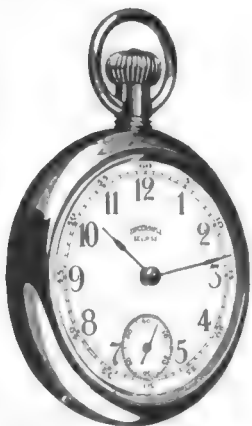
OPEN-STOCK DINNER SETS IN MINTON, CAULDON
LENOX, DOULTON, COPENHAGEN, AND WORCESTER
CHINA; CUT GLASS BOWLS, ICE CREAM SETS, ETC.

TIFFANY & Co.'S BLUE BOOK GIVES PARTICULARS
OF THE STOCK. MODERATE PRICES ARE A
FEATURE OF THEIR BUSINESS. PURCHASES CAN
BE MADE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



The Dollar Watch



The Eclipse, \$1.50



**The Midget
Ladies' Watch, \$2.00**

Ingersoll WATCHES

are the timepieces of over 30,000,000 people —people in every walk of life, but people who judge a watch solely by its timekeeping accuracy, and not by the amount of money it represents.

THE YANKEE, the original Ingersoll Dollar Watch.
THE ECLIPSE, a thin model for men and boys, \$1.50.
THE MIDGET, a small, thin model for women, \$2.00.
THE JUNIOR, a small thin model for boys and girls, \$2.00.

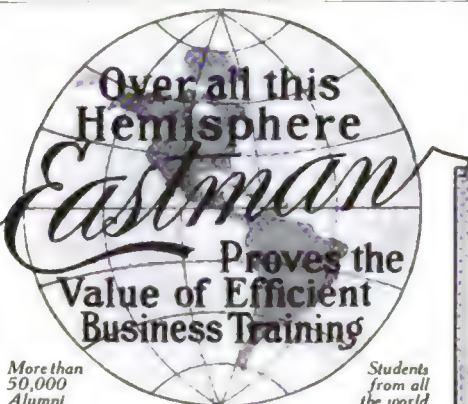
60,000 dealers sell Ingersoll Watches

Booklet sent free on request

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.,
27 Ashland Building, New York



Summer Schools and Camps



More than
50,000
Alumni

Students
from all
the world

A course at EASTMAN will make you a competent workman for the office of the business man, the banker, the financier, the corporation official or for government service. Having this equipment you will get employment promptly; and success is assured the capable workman—who works. Delightful recreative environment, with all the pleasant activities of real college life. Home-like living arrangements, with congenial fellow-students. Complete modern equipment. Expenses reasonable. Students enter any day.

Summer Session—June to September

Appeals with special force to students who are leaving COLLEGE or HIGH SCHOOL to begin, during vacation, to prepare for business. Accounting, Banking, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, Penmanship, Civil Service and Academic Departments. Write for our publications today. They may help you to a good career—if not a fortune.

CLEMENT C. GAINES, M. A., LL.D.
Box 682 Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MASSACHUSETTS, Newton Centre, 230 Grant Ave.
Camp Wampanoag Sixth season, Cape Cod, Buzzard's Bay. A salt water camp for boys under 15. Scouting over old Indian trails. Land and water sports, prizes. Athletics under experienced college men. Camp mother. Illustrated booklet.

ALVIN E. DODD, Director, ALDRICH TAYLOR, Assistant.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Durham.
Comfort Mathes Camp Women, Girls.
Durham, N. H.
Spring water. Boating, swimming, tennis, golf. Tents. House.
Write for booklet, "Tenting with Dolly Drew."
MISS F. E. B. MATHES,
528 West 124th Street, New York, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA, Delaware County, Concordville, Box 34.
Maplewood Camp and Summer Home 50th year.
Opens June 12th. Ideal outing. Tent life, boating, bathing, sports, automobile picnics. Health first consideration. Special care to small boys. Our own milk and vegetables. Instruction, if desired. Terms \$125. Booklet. School year opens Sept. 19th. J. C. SHORTLIDGE, Prin.



NEW HAMPSHIRE, Hanover, Dartmouth College. (Or 1039 Singer Building, New York.)
Camp Osgood Boys' Camp. At Paul Smith's. Osgood Lake in the Adirondacks. Lodge. Roomy tents, pure water, food from farm, bracing air. All sports. Athletics. For information address HARRY L. HILLMAN, Director.

MAINE, Long Lake, and Foot of Mt. Washington, N. H.
Kineo Boys form choicest small group of happy campers in Maine Woods. All sports, trips, freedom boys love. Every safeguard, good influence parents want. Mature men in charge. Boys come back. Parents delighted. Beautiful Book tells why. IRVING E. MCCOLL, 201 West 87th Street, New York City.

NEW YORK, Catskill, Catskill Mountains.
Kyle Camp Bathing, Swimming, Fishing. Baseball diamonds and lawn tennis courts. Rifle range. Nature studies under specialist. All sleep in bungalows facing a beautiful grove. July and August, \$100. Tutoring if desired.
DR. PAUL KYLE,
Kyle Institute, Box 595, Flushing, Long Island.

VERMONT, Lake Morey, and NEW HAMPSHIRE, Lake Katherine.
Aloha Camps For Girls. Eighth season. Healthful location. Pure water. Safe sanitation. Water sports. Tennis, golf and handicrafts. Nature study, horseback riding, mountaineering. Substantial house. Board floor tents. Experienced counselors. Girls' welfare our first care. Booklet.
MR. AND MRS. E. L. GULICK, Lyme Road, Hanover, N. H.

VERMONT, St. Albans. On Lake Champlain.
Kamp Kill Kare Summer Camp for Boys on Lake Champlain. Senior and Junior Camps. Location healthful and sanitary. Excellent cuisine. All land and water sports. Resident physician. Supervisors are college graduates. Tutoring optional. Sixth season. Booklet on request.
RALPH F. PERRY, Box 4, Pennington, N. J.

SARGENT SCHOOL CAMP FOR GIRLS

On Our Own Lake Hancock, New Hampshire

Surrounded by 250 acres of spruce and pine, 1100 feet above the sea. 25-acre athletic field, equipped for golf, tennis, playground baseball, soccer football, basketball, crossball, hockey, archery, field and track events. Motor boats. Water sports. Horseback riding, motoring and hiking trips. New bungalow with outdoor fireplace, recreation hall, dining hall and stage. Board-floor tents. Sanitary plumbing. Arts and crafts. Nature study. Music. Dancing. Tutoring. Spring water. Food from farm. Camp mother. Resident physician. Mature counsellors and expert instructors under the supervision of The Sargent School for Physical Education, Cambridge, Mass. Address Sargent School, 31 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.

New Jersey



New Fireproof
Dormitory

Peddie Institute

are among the recognized leaders in college and in business. We lay special emphasis on personal work and character-building with our boys. We have complete equipment: commodious, modern buildings, sixty-acre campus, gymnasium, athletic field, indoor running track, swimming pool, well-appointed laboratories, library of 9000 volumes, observatory and museum. New fireproof dormitory just ready for occupancy. We prepare carefully selected boys for all colleges and engineering schools. Thorough courses in Business and Music. Located 9 miles from Princeton, in a region noted for healthfulness. 250 enthusiastic, manly students. Substantial endowment. Rates, \$400 to \$500. Lower School for boys, 11 to 14 years. 47th year begins Sept. 18, 1912. Write for catalogue.
R. W. SWETLAND, A. M., Principal, Box 6 H, Hightstown, N. J.

OUR AIM—"The Best Boys' School in America"

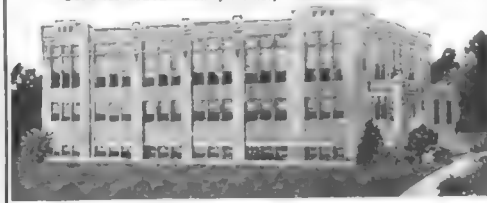
This aim is rapidly becoming a realized fact. Our graduates have unusual qualifications and broad experience. We lay special emphasis on personal work and character-building with our boys. We have complete equipment: commodious, modern buildings, sixty-acre campus, gymnasium, athletic field, indoor running track, swimming pool, well-appointed laboratories, library of 9000 volumes, observatory and museum. New fireproof dormitory just ready for occupancy. We prepare carefully selected boys for all colleges and engineering schools. Thorough courses in Business and Music. Located 9 miles from Princeton, in a region noted for healthfulness. 250 enthusiastic, manly students. Substantial endowment. Rates, \$400 to \$500. Lower School for boys, 11 to 14 years. 47th year begins Sept. 18, 1912. Write for catalogue.



Pennington School

For Boys Pennington, N. J.

75th year begins Sept. 18. Most accessible location of suburban schools—midway between New York and Philadelphia. Six miles from Princeton among the high hills. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. 20 experienced masters. Modern gymnasium just finished; 60 ft. swimming pool, corks running track. No fire danger. Several athletic fields. All sports. Elocution, Music, Pipe Organ. Manual Training Course. Opening Day Speaker, President Hibben of Princeton University. Early application guarantees choice rooms. Separate Junior Department for boys under 14. Rates \$400 to \$500. Hon. John Franklin Fort, ex-Governor of New Jersey, chairman of Executive Committee. For Year Book address **FRANK MacDANIEL, A. M., Headmaster, Box 1.**



The New Alumni Gymnasium

Blair Academy

Blairtown, New Jersey

In the beautiful, healthful highlands. Thorough courses preparatory to any college or scientific school. Thoroughly equipped buildings. 100-acre campus. Two gymnasiums, swimming pool, quarter-mile track. Athletic field. Liberally endowed. Tuition, \$350. 80 miles from New York. Opens Sept. 11th. Catalogue on request.

JOHN C. SHARPE, A. M., D. D., Principal, P. O. Box Q.

New Jersey, Morristown.

Morristown School

College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. Small classes. Individual attention. Partial self government. Large new gymnasium. Outdoor sports. Especially healthful location, 30 miles from New York. Lower School for Boys of 10 to 14.

New Jersey, Bridgeton. (Near Philadelphia.)

Ivy Hall

MISS McDONALD AND MISS FINN'S
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College-Preparatory and Finishing courses. Certificate admits to leading colleges. Exceptional advantages in music. Boating, basketball, tennis.

New Jersey, New Brunswick, 8 College Ave.

Rutgers Preparatory School 146th year, prepares selected boys and superior teachers, one a physical director, foster a fine school spirit toward study and sport. Separate school for younger boys. Summer camp. Send for catalogue. Tuition \$500.
WILLIAM F. KELLY, A. M., Headmaster.

Centenary Collegiate Institute

For Girls

Christian Character
Our Goal

Non-Sectarian. For girls of high character and purpose. Possesses every advantage offered by any similar school, regardless of cost. Remarkable health record. Superior equipment. 167 acres. Pure water. Faculty of 18. Trained nurse. Athletics. Property value, \$350,000. Pipe organ, 25 pianos. Special course for high school graduates. 175 students. Entrance any time. Catalogue on request.
Jonathan M. Meeker, Ph. D., D. D., Prin., Hackettstown, N. J.



BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE.

Our purpose is the individual development of the boy's scholarship and character for the work of the world, either in college or business. A large, sympathetic, efficient faculty, carefully selected pupils of high character, adequate equipment, carefully supervised athletics, military discipline, healthful location. For catalogue, address

Rev. T. H. LONDON, A. M., D. D., Prin.,
Lieut.-Col. T. D. LONDON, Commandant.

BORDENTOWN-ON-THE-DELAWARE, N. J.

New Jersey, Montclair, 50 Walden Place.

Montclair Academy

Has a distinct personality and method. Fine equipment. College or business preparation. Write for booklet "Your Boy and Our School," with direct message to all boys' parents.

Address **JOHN G. MACVICAR, A. M.**

New Jersey, Newark.

Miss Whitmore's Home School NEWARK SEMINARY. Beautiful location in suburbs of Newark, only 15 minutes from New York. Homelike atmosphere. Individual care. Careful preparation for colleges. Special courses. Certificate admits to leading colleges. Limited number. Terms \$600. **ANNA FRANCES WHITMORE, Principal.**

New Jersey, Englewood.

Dwight School for Girls

College preparatory and special courses. Certificates accepted by leading colleges. Limited number of pupils insures individual attention. Spacious grounds. Suburban to New York. Gymnasium. Tennis, riding. Address **Box 610.**

MISS CREIGHTON and MISS FARRAR, Principals.

New Jersey, Orange.

Miss Beard's School for Girls

A country school, 13 miles from New York City. College preparatory and special courses. Music, Art, and Domestic Science. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Address **MISS LUCIE C. BEARD.**

New Jersey, Essex Fells.

Kingsley School for Boys

In the New Jersey hills, 22 miles from New York. Prepares for all colleges and scientific schools. Individual attention in small classes. Gymnasium and extensive grounds for athletics and sports. For catalogue address

JOHN CAMPBELL, Headmaster, Box 91.

Massachusetts

Buildings Modern
Equipment Complete
Physical Laboratory
Chemical Laboratory
Manual Training Shop

ROCK RIDGE SCHOOL

26 CLIFF ROAD
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

Gymnasium
Bowling Alleys
Athletic Field
Swimming Pool
Tennis Courts

Location high, dry and healthful, in one of New England's most beautiful residential villages. ROCK RIDGE HALL for boys of high school age. Thorough preparation for any college or business. Masters able, experienced, mature. THE HAWTHORNE HOUSE for young boys. Home-like atmosphere. Experienced teachers. Manual training. Constant supervision. Every boy an object of constant thought and care; hence well-regulated daily lives, marked improvement, rapid progress.



Lasell Seminary

For Young Women

Anburbdale, Mass. Ten Miles from Boston

Home making in all its phases is thoroughly taught at Lasell. The principles of hygiene and sanitation, the science of foods, marketing, cooking, the art of entertaining, house furnishing and management, sewing, dress-making and millinery are studied in a practical way under the supervision of competent teachers.

Regular college preparatory and special courses, including art and elocution. Music faculty of ten teachers, organ, piano, violin and voice.

Tennis, boating, swimming, riding and other sports are encouraged. Beautiful suburban location. Address

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph. D., Principal.
114 Woodland Road

MASSACHUSETTS, West Bridgewater.
Howard Seminary FOR GIRLS
AND YOUNG LADIES
Healthful and beautiful location, 25 miles from Boston. Academic, College Preparatory and Special Courses. Two years' course for High School graduates. Domestic Science. Art and Music studios.
MISS SARAH E. LAUGHTON, A. M., Principal.

Mount Ida School

Send for Year Book

FOR GIRLS 6 miles from Boston

Preparatory; finishing school. Advanced Elective Courses for high school graduates. College Certificate Privilege (without examination).

Piano, Voice, Violin, new Pipe Organ, with Noted Men.

Domestic Science, Nurse, New Gymnasium, with Swimming Pool, Director of Athletics.

Exceptional opportunities, with a delightful home life.
81 Summit St.

NEWTON, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS, Norton. (40 minutes from Boston.)

House in the Pines

A school for girls. Intermediate and academic courses. Languages—native teachers. Music. Household Arts. Every attention, not only to habits of study, but to each girl's health and happiness.
MISS CORNISH AND MISS HYDE, Principals.

MASSACHUSETTS, Norton. (30 miles from Boston)

Wheaton College for Young Women

Educates for "The Business of Being a Woman." A. B. degree. 17 buildings. 100 acres. \$1,000,000 endowment. Also Wheaton Seminary courses under supervision of Wheaton College. For catalog and views address REV. SAMUEL V. COLE, A. M., D. D., President.

MASSACHUSETTS, Springfield.

"The Elms" School for Girls

A city school with outdoor sports. Certificate for college. Household arts and domestic science. Music. 46th year. Modern buildings. Address MISS PORTER, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, New Bedford.

New Bedford Textile School Thorough preparation in art of cotton manufacture and allied industries. Two and three year courses. Graduates hold many responsible and lucrative positions in textile and allied industries. Address

WILLIAM E. HATCH, President and Manager.

MASSACHUSETTS, Springfield.

The MacDuffie School for Girls

Four houses in beautiful grounds. New gymnasium. College certificate. General and Post Graduate Courses. Music, Art, Household Arts and Domestic Science. Year book and pictures on request.

SEA PINES

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Distinctly Devoted to Developing Personalities

Genuine happy home life; personal attention and care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of useful womanhood. The Cape climate is exceptionally favorable for an outdoor life, which we make attractive and refining. One hundred acres, pine groves, 1000 feet of seashore, ponies. Hygiene and morals are observed especially for results in health, character and education. Gymnastics, Music, Handwork, Domestic Arts. French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All branches of study under patient and enthusiastic instructors. Address Rev. Thomas Bickford, Miss Faith Bickford, Principals, P. O. Box B, East Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass.

BRADFORD ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG WOMEN
BRADFORD, MASS.

One hundred and ninth year

Thirty miles from Boston, in the beautiful Merrimac Valley. Extensive grounds and modern equipment. Certificate admits to leading colleges. General course of five years and two years' course for High School graduates. Address MISS LAURA A. KNOTT, A. M., Principal.



Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Massachusetts—Continued

MASSACHUSETTS, Andover.

Abbot Academy

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Founded 1828. 23 miles from Boston.

Address THE PRINCIPAL.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, Box K, 4 Arlington Street.

Miss McClintock's School for Girls

General and College Preparatory Courses. Music, art, arts and crafts, domestic science. Resident and day pupils.

MISS MARY LAW MCCLINTOCK, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Monson.

Monson Academy 109th year. Fifteen miles from Springfield. Over 2000 graduates have entered college. Certificate privilege. New brick and stone buildings. Gymnasium, new athletic field. Rate \$250 to \$300. Fund for boys of proven worth.

HENRY FRANKLIN DEWING, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 556 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)

Chauncy Hall School

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.

FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, Roxbury, 51-b St. James Street.

The Weston School for Girls

A city school with country advantages. Fits girls for life as well as for examinations.

MRS. ELISABETH MATHEWS-RICHARDSON, A. B. } Principals.
MISS LUCY JANE DOW, A. B.

Connecticut

CONNECTICUT, New Haven. St. Roman Terrace

The Gateway

A School for Girls of all ages.

MISS ALICE E. REYNOLDS, Principal.

CONNECTICUT, Salisbury.

Salisbury School

A school for 65 boys. In the Berkshire Hills. 180 acres. Modern buildings. New gymnasium. \$850.00. Address

REV. GEO. E. QUAILE, M.A.

CONNECTICUT, Washington.

Wykeham Rise

A Country School for Girls.

MISS DAVIES, Principal.

CONNECTICUT, Bridgeport.

The Fannie A. Smith Froebel Kindergarten and Training School

We have found the demand for our graduates greater than we can supply. One and two year course. For catalogue address

FANNIE A. SMITH, Principal, 866 Lafayette St.

CONNECTICUT, Suffield.

Suffield School For Boys

Near New York City. Modern buildings. New gymnasium. Athletics. A high grade school for high grade boys. RALPH K. BEARCE, A.M., Principal, Box G, Connecticut Literary Institution.



Vermont

VERMONT, Wells River.

Farwell Hall—A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Academic, College Preparatory and Vocational Courses. \$500 a year. Catalogue on request.

Mrs. L. C. ROLLINS, Principal.

VERMONT, Saxton's River.

The Vermont Academy for Boys

An ideal school for wholesome training and thorough education. Special attention to life in the open. Certificate to Colleges. Lower School for younger boys. Terms \$400-\$500.

GEORGE B. LAWSON, A.M., Principal.

New Hampshire

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Plymouth.

Holderness School for Boys

Prepares for Colleges and Technical Schools. Ranks with the highest grade schools of New England, yet by reason of endowment the tuition is moderate. New gymnasium. 33rd year.

REV. LORIN WEBSTER, L. H. D., Rector.

Minnesota

The Northwestern Conservatory

MUSIC—ART
EXPRESSION

The only conservatory in the northwest that offers special courses and courses leading to Artists' Diplomas and Teachers' Certificates.

The twenty-eighth year opens Sept. 3, 1912.

Voice, Piano, Organ, Violin, Orchestral Instruments.

SCHOOL OF OPERA. SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART.

NORMAL COURSES for Teachers and Supervisors of Public

School Music, Art and Piano. Special Summer Courses for

teachers. OLIVE A. EVERS, President.

2157 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

STANLEY HALL

For Girls

Minneapolis, Minn.

23d year. Regular and special Academic and College Preparatory Courses. 27 Specialists. Diplomas and Certificates conferred in all departments. Certificate admits, without examination, to all Colleges and Universities. Strong Home Economics Department. Affiliation with North eastern Conservatory. 40 instructors. Offers advantages in Music, Art and Expression unequalled by any other college preparatory school in America. \$500 and up.

OLIVE A. EVERS, Principal, 2157 Pleasant Avenue

MINNESOTA, Faribault.

Shattuck School

46th year opens Sept. 17, 1912.

Distinguished for manliness of graduates; careful selection of boys. personal training; separate family school for little boys; judicious military physical training. Investigation invited. Address for catalog,

REV. JAMES DOBBIN, D. D.

Europe

EUROPE

Europe for Girls

THE THOMSON-BALDASSERONI SCHOOL, 12th year. Foreign residence, three periods of travel through eight countries, usual courses of study. Piano and Singing, all is included. American home comforts. October sailing.

MRS. HELEN SCOTT, Sec'y, Dover, N. H.



The Ely School

For Girls

Greenwich, Conn.

Building new and specially designed for the school. 50 minutes from New York City. College preparatory. General courses, including music, painting and modelling, domestic science and household arts. Athletic fields. Gymnasium.

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

New York

St. Paul's



We Know How to Teach Boys

Location: Beautiful and healthful Garden City, Long Island: 18 miles from New York.

Equipment: Fireproof buildings; gymnasium; swimming pool; 30 acres of athletic fields.

Instruction: Prepares for any college or scientific school. Both class and individual instruction given.

Also a Lower School for Younger Boys

Buildings now open. Catalog on request.

WALTER R. MARSH, Head Master, Box 40, Garden City, L. I.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT
President

For Catalogue and Information, apply to
THE SECRETARY, ROOM 151, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

1836

1912



RIVERVIEW ACADEMY

"A Good School."—John Burroughs.

¶ A Boys' School designed to promote manliness, self-reliance, love of study, and good scholarship.

¶ Seventy-six years of consecutive management give to it a character second to none in the development of boys. Modern equipment, thorough instruction.

¶ For catalogue address

JOSEPH B. BISBEE, A. M., Box 706, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

Established 1824
Troy, N. Y.

Engineering
and Science

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.) and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses.

Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN E. SARGENT, Registrar

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

NEW Academic Buildings, Barracks, Mess Hall and Gymnasium comprising the most complete **FIREPROOF** Military School plant in the United States. Certificates accepted by all colleges. Practical Commercial Course with large Shops, Laboratories, etc. SUMMER SESSION. Special course and training for West Point Candidates. Regular Army Officer and Military Equipment from War Department. Infantry, Cavalry and Cadet Band. (Special rates to good musicians.) BARD HALL, Special Department for boys under 14. For catalogue address, THE PRINCIPAL.

Emma Willard School

90th
Year

for
Girls



On the hills 400 feet above the city of Troy. Four beautiful, new fire-proof buildings, the gift of Mrs. Russell Sage. Campus 30 acres. Tennis courts, hockey, basket ball. Gymnasium, with swimming pool, bowling alleys. Resident nurse. A broad variety of work, including college preparation and courses for girls not going to college. Special advantages in Music and Art. Practical courses in Domestic Science. Certificate admits to Wellesley, Smith, Vassar and Mt. Holyoke Colleges. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Miss Ellen Kellas, Ph.B., Principal, Troy, N. Y.

Verbeck Hall Saint John's School
Saint John's Summer Cavalry School

Manlius Schools

MANLIUS, N. Y.

DESIGNATED by the War Department as "Distinguished Institution, 1904-'05-'06-'07-'08-'09-'10-'11," this being the highest honor paid by U. S. Government. Most successful application of military principle to preparation for college or business, because this high grade of military work is attractive and thoroughly stimulates and produces results in honor system, building of character and habits of study not attained in such degree by most military or civilian schools.

WM. VERBECK, President.



Glen Eden

On the Hudson

The School Beautiful for Girls
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

IN THE HIGHLANDS

College Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Outdoor life a specialty. Cross-country tramp. Sight-seeing in New York City. No examinations. Ideal climate. New buildings; twelve acres. Select, limited membership. Unusual advantages fully detailed in illustrated booklets. Address the Director.

DR. FRDERIC MARTIN TOWNSEND

TERMS: \$500—\$600 a year

New York—Continued

A Superior School for Girls

This school will commend itself to parents wishing to give their daughters a broad, liberal education. It is our aim to develop each girl, not only mentally and morally, but physically also. The influence of an attractive Christian home surrounds the pupils.

The Ossining**School for Girls [Suburban to New York City]**

Academic, Music, Art and College Preparatory Courses, Post Graduate and special work. Certificate privileges. Gymnasium. 40th year. **Naramore Hall**, a separate house for Younger Girls. Year book with views of the school on request. Principal, **CLARA C. FULLER**. Associate Principal, **MARTHA J. NARAMORE**.

Peekskill Academy

Founded 1833.

Peekskill, N. Y.



In the last 7 years: Enrollment increased 100 per cent; New Buildings (\$125,000) erected; separate Junior School for young boys (10-13) established; and not a single failure in college.

Address **J. C. BUCHER, A. M.**, or **C. A. ROBINSON, Ph. D.**, Principals.

**QUICK, THOROUGH ELECTRICAL INSTRUCTION**

A complete college course in two years. Time and money saved. Taught by graduate engineers. Practice on apparatus and machines—construction, operation and repair. Every branch of generation, transmission and application. Graduates in leading electric companies. New classes July and September. Write for details.

BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE
No. 103, College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW YORK, Carmel.

Drew Seminary for Young Women General and Preparatory Courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Courses for High School Graduates. Students of all ages received. Rates moderate. Address Box 109. **MARTHA L. HANABURGH**, President. **JULIA EVANS**, Dean.

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Box C-8.

Repton School

for boys up to 16. A country school in the Westchester hills, 25 miles from New York. Complete modern equipment, including gymnasium and athletic field. Limited number and individual attention. Moderate rates. Illustrated catalogue on request.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

St. John's School For Manly Boys. Special opportunities for quick college preparation. Military drill. Parental discipline. Gymnasium. Swimming pool. Athletic field. Manly sports encouraged. Junior Hall, a separate school for boys under 13. Summer Session. Catalogue.

REV. W. A. RANNEY, A. M., Ph. D., Principal.

NEW YORK, Westchester County, Mohegan Lake, Box 124.

Mohegan Lake School Thorough preparation for College, Technical School or Business. Average number of pupils to a class, eight. Modern buildings. Healthful location on Mohegan Lake. Physical culture and Athletics under competent Director. Booklet.

A. E. LINDER, A. M., CHAS. H. SMITH, A. M., Principals.

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Box 921.

Irrving School for Boys

25 miles from New York, in the beautiful historic "Irving" country. 75th year. 21 years under present Head Master. New site and buildings 1904. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Individual instruction. Athletic Field. Swimming Pool. New Gymnasium.

J. M. FURMAN, A. M., Head Master.

NEW YORK, Scarsdale, 40 minutes from Grand Central Station.

Heathcote Hall

The Misses Lockwood's Collegiate School for Girls. A country school with all the advantages of the metropolis. Faculty of sixteen instructors. Superior opportunities for Music. Healthful outdoor life.

NEW YORK, Aurora.

Somes School for Young Boys

Thirty boys, eight to fourteen years old. Ideal home; excellent instruction, constant supervision. Sports; gardening; pets. Each boy has a separate room. Endowment permits low rate, \$300 yearly. For catalogue, address **ALBERT SOMES, A. M.**

CASCADILLA

Has prepared over 1000 boys for Cornell University

Upper House and Wait Hall

"One of the best preparatory institutions in the country."
—PRESIDENT SCHURMAN.

National recognition of masterful boy-training—for college and for business. Superb location on Cayuga Lake. Faculty of specialists, small classes, individual tutoring. Certificate privilege. Athletic Field; Recreation Building; Gymnasium; navy outfit of rowing machines, shells, etc.; farm of 150 acres. Registration 1907-12 from 42 States and 10 foreign countries.

Terms \$675 to \$775.
Send for illustrated catalogue.

C. V. PARSELL, A. M., Principal,
ITHACA, N. Y.

NEW YORK, Lake Cayuga, Aurora.

Wallcourt, MISS GOLDSMITH'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS (Formerly The Wells School). Thorough preparation for any college. General academic and special courses. Aesthetic dancing, boating and tennis. Physical culture. Booklet. Address **MISS ANNA R. GOLDSMITH, A. B.**, Prin.

NEW YORK, Binghamton.

The Lady Jane Grey School for Girls

Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and other colleges. General Course, Music, Domestic Science. New gymnasium.

Principals: **THE MISSES HEDRICK**,
ELLA VIRGINIA JONES, A. B.

NEW YORK, Poughkeepsie, Box 908.

Putnam Hall Vassar Preparatory School for girls. Refers to Dr. James M. Taylor, Pres. Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Dr. Wm. Arnold Shanklin, Pres. Wesleyan University; Dr. Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia Press. Certificate admits to Vassar and other leading colleges.

Address **ELLEN CLIZBE BARTLETT, A. B.**, Principal.

NEW YORK, New York City, 2042 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Helen M. Scoville's Home and Day School for Girls Advantages of city. Physical Culture, Riding, Swimming, Dancing, Regular Courses. Special opportunities for post-graduates. Music, Art, Home Economics. Individual care, social privileges. European travel classes.

NEW YORK, New York City, 607 Fifth Avenue.

The Gardner School for Girls

Resident and Day Pupils. (57th year.) Exclusive location. Regular and Special Courses. Music, Art, Elocution. Physical culture. Aesthetic dancing. Outdoor life. City advantages with delightful home life.

NEW YORK, New York City, 1000 Madison Avenue.

Elinor Comstock Music School A residential and day school. Leschetizky method. Piano teachers all Leschetizky pupils. Vocal, Violin, Harmony, Ensemble playing, Sight reading, Lectures on current operas and concerts. Classes in French, Classic Dancing, Literature and History of Art. Catalogues. Miss Elinor Comstock.

NEW YORK, New York City.

Have You Chosen a Profession?

There are opportunities in Medicine, especially Homeopathic Medicine. Send for Catalogue E. NEW YORK HOMEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE AND FLOWER HOSPITAL, ROYAL S. COPELAND, A. M., M. D., Dean, Avenue A, 63d and 64th Sts.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson, Box 511.

Mount Pleasant Academy Founded in 1814. Prepares for college, scientific school or business. Rationalized military system. Manual training. Mount Pleasant Hall is for boys under 13. Summer Camp in the Berkshires, under Mr. Brusie's personal charge, is for boys under 15. Send for catalogue. **CHARLES FREDERICK BRUSIE**.

NEW YORK, Potsdam.

Crane Normal Institute of Music

Training school for Supervisors of Music in public schools. Both sexes. Graduates rank, upon graduation, as teachers of experience, taking positions in colleges, normal and city schools. Voice, Harmony, Form, Ear Training, Sight Singing, etc. Catalogue.

NEW YORK, Yates Co., Lakemont, Box 403.

Starkey Seminary Beautiful site on Seneca Lake. Boarding school for both sexes of 14 years and upward. Splendid training for best colleges and business. Advanced courses for young women in Art and Music. N. Y. State Regents Standards. Send for catalogue for Fall entrance. Rates, \$250 to \$275. **MARTYN SUMMERBELL, LL. D.**, President.

New York—Continued

Miss C. E. Mason's Suburban School

For Girls and Young Women

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Upper School for girls 13 to 25; Lower School, 8 to 13. Certificate admits to leading colleges. College Preparatory, Graduating and Special Courses in Art, Music, Elocution, Languages, Literature, Science, Nature Study, Handicrafts and Domestic Science. New York City Annex. European class for travel and study.

A thoroughly modern school with one teacher to three scholars, and offering courses almost as varied and broad as many of the best colleges. The buildings, five in number, are large and modern. Located in the midst of a beautiful tract of fourteen acres of grove and lawn, on one of the most magnificent heights along the Hudson, with a 30 mile view of the river. While practically a country school, the location, only 40 minutes from New York, gives every city advantage. For catalogue address

Miss C. E. MASON, LL. M., Lock Box 725

"The Castle"

NEW YORK, Bronxville. (In beautiful Lawrence Park)

Brantwood Hall

School for Girls. Kindergarten to college. Three buildings—Residence, Recitation Hall, Gymnasium. Extensive grounds. Swimming Pool. For catalogue address

MISS MARY T. MAINE, Principal.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

The Holbrook School Situated on Briar Cliff, overlooking forty miles of the Hudson. 47th year. Fits boys for College. Ample equipment and grounds. Individual care. Satisfactory references as to character necessary. For catalogue address

THE HOLBROOK SCHOOL, Ossining, N. Y.

Washington, D. C.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 3100 R Street, N. W.

Madison Hall

School for Girls and Young Ladies. College and Elective Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Modern Languages. Social and educational advantages of Washington. For illustrated year-book address.

PROF. and MRS. GRO. F. WINSTON, Principals.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, Drawer 841.

Chevy Chase College and Seminary A Home School for Young Ladies. Special advantages in Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Campus of eleven acres. Golf and other outdoor sports. Healthful location at Chevy Chase, "Suburb Beautiful." Artesian water. Address MR. and MRS. S. N. BARKER, Prins.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, Conn. Ave. and M St., N. W.

National School Domestic Arts and Sciences

Substantially the leading school of high rank, exclusively devoted to Domestic Science, Art, Home Economics. Completely equipped school buildings and dormitories. Early registration advisable owing to constant demand for rooms. Illustrated catalogue G.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, Mintwood Pl. and 19th St.

Bristol School For Girls. French Residence. Elective Preparatory, Academic and two years' College Courses. New \$50,000 fireproof building, connecting French and English houses. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Basketball, tennis. Capital advantages. Location high and healthful—park of five acres.

MISS ALICE A. BRISTOL, Principal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 2103-09 S Street, N. W.

Washington Seminary The Smallwood-Wilbur School for Girls. A beautiful home, refined associates. Academic, College Preparatory and Special Courses. Post-Graduate Courses offering advanced English, Civics, Ethics, Music, Art, Languages. Travel Class. Gymnasium. Tennis.

MRS. G. T. SMALLWOOD, MRS. W. A. WILBUR, Principals

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Washington College FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN. Located within National Capital; park of 10 acres; choicest educational and social advantages; refined associations, most beautiful home life. Preparatory, Certificate and College Courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Literature on request.

Address F. MENEFEE, President.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Belcourt Seminary Home and day school for girls. Unexcelled location. Course leading to diploma, college preparatory, and special courses. Certificate admits to college. Exceptional opportunities in Music, Art, Expression and Languages. Social and educational advantages of the Capital. Outdoor sports. Address MRS. M. B. SOMERVILLE, Prin.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, Mount St. Alban.

National Cathedral School for Girls Fireproof building, enlarged on account of increased pupilage from 80 to 100 boarding pupils. In Cathedral Close of 40 acres. Unrivalled music, art and special courses. Certificates to college. THE BISHOP OF WASHINGTON, Pres. Board of Trustees; MRS. BARBOUR WALKER, M. A., Prin.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1806 Florida Ave.

Gunston Hall A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Established 1892. Preparatory and Elective courses. Certificate privilege. Music, Art, Expression. New buildings, specially planned for the school. Athletics.

MRS. BEVERLEY R. MASON, Principal.

MISS E. M. CLARK, LL. A., Associate.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1332 10th St.

Miss Madeira's School for Girls College preparatory with certificate privilege to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley. Complete academic course for pupils not going to college. Two years' advanced course for High School graduates. Music and art. Gymnasium and athletics.

MISS LUCY MADEIRA.

National Cathedral School

FOR BOYS (EPISCOPAL)

A country school occupying its beautiful new home on Mount St. Alban. Offers exceptional advantages in preparing boys for colleges and universities. All the attractions of the Capital. Opportunity is given to hear and know men prominent in public life. Delightful location within the Cathedral Close of 45 acres; large gymnasium; new athletic field.

The Bishop of Washington President Board of Trustees
For catalogue address E. L. Gregg, Headmaster, Box Q.
Mount St. Alban, Washington, D. C.

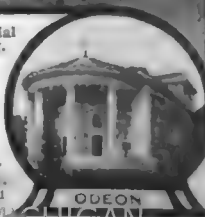
National Park Seminary

FOR GIRLS, WASHINGTON, D. C. (SUBURBS)

A real school for real girls, taking account of their general education, growth of special talents, the care of home and health, the desire and need for social life and training. Location on high ground in large private park. Generous equipment of twenty buildings—twelve for school use and eight Club houses—adapted for residence, classes and recreation.

Unique features to insure the advantages of both the large and the small school; the life and the democracy of the one modified by the congenial groups and small classes of the other. All features that would appeal to thoughtful parents. Academic and collegiate studies—with special departments of Art, Music, Domestic Science, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial Work, Library Economy and Business Law.

Athletics and outdoor life to promote good health and spirits. Pure air, pure water and perfect sanitation. Electric car service to all parts of the City of Washington. Parent interview (with catalogue) for their daughters should send for illustrated bound program in which will state full details. Address Box 15, National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C.



Washington, D. C.—Cont.

Prepares for Any College

Thorough preparatory courses for boys and young men to any college, scientific school or U. S. Military and Naval Academies. First-class faculty. Limited number of students. Individual instruction. Beautifully located in the suburbs.

THE ARMY AND NAVY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

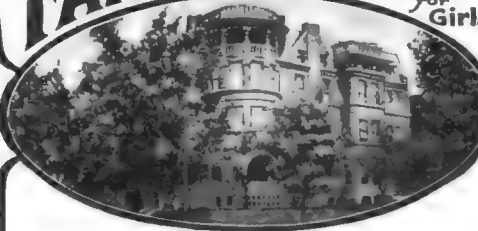
4105 CONNECTICUT AVENUE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

High ground, quick transportation. Unusual facilities and equipment. Six modern buildings. Athletics in all branches. Large gymnasium. Splendid athletic field. Baseball, football, basketball and track teams. Certificates accepted at all colleges and universities. Illustrated catalogue with complete description on request.

FAIRMONT

A Home School for Girls



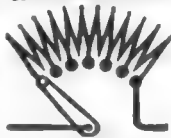
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Regular and Special Courses. Music, Art, Expression. Travel Class. Outdoor Sports. Playground adjoining. Catalogue on request.

ELECTRICITY

Not a short cut—not a smattering. Thorough, scientific, concentrated. For practical men with limited time. Every detail of theoretical and applied electricity. 20 years of proven ability.

in One Year



Bliss Electrical School

Actual construction, installation and testing. Its graduates get and hold first-class positions. If you are a man of character and energy, write for catalog. **Opens Sept. 25.**

30 TAKOMA AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1601 Connecticut Ave.

Martha Washington Seminary for Young Women.

In finest residential section of National Capital. Two years' course for High School graduates; general and special courses. Domestic Science. Outdoor sports. \$575-\$650. EDWARD W. THOMPSON, Principal.

New York—Continued

The Knox School for Girls

Formerly at Briarcliff Manor

A country school for the training of gentlewomen. Thorough cultural and academic courses, also college preparatory. Splendid Fine Arts department, music (vocal and instrumental), painting and drawing under experienced artist teachers.

Special courses:—Elementary Law, Domestic Science, Aesthetic and folk dancing.

All out-of-door sports and gymnastics under trained director.

The distinctive aim of the Knox School is to cultivate individual expression of the pupils.

Beautiful location on the Hudson. Accessibility to New York City—60 minutes.

For full particulars address:

MRS. E. RUSSELL HOUGHTON, Principal.
Ossining-on-Hudson, New York.

Maryland



The Tome School for Boys

An Endowed Preparatory School

¶ Its unusual results are due to the best faculty which can be secured;

To the careful supervision of the lives of the students;

To the most generous provision for their health and comfort.

¶ It is known as the most heavily endowed school in America. It claims recognition as a school where the highest standards of scholarship and character are maintained.

¶ It insists upon thorough and efficient teaching and offers an unusually extensive curriculum.

A completely equipped Lower School for Little Boys.

Illustrated Prospectus on Request

Thomas Stockham Baker, Ph. D., Port Deposit, Md.

MARYLAND, Frederick.

The Woman's College

Offers a practical, well-balanced course, including electives, leading to B. A. degree. Preparatory Department. Diplomas granted in Music, Art and Eloquence. Practical and Normal courses in Domestic Science. Terms \$300. JOSEPH H. APPLE, Ed. D., President.

MARYLAND, Baltimore.

The Girls' Latin School

A non-sectarian Christian school. College certificate admits to Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Goucher and Mt. Holyoke. Strong cultural course, leading to diploma, for girls not going to college. Attractive home life. Swedish gymnastics. Athletic games. For catalogue address MISS WILMOT, Headmistress.

Maryland College

1853

FOR WOMEN

1912



Suburbs of Baltimore. Near Washington. Campus, 12 acres, 200 forest trees. Five buildings. Large and elegant new fireproof buildings, some rooms with private baths. New furniture. Every modern convenience. Large faculty. New Pipe Organ. Superior Music Conservatory. Field sports, gymnasium, swimming pool. For High School graduates two and three year courses leading to Lit. B. and A.B. Non-sectarian. Send for catalogue.

Charles Westcott, President, 1116 Bay St., Lutherville, Md.

Pennsylvania



SOUTH WING—MAIN BUILDING

OGONTZ SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES

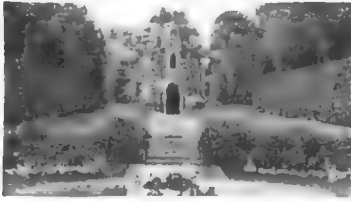
The individual needs of each pupil are fulfilled by well regulated courses in Language, Literature, History, Art, Music, Science, Economics and Domestic Science. Experienced teachers, one to every five girls.

The healthful social and home life and supervised physical exercise are marked features of the school. The modernly equipped buildings are delightfully located in a suburban park of 65 acres of lawns and woodland.

20 minutes to Philadelphia—affording the educational advantages of the city. Catalogue and views.

Miss Sylvia J. Eastman,
Miss Abby A. Sutherland,
Principals
Box 1

Ogontz School P. O., Penna. ENTRANCE TO SWIMMING POOL



Miss Cowles' School

For Girls
(Highland Hall)
Hollidaysburg, Pa.



HIGHLAND HALL

Outdoor athletics in charge of physical specialists in all departments. Catalogue on request.

Miss Emma Milton Cowles, A. B., Head of School.

Preparatory to Bryn Mawr and Radcliffe. Certificate privileges to Wellesley, Smith and Mt. Holyoke. Also strong general course. Healthful location, in heart of Alleghany Mountains. Pure spring water. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Large main building, all modern improvements; private baths. Gymnasium and swimming-pool.

B E E C H W O O D

A Cultural and Practical School
Jenkintown, Pa.

For Young Women

College Preparatory, College Departments, Conservatory of Music, Art, Arts and Crafts, Oratory. Courses in Domestic Arts and Sciences, Secretaryship, Normal Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten, as electives. Free, healthful country life near Philadelphia. Unusual buildings. Rooms with private bath. Moderate terms. Apply for booklets.

M. H. REASER, Ph. D., President
Mrs. THEODORA B. RICHARDS, Associate

WYOMING SEMINARY

Kingston, Pa.

Located in the famous Wyoming Valley, among spurs of the Blue Mountains. Special attention given to providing the ablest teachers. College preparation, business, music, art, oratory, domestic science. Certificate accepted by colleges. Classes average from 10 to 15 pupils. Full provision for athletics. Modern buildings with every convenience. A high-grade co-educational preparatory school. Yearly rates \$400. Sixty-ninth year opens September 18th. For catalogue address

L. L. SPRAGUE, D. D., President.

Birmingham School For Girls

(Inc.)
Founded
1853

Beautiful mountain situation, noted for its pure, healthy air. Special care given to the development of character and social training. Motto: "Sound Mind in a Sound Body." Modern equipment, 8 home-like buildings, 100 acres of park land. Academic and College Preparatory courses. Music, Domestic Science, Gymnasium. Athletic Field; Physical Director. Main Line P. R. R. Catalogue on request. A. E. GRIBB, Pres., Box L, Birmingham, Pa.



The Baldwin School

FOR GIRLS (Inc.)

BRYN MAWR, PENNA. (20 Minutes from Philadelphia) Preparatory to Bryn Mawr, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley Colleges. Also strong general course, with diploma for girls not going to college. Within 21 years 247 students from this school have passed the entrance examinations for Bryn Mawr College. Certificate privileges. Resident native French and German teachers. Fireproof stone building. Extensive grounds. Athletics.

June L. Brownell, A. M., Head of the School
Elizabeth Forrest Johnson, A. B., Associate Head of the School
For circulars address

The Baldwin School, P. O. Box R, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

SWARTHMORE

Preparatory School

A high-grade boarding school, unique in faculty, patronage, equipment, location. Conducted by Friends, on lines which inspire confidence. Co-educational. Separate cottages. Young people and parents looking for a school which develops all-round fitness and high character should send for catalogue. Located in a beautiful Philadelphia. Moderate cost. Address

ARTHUR H. TOMLINSON, Head Master, Swarthmore, Pa.

BISHOPTHORPE MANOR

The Mountain School for Girls
SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

In "America's Switzerland." Bracing air. Near New York and Philadelphia. College Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Special buildings. Outdoor life; superior park. The kind of school girls like. Special advantages in Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, and Physical Culture. Terms: \$200. For booklets address

CLAUDE N. WYANT, Principal, Box 234.

Pennsylvania—Continued



Mercersburg Academy

Mercersburg, Pa.

Aim of the School—A thorough physical, mental and moral training for college or business.

Spirit of School—A manly tone of self-reliance, under Christian masters from the great universities. Personal attention given to each boy.

Location—In the country, on the western slope of the famous Cumberland Valley, one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of America.

Equipment—Modern and complete. Magnificent new Gymnasium. "The Spirit of Mercersburg."

Entrance to Main Hall

stium. Write for catalogue and

WILLIAM MANN IRVINE, LL. D., Headmaster

PENNSYLVANIA, Saltsburg, Dept. 19.

Kiskiminetas Springs School for Boys

Each boy studied and his work adapted to his needs. Character developed along positive lines. Known and indorsed by every American University. Broad business courses for boys not going to college. Write for catalog.

PENNSYLVANIA, Lancaster.

Franklin and Marshall Academy Founded 1787.

Enters about 40 boys to colleges each year. Modern dormitories. Laboratories, gymnasium, athletic field. \$125.00 in recent improvements. Good health record. Terms moderate. Catalog.

T. G. HELM, A. M., E. M. HARTMAN, A. M., Principals.

PENNSYLVANIA, Jenkintown.

Abington Friends' School.

10 miles from Philadelphia. Co-educational. Prepares for leading colleges. Art and Music. Athletic Field. Rate \$300. Endowed. Homelike surroundings. Careful moral training. Opens Sept. 24th. Address LOUIS B. AMBLER, A. M., Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bethlehem.

Bethlehem Preparatory School

Beautiful country. Large grounds. New buildings, Gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic fields. 1400 boys prepared for college in 34 years. Individual attention and Christian training. Catalogue. H. E. FOERING.

PENNSYLVANIA, Williamsport.

Williamsport Dickinson Seminary

Co-educational. College Preparatory, Commercial, Scientific, Classical courses. Music, Art. \$310 per year. No extras. Two Gymnasiums. Term opens September 10th.

WM. PERRY EVELAND, Ph. D., Box 910.

PENNSYLVANIA, Kennett Square, Box 700.

Cedarcroft School for Boys. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Manual training. One teacher to six boys. Estate of Bayard Taylor. New Gymnasium. Swimming pool. Expert athletic supervision. Electric light, steam heat, spring water. Illustrated catalogue.

JESSE EVANS PHILLIPS, A. M., Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA, Chambersburg, Box C.

Penn Hall School for Girls

College preparatory, modern language and special courses. Certificate admits to leading colleges. Music, Art, Domestic Sciences. Tennis, basketball, hockey, boating. Rooms with private bath. Rates, \$425; no extras. FRANK S. MAGILL, A. M., Prin.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

Founded 1805. School of Painting, Sculpture and Illustration. Twenty-one students awarded \$500.00 each last year for foreign travel as prizes. Instructors: Thomas P. Anshutz, George McClellan, M. D., Charles Grafty, Hugh H. Breckenridge, Cecilia Beaux, Frank Miles Day, Henry McCarter, Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., Daniel Garber, and Robert W. Vonnob. Write for circular.

Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bucks County, Doylestown.

Oakland School For Girls

Academic and college preparatory courses. Music, physical culture. Small classes. Younger pupils special attention. Eleven acres of lawn and grove in charming, healthful location. Catalogue.

MISS JULIA V. ATKINSON, Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA, Pennsburg, Box 111.

Perkiomen Seminary High-Grade Academy.

Co-educational. Small classes. Honor Men in leading colleges. Music. Elocution. Domestic Science. Agriculture. Standing moral. No profanity, liquor, tobacco, or gaming. \$300.00 to \$400.00. Catalogue free. Rev. O. S. KRIEDEL, I. D. Prin.

PENNSYLVANIA Military College

Chester, Pa.

We train from the ground up, endeavoring to secure the highest order of efficiency, physical, mental, moral. Habits of order and obedience are formed. Alertness and power of control are developed, resulting in sturdy, watchful, well-equipped manhood.

Courses leading to degrees in

CIVIL ENGINEERING, CHEMISTRY AND ARTS

Also Preparatory Courses of Study

Catalogue can be secured of

COL. CHARLES E. HYATT, President

St. Luke's School for BOYS

is "a thorough and honest school, the kind of school to which sensible parents desire to send their sons."—Bishop Whittaker.

THE uniform success of our graduates in life, both at college and in business, is proof of our sound methods in training boys from 10 to 18 years of age.

The refinement of our home-life and the careful individual instruction by experienced teachers produce in our students contentment, culture and scholarship.

Our situation is healthful, naturally beautiful, and free from undesirable influences. Our grounds are large, 30 acres in all. Our buildings are new.

Athletics are encouraged both on the large athletic field and in the gymnasium, but are closely supervised as an essential part of a boy's education.

Our limited number of students permits special attention to each boy's health, morals, scholarship, and comfort.

You can wisely trust your boy to our care. For illustrated catalogue, with further details, address

Charles Henry Strout, A. M., Headmaster
Wayne, Pa. (14 miles from Philadelphia)

Miss Marshall's School Girls



OAK LANE, PHILADELPHIA

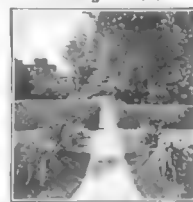
A school of many advantages. Situated in Philadelphia's most beautiful and healthful suburb. Charming grounds. Academic and Music Departments. College Preparatory and Special Courses. New school buildings, modernly equipped. Tennis, basketball and other athletics. Illustrated catalogue.

MISS E. S. MARSHALL, Principal

Walnut Lane School

For Young Ladies

Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.



Established 1857. Location combines advantages of both city and country. Academic, high school graduate, college preparatory and special courses. Students admitted without entrance examinations to Wellesley, Vassar, Smith and Mt. Holyoke. Music, domestic science and sewing. Tennis, basketball and horseback riding. Attractive home and social life.

Miss S. Edna Johnston, A. B., Principal.
Miss Edith Holmes Gregory, A. B., Head Teacher.

PENNSYLVANIA, George School P. O., Bucks Co.

George School Original from

Under management of Scotch-Irish friends. Thorough college preparation. Beautiful grounds, 27 acres. New Gymnasium and Laboratories. Large athletic field. Healthful location, 24 miles north of Philadelphia. For catalogue address GEORGE A. WALTON, A. M., Prin.

Virginia

Staunton Military Academy

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

355 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Standards and traditions high. **Academy fifty-two years old.** New \$125,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fire-proof. Charges \$360. Handsome catalogue free. Address

CAPTAIN WM. H. KABLE, A. M., Principal, Staunton, Va.



Sweet Briar College

A College for Women, of the grade of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and Bryn Mawr. Four years of collegiate and two years of preparatory work are given. Located in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains on an estate of 3000 acres. The buildings are modern, and the conditions for health are unsurpassed. On Southern Railroad, south of Washington. Seventh year opens Sept. 24th, 1912. Catalog and views sent upon application.

DR. MARY E. BENEDICT, President, Box 112

SWEET BRIAR, VA.

ADMINISTRATION
BUILDING



Hollins College

For Young Women

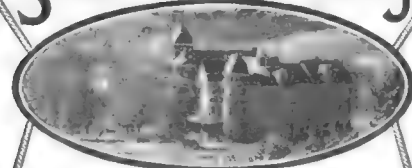
Founded 1842. College course (4 years), College Preparatory (2 years). Music, Art, etc. Located in the Valley of Virginia, seven miles north of Roanoke. Seven hundred acres in grounds and farm. Buildings equipped for 250 students and 35 officers and teachers. For catalogue and views address

**Miss Matty L. Cocke, President,
Box 312, Hollins, Va.**

WEST BUILDING
—One of
Eight
Buildings



Southern Seminary



**For
Girls
and
Young
Ladies**

46th YEAR. Location: In Blue Ridge Mountains, famous Valley of Virginia, near Natural Bridge. Wonderful health record. Courses: College Preparatory, Finishing, Music, including Pipe Organ, etc. Home Life: Personal attention to the whole life, manners, character, etc. **Outdoor Sports:** Large grounds. **Building:** Beautiful and commodious. Students from every section of the United States. Rate \$260. Catalog. Address

SOUTHERN SEMINARY, Box 831, Buena Vista, Va.

VIRGINIA, Danville.

The Danville School For Boys, Danville, Va. In the Virginia hill country. Accredited by leading Universities. Next session begins September 19, 1912. \$300 covers charge for board, room-rent, fuel, lights, tuition, library and laboratory and gymnasium fees, and unstarched laundry. Catalog on request. **WM. HOLMES DAVIS, Headmaster, Box 102.**

VIRGINIA, Winchester.

Fort Loudoun Seminary For higher culture of young women. Delightful location in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Literary and Business Courses. Special advantages in Music, Art, Languages. Gymnasium and all outdoor exercises. Terms \$300. Opens Sept. 12th. For catalogue, address **MISS KATHERINE R. GLASS, President.**

VIRGINIA, Hampton.

Hampton College Preparatory school for girls, admitting by certificate to best colleges. Special courses in Music and Art. Mild and healthful climate, historic and beautiful surroundings. Ten minutes' ride from Old Point Comfort. For catalogue and further particulars address **MISS FITCHETT.**

Virginia College

For Young Ladies.

ROANOKE, VA.

One of the leading Schools in the South. Modern buildings. Extensive campus. Located in the Valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty of scenery. Elective, Preparatory and College Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. Supervised athletics. Students from 32 States. For catalogue address



**MATTIE P. HARRIS, President, Roanoke, Va.
Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-Pres.**

VIRGINIA, Fort Defiance.

Augusta Military Academy (ROLLER'S SCHOOL.) In the famous Shenandoah Valley. A school with country location and modern equipment. Electric lights. Steam heat. Gymnasium containing bowling alley, swimming pool, etc. Experienced instructors. 38 years of successful work. For catalog, address Fort Defiance, Virginia.

VIRGINIA, Staunton.

Mary Baldwin Seminary Term begins Sept. 12th, 1912. Located in Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate, beautiful grounds and modern appointments. Students from 11 States. Terms Moderate. Pupils enter any time. Send for catalogue. **MISS E. C. WEIMAR, Principal.**

VIRGINIA, Danville, Box E.

Roanoke Institute For young women. Magnificent new building. Capacity for 100 boarding students. Preparatory and Collegiate courses in Languages, Mathematics, Science, Music, Art and Eloquence. Christian influences. Carefully chosen faculty. Ideal climate. Tuition and board \$200. Catalogue. JNO. O'BRYEN, President.

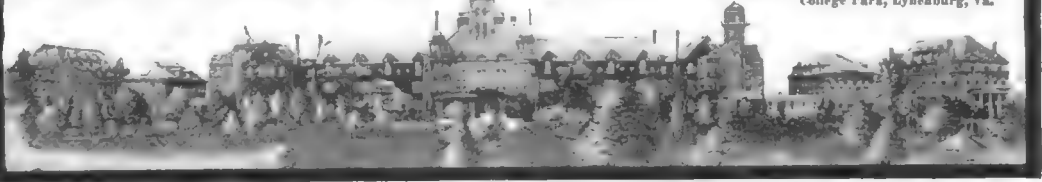
Virginia—Continued

Randolph-Macon Woman's College

Lynchburg, Va. One of the 16 Class "A" Woman's Colleges in the United States

¶ The College is endowed and well equipped for college work. Campus of 60 acres environed by beautiful mountains. Four separate laboratories; library; astronomical observatory; sky-lit art studio; music rooms, etc. Full courses in music and art. Full scientific course in physical development, with new gymnasium, swimming pool, large athletic grounds, and two miles of prepared walks.

¶ Enrollment for 1911-1912: Officers and instructors, 58; students, 575. Endowment just increased by \$250,000 reduces cost to students to \$300, including full literary course. Address for catalogue WM. W. SMITH, A. M., LL. D., President, College Park, Lynchburg, Va.



A homelike school, with able instructors and high standard of scholarship and morality. Personal attention, one teacher to every 14 pupils. Diploma admits to universities. Resultful military training. 33 successful years.

Fishburne Military School

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

Beautiful and healthful location near the Blue Ridge Mountains; altitude 1300 feet. Splendid campus; modern equipment. Rates moderate. Send for catalogue. Address JAS. A. FISHBURNE, A. B., Principal, Box 264



VIRGINIA, Danville.

Randolph-Macon Institute FOR GIRLS. Limited to 100. College preparatory and special courses for those not wishing to go to college. Vocal and Instrumental Music, Art, and Elocution. Attractive home life. Gymnasium. Branch of the Randolph-Macon System. Catalogue on request. Address CHAS. G. EVANS, A. M., Principal.

VIRGINIA, Dayton. (Shenandoah Valley.)

Shenandoah Collegiate Institute AND SCHOOL OF MUSIC. Co-educational. College preparatory. Certificate admits to University of Virginia and other colleges. Broad variety of musical courses, including pipe organ and orchestra. Piano tuning. Terms: \$200 to \$275 per year. No extras. Address S. C. I., Box 102.

VIRGINIA, Staunton.

Stuart Hall (FORMERLY THE VIRGINIA FEMALE INSTITUTE). A Church School for Girls in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Diploma for general and music courses. College preparation. Founded 1843.

MARIA PENDLETON DUVAL, Principal.

VIRGINIA, Bluemont, Box 500.

The Loudoun (SELECT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES) Electrics to Washington, D. C., every two hours. Rare combination of advantages of national capital with those of mountains of Virginia. Health unsurpassed. Personal attention to pupils marked feature. Catalogue. Rate \$235. Address THE LOUDOUN.

VIRGINIA, Warrenton, Box 9.

Fauquier Institute for Young Ladies The 53rd session begins Sept. 26th, 1912. Situated in Piedmont region of Virginia, 55 miles from Washington. A limited and thorough home school. Rates, \$225 upwards. Catalogue on request. MISS NELLIE V. BETTER, Principal.

VIRGINIA, Petersburg, Box 209.

Southern Female College 50th year. An ideal College Home, after highest Virginia standards. Social training. Five buildings with gymnasium. Regular and special courses, Music, Art, Elocution. Domestic science. New Pianos, Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Outdoor Athletics. \$250 to \$350. Catalogue. ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, A. M.

VIRGINIA, Charlottesville.

St. Anne's School for Girls (Episcopal) Three hours south of Washington. Thorough college preparation and special courses. Excellent Music, Art and Modern Language departments. Large campus, modern buildings. Terms \$300. Illustrated catalogue. MISS MARY HYDE DUVAL, Principal.

VIRGINIA, Abingdon, Box 228.

Martha Washington College Founded 1853. A school for girls, in mountains of Southwestern Virginia, 2200 feet altitude. Four years' college work, also special courses, Music, Art, Expression. Modern buildings, large campus. Terms, \$250 to \$300. Catalogue on request. S. L. BLANTON, Pres.

COLLEGE OF WILLIAM & MARY.

RICH IN HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS

FOR MEN. 1693 1912

SINCE the days of its illustrious students, Jefferson, Marshall, Monroe, Winfield Scott and John Tyler, it has continued its high standard of education. It is abreast with modern educational methods. Degrees of A. B., B. S., and M. A. Special teachers courses. Big athletic field. All sports. Healthy location. Social and home life unsurpassed. Situated on C. & O. Railway. Halfway between Fort Monroe and Richmond. 8 miles from Jamestown. 12 miles from Yorktown. Total cost per session of nine months (board and fees) only \$278.00. Session begins September 31st. Write for our annual catalogue.

H. L. BRIDGES, Registrar. Box B, Williamsburg, Va.

VIRGINIA, Reliance.

Old Dominion Academy The idea, school for manly boys. Prepares for University and Business. Rural, near Winchester. Close train service to and from Northern cities. Ideal climate, scenery, home life, moral and sanitary environments. Over one thousand feet elevation. Rate \$200. For catalogue, address W. R. KLINE, B. S., President.

VIRGINIA, Bristol, Box 125.

Virginia Intermont College Chartered as Virginia Institute. A select school for girls. Modern building, 165 rooms, extensive grounds, in the mountains. General courses, Music School (200 pupils), Art. Terms, \$200 to \$300. For catalogue address President J. T. HENDERSON, M. A.

VIRGINIA, Chatham, Box 101.

The Chatham Episcopal Institute Prepares for all colleges and universities taking women. Courses in Business and Public School Teaching. Music and Art. Christian influences. On Southern R. R. Athletics. Terms \$250—no extras. For catalogue address ELIZABETH MAY WILLIS, Principal.

Tennessee

TENNESSEE, Nashville.

Ward Seminary For Girls and Young Women. 48th year. Seminary and Special Courses. College Preparation. Conservatory of Music. 175 Boarding Pupils. Complete appointments. City advantages. Outdoor sports. Delightful climate. For catalog, address J. D. BLANTON, LL. D., President.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Georgia



Great schools, like men who create the world's standards in every vocation, must possess distinctive character and ability to produce results superior to those of their competitors.

The Georgia Military Academy,

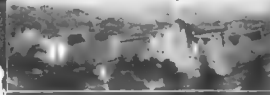
The South's Most Splendidly Equipped Prep School,

through results achieved, has won national repute and patronage and invites the investigation of parents wishing the *very best for their sons*. Elegantly appointed in every detail, cultured home-life, a teacher grouped with about every 12 cadets for personal care and night study, select and limited, ideal Southern climate, elevation about 1200, artesian water, experienced teachers. Classical, Engineering and Commercial Courses. Military Department under U. S. Army Officer. Classed A by War Dept. Expenses \$360. Eight miles from Atlanta, the heart of the South.

COL. J. C. WOODWARD, A. M., President, College Park, Ga.

BRENAU

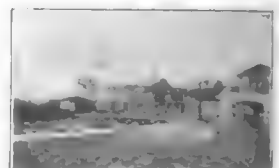
The College of the South for Young Ladies



COLLEGE CONSERVATORY

GAINESVILLE, GEORGIA

Two Institutions combined for purpose of providing course of study adapted to the needs of woman. Music, Oratory, Art or Domestic Science may be included in regular College course for a degree, or as special courses as preferred. Buildings 24; grounds 97 acres. Faculty 44; students enrolled 500; States represented 30. Location among foothills of Blue Ridge Mountains, famed for health. Seven trains daily to Atlanta. Address P. O. Box D.



Kentucky

Kentucky Military Institute



The School With a Winter Home in Florida.

Founded 1846. Permanent home in the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky; winter quarters on the East coast of Florida, erected at a cost of \$60,000. Attendance limited to 150. Class work equals that of the best preparatory and engineering schools. Special courses preparatory to technical universities and for those going directly into business. New fireproof science building, containing completely equipped shop and laboratories. Fixed charges \$450, including trip by special train of Pullman sleeping cars to Florida. For catalogue. Address THE REGISTRAR, E. M. L., Lyndon, Ky.

KENTUCKY, Lexington, Box E.

Hamilton College For Young Women. 44th year. A Blue Grass home-school with University Advantages. Faculty of 29. Beautiful six-acre campus. Five well-equipped buildings. Standard Junior College Course. Music, Art, Expression. Yearly expense \$300. For catalogue, address THE PRESIDENT.

KENTUCKY, Louisville, 137 E. Broadway.

Louisville College of Dentistry

Dental Department of the Central University of Kentucky. Offers a wonderfully efficient three years' course leading to degree D. D. S. For full information about entrance requirements and rates address W. E. GRANT, D. D. S., Dean.

Kentucky

KENTUCKY, Louisville, 930 Fourth Ave.

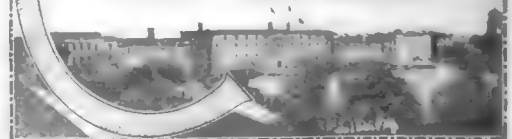
The Cross School Carefully selected faculty of specialists. Co-educational. Graduates enter all American colleges. Primary, Intermediate and Senior Departments. Music, Art and Expression under teachers from the best schools and greatest masters. Physical culture and outdoor life. For catalogue address Mrs. L. B. Cross, Ph. D., Principal.

South Carolina

The Citadel

The Military College of South Carolina
Charleston, S. C.

Founded 1842. An old and distinguished college. Ideal Southern location. Mild climate allows open air work all the year. Modern buildings, splendid equipment. Expert faculty of long training and experience. Government rating. "Class A." Full courses leading to B. S. and C. E. degrees. Minimum age for admission, 16 years. Expenses, \$532—no extras. Catalogue on request. Address COLONEL O. J. BOND, Superintendent.



CONVERSE COLLEGE

A standard college for women. No preparatory department. Delightfully located 35 miles from the Blue Ridge Mountains in a section famed for its healthfulness and scenic beauty. 800 feet above sea level. All college departments and especially efficient departments in Art and Music.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
Digitized by Google
ROBERT T. PELL, M. A., D., President, Converse College, S. C.

Tennessee

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE



A successful military school with enrollments from nearly every state. Colonel U. S. Army in charge. Thoroughly prepares for colleges, Government academies or business. Situated in the most healthful climate in U. S. Individual instruction. Magnificent buildings, especially designed, with extensive modern equipment. 45-acre campus. Large athletic field. Gymnasium, bowling alleys. Mountain camps, practice marches, cavalry trips. Terms \$350, tuition and board. Catalogue on request.

Summer Camp

Ideal place for boys to spend a delightful summer. In the heart of the Appalachian Mountains. Supervision of T. M. I. faculty. Special tutoring if desired. All summer sports. Terms reasonable. For particulars, write
MAJOR CHAS. N. HOLVEY, Commandant, Sweetwater, Tenn.

TENNESSEE, Sweetwater.

Sweetwater College For girls. Complete college course. Special advantages offered in Music, Expression and Modern Languages. Fine laboratories. Four-year course in Domestic Science. Boarding department limited to fifty. For catalogue address Principal,

MRS. ELIZABETH M. ROWLAND.

TENNESSEE, Nashville.

Buford College Limited, Select Home College. Higher Culture of Women. Splendid location, equipment, opportunities. Four years' College Course. Conservatory advantages in Art, Music, Expression. Corresponding degrees. Re-opens Sept. 19. Year-book D free.

Mr. E. G. BUFORD, Regent. Mrs. E. G. BUFORD, President.

Tennessee College

for Young Women Murfreesboro Tenn.



A training under Christian control for the development of womanly character. College situated in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, an hour south of Nashville. Mild, healthful climate. Attractive home life. Steam and electrical appliances. Splendid equipment. Four-year college course leading to the A. B. degree and requiring 14 Standard units for entrance. Also a four-year preparatory course. Reasonable cost—\$280 for the school year. Music, Art and Elocution. Catalogue and views on request.

GEORGE J. BURNETT, President, 601 E. Main St.

North Carolina



SIDE VIEW, MAIN BUILDING

ELIZABETH COLLEGE

and CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Charlotte, N. C.

A HIGH-GRADE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

This College is located in the famous Asheville district of North Carolina—a region remarkable for its healthful climate. It is splendidly equipped for the best physical, mental and moral culture of its students. A. B. and Electric Graduate Courses; Music, Art, Expression. 20 experienced, university-educated teachers. 20-acre campus. For catalogue address

CHARLES B. KING, President.

BELMONT COLLEGE

For Young Women

Nashville, Tenn.

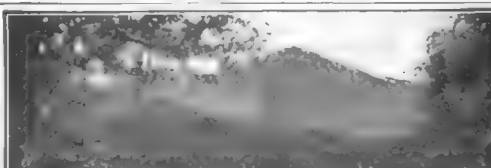


IRA LANDRITH, D.D., LL. D., President
 MISS HOOD and MISS HERON, Principals.

Located in West End, Nashville, famous as "the Athens of the South." Choice city advantages. Magnificently equipped buildings. Charming 20 acre hilltop Park. 80 per cent. Northern students. Unprecedented health record. Filtered distilled water. Experienced faculty, graduates and post-graduates of best American and foreign universities. Practical teaching imparting refinement and culture. Right of certification to other colleges. Schools of Art, Expression, Modern Language, Physical Education, Domestic Science. Diplomas awarded. Send for Music catalogue.

Gymnasium, bowling alley, tennis, hockey, golf, basketball, rowing, swimming, walking, horseback riding. Limited number. Register early. Address Belmont College, Box E.

North Carolina



ASHEVILLE SCHOOL

FOR BOYS Asheville, N. C.

In the Mountains of North Carolina

A school with beautiful natural surroundings. Magnificent mountain view. Pure invigorating air. Southern climate, finest in America. Six miles from town. Large modern buildings on a 700-acre estate. An ideal school in which to develop a sound mind and body. Faculty all trained in leading Northern Colleges. Graduates in every prominent Northern University. Outdoor life. Lake and large athletic field. All sports. Illustrated catalogue on request. Address Asheville School, Box 105.

College and Academy of St. Genevieve

FOR YOUNG LADIES

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Located in the "Land of the Sky" 3,000 feet above sea level. Unsurpassed climatic conditions with mild winters. Ideal home-life. Instructor hold degrees from European and American Universities. The Languages are taught by French and German Professors. St. Genevieve also has a Preparatory Department for young children.

For Catalogue and particulars apply to the Mother Superior.

Ohio



Alumnæ Hall (one of the three main buildings) Western College

OXFORD, OHIO

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
 THE WESTERN *Ranked with Leading Eastern Colleges*

The broad culture, the beauty, the stimulating atmosphere of The Western College are attractive to ambitious women. A capable faculty; strong curriculum; fine religious influence. 350 acres,—a beautiful campus and garden; a farm that supplies the freshest of dairy, fruit and vegetable products to the tables. Western graduates are immediately eligible to best positions. High standards in every department,—Academic, Art and Music. *Domestic Science a special feature.* Golf links, tennis; outdoor gymnastics, and gymnasium.

Illustrated literature sent on request

JOHN GRANT NEWMAN, A. M., D. D., President

MARY A. SAWYER, A. M., Litt. D., Dean

Box 23 OXFORD, O. (One hour from Cincinnati)

OHIO, Austinburg.

Grand River Institute

Thorough work. Home surroundings. Ideal location. Academic, Normal, Music, Art Courses. BOARD, ROOM and TUITION ONLY \$175 PER YEAR. Large endowment makes this possible. Address E. W. HAMBLIN, Principal.

OHIO, Toledo, 2330 Ashland Avenue.

The Law Froebel Kindergarten Training School

A broad education, a profession or livelihood and a preparation for domestic life. No failures.

MARY E. LAW, M. D., Principal.

OHIO, Defiance.

Defiance College

High grade. Co-educational. A select student body; strong faculty. New buildings thoroughly equipped. Collegiate, Domestic Science, Academic, Teachers', Commercial, Music, Art, Elocution, and Physical Training Departments. \$150 for board and tuition. Catalogue.

P. W. McREYNOLDS, Prest.

University School

Cleveland, Ohio

Recognized by Leading Eastern Colleges as One of the Best Preparatory Schools in the Country.

For educational purposes and not for profit.

The first aim of this school is to prepare boys thoroughly for college work. 95 per cent. of our graduates enter college or technical school. Its desirable location in the finest residence section of the city, and its complete equipment make this school decidedly different from the usual city boarding school.

Manual training is an essential part of the curriculum and develops concentration. Strong faculty of experts. Gymnasium, swimming pool, seven-acre athletic field, bowling alleys. Each boy has his own room in the dormitory.

Our school is certainly well worth investigating. Write for illustrated catalogue. Address

HARRY A. PETERS, Principal, 7014 Hough Ave.

Ohio Military Institute

Location—A picturesque suburb of Cincinnati, the great art and music center.

Organization—Academic, military and physical training departments. Lower school for boys of 8 to 14 years.

Advantages—Only recommended boys taken.

Certificates admit to colleges. Write for catalog to

A. M. HENSHAW, Commandant, Box 42, College Hill, Ohio

OHIO, Oberlin. Box E.

Oberlin Academy

Eighteen instructors. Thoroughly equipped to prepare for any college or scientific school. New Gymnasium, new Library, new Chapel. Expenses, \$200 to \$325. Eightieth year begins September 25, 1912. For catalogue apply to JOHN F. PECK, Principal.

OHIO, Germantown (near Dayton).

Miami Military Institute Thorough college preparatory and courses leading to degrees. Individual instruction and personal care. Selected class of boys. Commandant U. S. Army Officer. Modern Buildings. Gymnasium. Athletics. Write for catalog.

ORVON GRAFF BROWN, President, Box 73.

OHIO, Gambier.

Harcourt Place School for Girls

College Preparation; Advanced Courses, also Domestic Science and Horticulture. Travel Classes may be formed during Summer and Winter vacations.

MISS MERWIN, Principal, Box 27.

OHIO, Oberlin, Drawer AB.

Kindergarten Training

Miss B. E. Montgomery, President Ohio Kindergarten Association, Principal. Courses in Oberlin College, possible. 19th year begins Sept. 25th, 1912. For catalogue address

SECRETARY OBERLIN KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION.

Wisconsin

**Red Blooded American Boys**

are sure to be interested in the varied activities of the cadets at

St. John's Military Academy

(Episcopal) (The American Rugby)

It is a school where, as one graduate puts it, "All the cravings of a real boy are satisfied," and it is also a place where boys can get just the splendid scholastic and physical training necessary to fit them for the give and take of our busy American life. St. John's is classed by the government as a distinguished institution. Full particulars by mail. Address

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY
 Box 3, Delafield, Waukesha Co., Wis.

Indiana

Culver Offers Many Advantages for Your Boy's Education



A boy who has had a preparatory course of study at Culver has a great advantage when he enters college or business life. He is stronger physically, more self-reliant, more effective, and is better able to accomplish things. Culver prepares for college or business. Classified as "Distinguished Institution" by U. S. War Dept. Its military equipment is second only to that of West Point. For beautifully illustrated catalog address

THE PRINCIPAL
CULVER Military Academy
CULVER, INDIANA

Tudor Hall

Boarding and Day School for Girls
1564 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Day School, 160 pupils; Boarding pupils, 30. Certificate admits to Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Cornell, Mt. Holyoke. Academic courses for pupils not going to college. Music, Art, Voice Culture, Household Science. Native French and German Teachers. Bible study in all departments. 11th year opens September 18th.
Miss FREDONIA ALLEN, Ph. B. (Cornell), Prin.

California

Cumnock School for Girls



Los Angeles,
California.

19th year opens September 30. Two regular courses: ACADEMIC, 4 years. EXPRESSION, 3 years. Strong Music and Art Departments. Special students accepted. Individual attention. Students greatly benefited and splendid results obtained by the thorough training given in expression work. Beautiful grounds and building, delightful climate, outdoor life and study all the year, make this school ideal for Eastern girls. Basket ball, tennis, horseback riding. Gymnasium. Send for catalogue. Mention courses desired. Address

1500 South Figueroa Street



The Campanile

Mills College

Suburbs of Oakland, California

The only Woman's College on the Pacific Coast. Chartered 1885. Near two great universities. Ideal climate throughout the year. Entrance and graduation requirements equivalent to those of Stanford University and University of California. Laboratories for science with modern equipment. Excellent opportunities for home economics, library study, music and art. Modern gymnasium. Special care for health of students: out-door life, Christian influences; undenominational. President Lucella Clay Carson, A.M., LL.D. For catalogue address Registrar, Mills College P. O., California.

CALIFORNIA, Pasadena.
Outdoor Study In the most delightful climate.
All Winter The ORTON School For Girls, 23rd year. Certificates admit to Eastern Colleges. Art, Music, Gymnasium, Tennis, Riding. Affiliations—Paris, Berlin.
ANNA B. ORTON, Principal, West. H.

HOWE SCHOOL

Endowed
Howe, Indiana

A TEACHER FOR EVERY TEN BOYS



Every Boy Recites Every Lesson Every Day

Graduates admitted to leading colleges on certificate.
Estate of 150 acres. 9 Fine Buildings. Thorough sanitation. Healthful country life. All athletic sports. Beautiful lakes.

Separate School for Younger Boys

For illustrated catalogue address

The Rev. J. H. MCKENZIE, L. H. D., Rector, Box 219

INDIANA, Angola, 316 So. Darling St.

Tri-State College of Engineering

Make you a Civil, Mechanical or Electrical Engineer in two years. \$165 covers tuition, board and furnished room for 48 weeks. Preparatory courses at same rate. No entrance examination.

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana.

Miss Landers' School for Girls Miss Julia E. Landers, for several years principal of Knickerbacker Hall, has opened a Home School for a limited number of girls. Preparatory and general courses. Special advantages in Music and Languages. Send for catalogue. Address Miss JULIA E. LANDERS, 2685 North Meridian Street.

INDIANA, Indianapolis, 137 E. Ohio Street.

Indiana Dental College

Offers a splendid opportunity for young men and women to prepare themselves for the practice of dentistry. Tuition and living expenses extremely moderate. Full 3 years' course, covering every branch. Competent faculty. Excellent clinical facilities. Send for catalog.

Michigan

Unusual Opportunity for Students to

Equip Themselves to Teach

Public School Special Subjects

A one year course in Music, Drawing, Domestic Art, Domestic Science, Physical Training, Manual Training. Only school in the country devoted exclusively to the training of teachers for special branches. For 22 years been preparing graduates in paying positions. For information, address The Secretary THOMAS NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL, 3013 Gd. Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Normal School of Physical Education

Battle Creek, Michigan

Two Year Course and Summer Course. Physical Education and Playground Work. Unusual opportunity for self support while studying. Two \$100 scholarships for high school graduates. Summer School June 30 to August 25. Summer faculty of specialists. Address for booklet.

W. M. W. HASTINGS, Dean

MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, 321 Maynard St.

University School of Music Affiliated with University of Michigan. Albert A. Stanley, Director. 30 artist teachers. Choral union 300 voices. Symphony orchestra 50 pieces. Concerts by world's artists. May Festival four days. Piano, vocal and violin historical recitals. Catalogue. Address CHARLES A. SINK, Secretary.

Detroit University School

Preparatory and Manual Training School for Boys

At this school your boy gets a thorough education. Manual training makes him exact—his college work sure and certain, and his life's goal easier to reach. Modern buildings, unexcelled dormitory, shops, laboratories, gymnasium, pool and athletic field. Exceptional faculty. College certificate accepted. Thoroughly efficient records by our graduates in 24 colleges. Address SECRETARY, 42 Elmwood Av., Detroit, Mich. For illustrated booklet.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

West Virginia

WEST VIRGINIA, Alderson.

Alleghany Collegiate Institute Rates, \$197.50.

For young men and women. Military and outdoor life for young men. Special building and organization for girls. Splendid health. In beautiful Greenbrier Valley. Near the famous White Sulphur Springs. Lower School also. REV. L. S. SHIRES, A. B., Box 511.

WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg.

Greenbrier Presbyterian Military School

An up-to-date military boarding school for 75 boys. Large corps of instructors—all college graduates. Delightful climate. Brick buildings, athletic field. Terms \$250. Catalogue.
Address COL. H. B. MOORE, A. M., Principal.

WEST VIRGINIA, Charles Town.

Powhatan College Largest woman's college in the State. Preparatory and college courses; Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. Teachers' and Business Courses. Location near Washington, D. C. Catalogue. Address
S. P. HATTON, A. M., LL. D., President.

WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg, Box 52.

Lewisburg Seminary for Girls In Alleghenies, 2300 feet above sea, near Greenbrier White Sulphur. Fine buildings; modern equipment; large campus. Courses in Liberal Arts, Music, Art, Elocution, Business. \$230 to \$350. Catalogue on request.
R. C. SOMMERVILLE, A. M., President.

WEST VIRGINIA, Elkins.

Davis and Elkins College Beautifully located in the Alleghany Mts. Strong faculty. Arts and Science courses. Preparatory and Commercial Departments associated. Dormitory residence for boys and young men. Tuition, board, room and books will not exceed \$250. No extras. Summer School opens June 17th. For catalogue address
JAS. E. ALLEN, President.

Miscellaneous

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO**HOME STUDY****Correspondence-Study Dept.**

offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

19th Year

U. of C. (Div. S) Chicago, Ill.

STAMMERING HABIT

permanently corrected in six weeks. We have the most complete, systematic and effective method ever devised. Don't let this distressing habit grow on you when we can correct it in a few weeks. To prove it we give a **seven day TRIAL FREE** to pupils. Endorsed by highest authorities. Children and adults in separate classes. System used in public schools of Detroit and Milwaukee. Special Summer School for training teachers. Send for booklet.

THE REED SCHOOL, 373 Hubbard Ave., Detroit, Mich.

IF YOU STAMMER

attend no stammering school till you hear from me. Largest stammering school in the world, employing the advanced natural method. My method has successfully treated me and thousands of others during the past nine years. No singing or time-beating. If let run, stammering will wreck your life's happiness and handicap your endeavors. Beautiful 96 page book and Special Rate sent FREE. WRITE TODAY.

Lee Wells Millard, Pres., North-Western School for Stammerers, Inc., 912 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Prepare for College at Home

You can prepare for College or complete your high school work at home by our simplified correspondence methods. Our courses meet all entrance requirements; they are written by members of the faculties of Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Mass. Inst. of Technology, Illinois, Chicago, Michigan and other leading universities. The American School is one of the largest educational institutions in the world and employs no agents, solicitors or collectors. Write for special College Preparatory Booklet.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
5771 Drexel Avenue Chicago, U. S. A.

New Mexico

**New Mexico Military Institute**

Give your son the opportunity to develop the western spirit of self-reliance and rugged manliness. Let him prepare for a successful career here at New Mexico Military Institute, in the beautiful Pecos Valley, where the climate is mild, the air pure and buoyant. Rarely have rain or snow during session. Record of physical development shows marvelous results. All exercises in open air. Artesian well water. Completely equipped barracks. 11 large modern buildings. Rated "Distinguished Institution" by U. S. Gov. Owned and endowed by New Mexico. Thorough Academic and Elective Courses. Diploma admits to all colleges. All athletics. Catalogue.

Col. JAMES W. WILLSON, Supt., Box D
Roswell, New Mexico

Pennsylvania

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Wharton School of Finance and Commerce

University education for business—fitting for the higher positions. Shortening the long underpaid years of apprenticeship. Study of Business, Law, Credit, Banking and Finance, Corporate Organization, Accounting, Commerce and General Economics. Full University Courses, taught by masters. The culture, associations, ideals and athletic advantages of University life. High School training necessary for entrance. Write for catalogue to

JAMES T. YOUNG, Director, Logan Hall, Philadelphia
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Miscellaneous

SELL SHORT STORIES**FOR TWO TO FIVE CENTS A WORD**

Story-Writing taught by mail. Stories, novels, scenarios, plays, criticized, revised and typed; sold on commission. Free booklet, "Waiting for Profit," tells how, gives proof. National Press Association, Dept. 111, Indianapolis, Ind.

**\$25 to \$35 a Week for Women**

Work quickly and easily learned; refined, secluded, educative; special employment contract. Write for free booklet; tells how and gives the proof.

THE NATIONAL PROOFREADERS' ASSOCIATION
Dept. 87, Indianapolis, Ind.

Government Positions

43,970 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at \$840 to \$1500 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.
COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Word Syllable System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time, or full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence School, 1011 Chicago, or 1011 House Block, Chicago, Ill.



Stop Forgetting!

The Dickson Method of Memory Training Makes You "Forget Proof" Ten minutes of your spare time, each day, will give you this training. Enables you to remember faces, names, facts, think on your feet and overcome self-consciousness. My course has transformed thousands of failures into successes. It will make you successful. Write for free booklet of facts.

How to get a FREE copy of this Valuable Book, "How To Speak In Public" DeLuxe edition, exactly suited for needs of any one desiring to become a public speaker. Price, \$2. Write today and learn how to secure a free copy.

PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Prin., Dickson Memory School, 758 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago



COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn \$20.00 to \$125.00 or more per week, as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c. in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

THE LANDON SCHOOL of Illustrating and
1430 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O. Cartooning



DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6 cents in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
333 Ball Bldg., Cleveland, O.

LAW

Learn at Home

Graduate correspondence students most successful at bar examination. Cover same ground as Harvard, Michigan and other big law colleges. Guarantee to coach free, students failing to pass bar examination. Scholarships are now open. Scholarship students pay only for text and postage. Write today for catalog.

American Correspondence School of Law, Dept. 103X, Manhattan Bldg., Chicago

STUDY High-Grade LAW Instruction by Correspondence

Prepares for the bar. Three Courses; College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Twentieth year. Classes begin each month. Send for catalog giving rules for admission to the bar of the several states.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law
559 Reaper Block, Chicago



Foreword: If you know of any one who might profit by this advertisement, please refer it to him (or her).

Outdoor Work

We have a lot of work to do this Summer for our three popular magazines—**Everybody's**, **The Delineator** and **Adventure**. We prefer to have college men and women do this work. Hundreds of dollars can be earned. It costs nothing to get the information. Two or more persons may travel together. Write to—**ALEXANDER GRAHAM, Butterick Building, New York City**

Postscript: If you know of any one who might profit by this advertisement, please refer it to him (or her).



Ask your dealer for the

Engel-Cone E. C. Ventilated Shoe

and be comfortable on the hottest days this summer.

Sizes 6—12 for Men . . . \$3.00
Sizes 2½—6 for Women and Boys 2.50
Sizes 9—2 for Boys and Girls 1.50

Address for catalog, giving us your dealer's name if he cannot supply you

ENGEL-CONE SHOE CO.

26 New Street, East Boston, Mass.

Revitalize Yourself

with a

"Rex" Electric Vibrator

Be healthy—be beautiful—have strong, steady nerves—a vigorous body—a perfect circulation, by means of Vibration, and the "Rex" Electric Vibrator.

Vibratory Massage is the Natural Method of securing relief from scores of ills. Vibratory treatments with the "Rex," in your own home, are fully as effective as those of the trained specialist, and cost but a fraction as much.

Our 32 page Book on Vibration is Free. Write for it today.

We also make the famous "Royal" Suction Cleaner.

THE ROYAL SPECIALTY CO.,
Dealers in all large cities
5112 St. Clair Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

AGRICULTURAL Knowledge for YOU

The exact science of raising profitable crops is taught by the International Correspondence Schools. This Course represents the combined knowledge of agricultural experts. Covers everything from soil to best crops and marketing for profit. Not mere theory; but based on everyday conditions. To learn how this Course will help you, regardless of where you live, or what you want to grow, or how big or little your farm or lot, write today for free descriptive booklet.

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1269-G, Scranton, Pa.



SHORT-STORY WRITING

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by J. Berg Rosenfeld, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine.

250-page catalogue free. Write to-day.

The Home Correspondence School
119 Beane Place, Springfield, Mass.



THERE'S MONEY IN FARMING

Complete Home Study Courses in Agriculture, Horticulture and related branches under Dr. Brooks of the Mass. Agricultural College and other eminent teachers.

250-page catalogue free. Write today.

The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 473, Springfield, Mass.

Illustrating

Hundreds of I. C. S. students are earning good incomes illustrating. If you have a liking for this work you can become an expert illustrator through I. C. S. help. You can learn at home. Everything made easy and practical. For full particulars write today.

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1269 R, Scranton, Pa.

STUDY LAW at Home

Become
a Lawyer

Legal
Diploma

We make your home a university. Leading Correspondence Law Course in America—recognized by resident colleges. New text, specially prepared by 20 Deans and Univ. law school teachers. We guarantee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Special Business Law-Course. "Legally trained men always succeed." Over 10,000 students enrolled. Easy terms. Catalog and Particulars Free.

Begin now. Catalog and Particulars Free. Write today.
LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Box 1036 Chicago, Ill.



LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Earn \$25
to \$100
a Week

We will teach you by correspondence the most fascinating and profitable profession in the world. Send for our beautiful prospectus. It's FREE.

Address: PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL
Dept. 630 Page Bldg., Chicago
either office Dept. 630 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

UNCLE SAM IS BEST EMPLOYER;

pay is high and sure; hours short; places permanent; promotions regular; vacations with pay; thousands of vacancies every month; all kinds of pleasant work everywhere; no layoffs; no pull needed; common education sufficient. Special money back guarantee if you write today for booklet D 1055. IT IS FREE.

EARL HOPKINS, - - WASHINGTON, D. C.

BETTER
PLACE
GET A

Salesmanship

Successful salesmanship is more than knowing goods—it is knowing men and how to approach them. A good salesman can always command a good salary. The exact science of salesmanship is taught by the I. C. S. You can learn at home in spare time. Position assured upon graduation.

This course is based on the most successful selling experience in the world. For free booklet, write today to
International Correspondence Schools
Box 1269-G, Scranton, Pa.

Going to Talk Politics?



I Can Make You a

Convincing Speaker

says Grenville Kleiser (former Yale Instructor). He rids you of timidity—gives you confidence in yourself—develops your power and personality. Give him fifteen minutes of your time daily—at home—and he will speedily teach you how to

Sell Goods—Make Political Speeches—Address Board Meetings—Deliver After Dinner Speeches—Propose Toasts—Converse and Tell Stories Entertainingly.

If you can't talk to the point, you can't carry conviction—you can't win! If you want to be a winner, write to-day for the free book, "Talking to Win," which tells all about this helpful Mail Course, and proves its value.

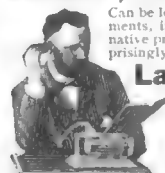
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 475, NEW YORK

Learn Typewriting

Every business man and woman should be a typewriting expert. You can learn to master a typewriter at home through I. C. S. help. Course covers every branch of typewriter work—from keyboard to public office and law work. This is the last word on typewriting, and the way by which you can most quickly and surely become proficient. For free descriptive booklet, write today.

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1269 T, Scranton, Pa.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN



Can be learned quickly, easily and pleasantly, at spare moments, in your own home. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. In a surprisingly short time you can speak a new language by the

Language-Phone Method

combined with

ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTY

Send for Booklet and Testimonials

The Language-Phone Method

914 Putnam Building, 2 West 45th Street, New York

BECOME A NURSE



THIS school prepared these three women, in their own homes, to become successful nurses. One writes, "I have more work offered than I can accept." Another, "I have worked for eight different physicians." The third, "I receive \$20 to \$300 a week."

Our method of training has made it possible for the kinds of women, with and without previous experience, to earn \$10 to \$25 a week as professional nurses.

Send for a copy of "How I Became a Nurse" or Four Year Book explaining method and 248 pages with intensely interesting experiences by our graduates. Eleventh Year.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
281 Main St. Original from Jamestown, N. Y.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

WHERE-TO-GO Bureau

B. BEACON ST. BOSTON.

NEW YORK

If Coming To New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?



CLENDENING 168 W. 108 St. New York. Select, homelike, economical. Suite of parlor, bedroom, private bath for two persons, \$2.00 daily. Write for Booklet H., with fine map of city.

Hotel Empire. Broadway and 63d St. beautifully situated. Most excellent cuisine and service. Large rooms \$1.50 per day; with bath \$2 per day. Suites \$3.50 up. Free Guide. W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.

BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE Blue Mt. Lake, N. Y. 2055 ft. above sea. Beautiful scenery. Booklet. M. T. Merwin, Towahloodah, N. Y.

PROSPECT HOUSE

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS LONG ISLAND N.Y.

Golf, Tennis, Swimming, Bathing, Garage, Delightful Climate, Pure Water, Houseboat and Shore Combined booklet.

THOUSAND ISLANDS an ideal summer resort. Cool breezes, pure water, fishing, boating, golf, tennis, hotel & cottage accommodations. All prices. Address **Alexandria Bay, N. Y.** Board of Trade.

HOTEL BELMONT, BERMUDA

Spend your Spring or Summer vacation at Bermuda's coolest and most delightfully located hotel. Special Summer rates. Tennis, Boating, Bathing, Fishing. Booklet. Write E. H. Carlisle, Proprietor.

BOSTON MASS.

HOTEL PURITAN Corner Commercial Ave. THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE. Write for attractive booklet with guide to Boston and vicinity. AD Circle.

HOTEL BOYLSTON ST. NEW PUBLIC GARDEN. **THORNDIKE** ONE OF BOSTON'S BEST HOTELS (SEND FOR CIRCULAR). Especially Specially to the Requirements of TOURISTS on account of its Pleasant Location and Accessibility from Every Point. ALSO ATLANTIC HOUSE NANTASKET BEACH (BOOKLET). 20 Miles from Boston - Seaside. 10 CENTS.

CHICAGO ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel

For Rest and Recreation. It combines all city gaieties with the quiet of country and seashore. Delightfully situated on shore of Lake Michigan adjoining great South Park—10 minutes' ride from theatre and shopping district. Every summer enjoyment and home comfort—cool, airy rooms, smooth, sandy bathing beach, tempting table—American or European plan. Booklet sent on request.

51st Blvd. and Lake Shore, Chicago

CLIFF HOUSE THE SUPREMACY. AT THE FOOT OF PINE'S PEAK MANITOU SPRINGS. THE MOST DELICIOUS AND MOST POPULAR RESORT HOTEL. Write for Pamphlets and Rates. E. E. NICHOLS HOTEL CO. ASSOC. HOTEL METROPOLIS DENVER.

SEATTLE WASH.

Hotel Savoy. "12 stories of solid comfortable. In fashionable shopping district. English grill. Auto Bus. \$1.00 up."

WASHINGTON D. C.

HOTEL DRISCOLL Faces U.S. Capitol. Tourists' Favorite. Near Union Station. Amidst Show Places, Garage, Baths gratis. Music. Amer. \$2.50. Eur. \$1 up. Booklet. Souvenir Card.

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.



Atlantic City.

MARLBOROUGH-B. L. E. N. H. J. M. Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted house—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solarium overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Blenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for a Summer sojourn. Always open. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet. Josiah White & Sons Company, Proprietors and Directors.

Galen Hall. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Hotel and Sanatorium. Newstone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed.

Hotel Raleigh Atlantic City, N. J. Near Board Walk. \$15.00 & up weekly. American Plan. 200 rooms. Private baths. Running water. Ocean view. Large porches. Booklet.

Hotel Strand ATLANTIC CITY. Atlantic City. St. James' Place. FIREPROOF. One half block of Ocean Front. Sea Baths. Capacity six hundred. Orchestra.

SEA SCREST \$2 UP DLY. \$10 UP WKLY. Atlantic City. St. James' Place. Modern brick bldg; bathing from hotel; large porch, with ocean view. Am. plan.

BEACH HAVEN N. J.

The Engleside, BEACH HAVEN, N. J. The Island Resort. The only resort on the Jersey coast that combines perfect bathing, always good fishing, with a modern hotel, and gives sure relief from hay fever besides. Booklet. R. F. Engle, Mgr.

CANADA

CHATEAU LAURIER OTTAWA-CANADA GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. The new 20000000 Hotel situated in the heart of the Dominion Capital. ACCOMMODATION-350 ROOMS FURNISHED WITH EXQUISITE TASTE AND COMFORT—THE LATEST IN HOTEL CONSTRUCTION—RATES \$2.00 UPWARDS—EUROPEAN PLAN. J. W. Bergman, Manager. Grand Trunk Railway Station.

New Brunswick. Let us help you to depend your Summer Vacation by sending you our 48-page beautifully illustrated booklet, descriptive of the River St. John. —The Rhine of America,— and the hunting, fishing, canoeing and camping opportunities in the delightful climate of this country. Enclose 4 cents in stamps to THE FEDERATION TOURIST ASSOCIATION, Box 367, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

YARMOUTH NOVA SCOTIA THE IDEAL SUMMER VACATION LAND. Positively NO HAY FEVER—Booklet. E. G. BAKER, Manager.

TRAVEL

Come to New England This Summer

Everything the vacationist's heart can desire awaits you in New England. Mountains, country, seashore and lakes—nowhere else so delightful a combination as this. For

New England is Vacation Land.

Cool breezes always. Splendid fishing, boating, canoeing and bathing.

Send for Free Books

Describing resorts of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

State which region you prefer.

Advertising Bureau, Room 724, South Station, Boston.

New York, New Haven & Hartford, Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroads.

You Will Enjoy Reading the Booklets ISSUED BY CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS: INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY PRINCE-EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY. THE ANCIENT CAPITAL—Quebec the Heart of the New World. Cities, its past history and romance—THE CITY OF THE LOYALISTS—St. John, N.B. and its past and present. Its pleasant location and promising outlook—STOWED IN THE HOME SCOTCH CAPITAL in the good old days when warfare, rapid and prime industry flowed the water. THE GARDEN OF THE 6000—The Summer Resorts of Prince Edward Island—Huttorf should make it. BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. GENERAL PASSENGER DEPT.—INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY MONCTON, N. B.

"A SUMMER PARADISE" covers Northern N.Y. Resorts: Saratoga Spgs, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Adirondacks, etc. Send 6c postage for ill. descriptive book 360 pp. with particulars of Hotels, etc. Address "Summer Paradise," Albany, N. Y.

NOVA SCOTIA The Land of Evergreen. DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY S.S. LINE. Superb 12 Knot Twin Screw Steamships. Just one night from Boston. Write for information about Camps, Hotels, Resorts. Beautiful illustrated booklets sent for 5 cents in stamps. J. F. Masters New End St. 333 Washington St. Boston Mass.

COME TO TEMAGAMI THE UNSPOILED COUNTRY. If you wish to spend the finest vacation yet. Every Lake and Stream is an open invitation to the angler. Lake Temagami is a magnificent body of water in the center of the famous Forest Reserve of 1,000,000 acres and has an irregular shore line of 2,000 miles and over 1,500 islands. An ideal spot for ladies and children as well as the men. SEND FOR OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOK & POSTAL TEMAGAMI STEAMBOAT & HOTEL COMPANY, LTD. TEMAGAMI, ONTARIO.

EUROPE. THE IDEAL WAY. Send for Booklet. J. G. Graham Ideal Tours, Box 1085X, Pittsburgh.

WHERE TO GO

Bureau
8 BEACON ST. BOSTON

HEALTH RESORTS

The Battle Creek System of Health Building is bringing many health seekers, who are learning how to live right and how to keep well. The Sanitarium is a great educational center at the head of a world-wide movement for physical betterment. It offers 200 kinds of baths, electrical, manual, Swedish, mechanical treatments, etc., under the direct guidance of thirty specializing physicians and 800 trained nurses. Plesant recreations, like golfing, boating, mokinging, swimming, driving, riding, fishing, etc. Write for Portfolio of Views. **THE SANITARIUM**, Box 109, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM
A Mineral Springs Health Resort

THE CLEN SPRINGS
All approved forms of Hydrotherapy, Massage and Electricity. **Nauheim Baths** for weakness and disease of the Heart. Hot Brine Baths for elimination. Attractive Golf Links. Illustrated Booklets. Wm. E. Lemingwell, President, Watkins, N. Y. *

Greenwood Mountain, 1,000 ft. above sea. For Tuberculous. Best summer climate in America. Open-air, dietetic, nursing and medical treatment. Rate \$16. wk. up. Sanatorium, Hebron, Me.

MAINE

BAR HARBOR THE QUEEN OF SUMMER RESORTS
MAINE WRITE FOR BOOKLET OR FOR ANY OTHER INFORMATION
Address: BAR HARBOR BUSINESS ASSOCIATION

King & Bartlett Lakes & Spencer Stream Camps. Deep in woods. 4 lb. trout on fly. Game large and small. Log cabin village. Special early rates. **HARRY N. PIERCE**, Spencer, Me. Booklet.*

MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC HOUSE AND LOG CAMPS with baths. Rangeley Lakes, Salmon & trout fishing. Low July rates. **F. E. Burns**, Haines Landing, Me.*

MOUNTAINVIEW HOTEL AND COTTAGES Forest surrounded. Famous fishing. Low rates June and July. Garage. **L. G. Bowley**, Mountainview, Me.

West End Hotel (A) Facing Union Station. Our own farm & dairy supplies. Center for Tourists. Garage. **H. N. Castner**, Portland, Me. Booklet *

PENN. AND MARYLAND



DEVON INN
DEVON, PA. MAY 1
AMERICA'S MOST
LUXURIOUS HOTEL TO DEC
60 Acre Park-Golf-Tennis
Baths & Porches-Floral Japanese Cafe-In Chester Valley
750 ft. Elev. near Old St. David's-Pool-Battle Field
Washington's Hdqrs. Valley Forge

DEER PARK JUNE 15 TO OCT. 1
HOTEL DEER PARK (PA.) OF ALLEGHENIES 3000 ft.
Cap 500-Park 300 Acres-Turntable-Cottages Connected
Golf-Tennis-Swimming Pools
FAMOUS DEER PARK SPRINGS
SUMMER HOME OF MANY
PRESIDENTS & DIPLOMATS
Cuisine & Service Unexcelled
Write A. Stanley Stanford-Hqrs Both Hotels-Ct. Address

BEDFORD SPRINGS PA.

BEDFORD SPRINGS
(PA.)
HOTEL AND BATHS

Garage-Tennis-Golf-Swimming Pool-Bowling
Saddle Horses-Magnesia
Baths-Long Distance
Telegraph & Phone
H. E. BEMIS-MGR
H. M. WING-ASST. MGR.

OPENS JUNE 1ST
FOR AUTOMOBILE TOURISTS
OPENS FORMALLY
JUNE 15TH

3000 ACRES OF MOUNTAINS

* Write for further information.

HEALTH RESORTS

THE JACKSON HEALTH RESORT
Jacksonton, Livingston County, N. Y.
Every advantage of 60 years' experience & growth. Up-to-date methods, *fairly beautiful* location, **FIREPROOF BUILDING**.
Write for Literature. Box X. *

ANDREWS
Alkaline water superior in recuperative effect to many famous foreign springs. All treatments. Reasonable rates. **Dr. D. Andrews**, St. Louis, Mich.

DR. BARNES SANITARIUM
(fifty minutes from New York City). The place to get well. Write **Dr. F. H. Barnes**, Box R, Stamford, Conn., for particulars.

CORWIN HOT SPRINGS, Corwin, Mont. for Rheumatism &c. Vapor; large plunge. On Nor. Pac. Ry 7 miles from Yellowstone Pk. Resthere. **S. P. Andrews**, Mgr.

EUREKA SPRINGS ARK.
Basin Park. Always open. Write for leaflet. Send 25cts. to Box 1100 Eureka Springs, Arkansas for twelve Artistic Post Cards.*

INTERVALE-WHITE MTS. N.H.
The Intervale House. June to October. Select family hotel. Strictly modern. All comforts. Grand mountain scenery. Fine table; own farm products. Garage. Carriage livery. Orchestra. All amusements. Booklets. Write **H. S. Mudgett**, Prop.*

VERMONT

Just Out-Summer Homes
Handsomely Illustrated Book with full information in regard to Summer Resorts in Vermont and shores Lake Champlain with hotel, farm and village home accommodations. Prices \$1 per week and up. Send 5 stamps for mailing. Address, Summer Homes, No. 1, St. Albans, Vt.*

The Protection of Your Luggage

in the frozen north, in the sunny south, the orient or occident, means the fullest enjoyment of your trip. You can accomplish this by providing yourself with one of our Tourist Policies—a necessity to every traveler.

"It costs but a few cents a day and may save you hundreds of dollars."

If you will advise us in advance of the date of your departure upon any trip, we will send you gratis our attractive and useful bon voyage book entitled "Things to Remember While Traveling."

WHEN TRAVELING
INSURE YOUR BAGGAGE



Insurance Company of North America
230 Walnut Street, Philadelphia

Founded 1792 Capital \$4,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders over \$8,000,000

Original from *Thor P. Cook*



DAILY STEAMERS May 1 to Nov. 30
Between CLEVELAND and BUFFALO, FARE \$2.50

The Twin Flyers of the Lakes, "CITY OF ERIE" and "CITY OF BUFFALO."
 NEW STEAMER in 1913—Now building for this service, the largest and most costly steamer on inland waters in the world. Will go into commission about June 15, 1913.
 The C. & B. Line Steamers are the Largest and Fastest on the Great Lakes. Very Lowest Fares to all Points.
 Ask your Ticket Agent for Tickets to read via C. & B. Line, thereby securing the Best Service at the Lowest Fare.

DAILY TIME TABLE
 Leave Buffalo (Eastern Standard Time) 9:00 P. M. Leave Cleveland (Central Standard Time) 8:00 P. M.
 Arrive Cleveland (Central Standard Time) 6:30 A. M. Arrive Buffalo (Eastern Standard Time) 7:30 A. M.
 Cleveland Wharves—1200 West 11th Street. Buffalo Wharves—Cor. Ohio and Illinois Streets.
 Cleveland, Erie and Buffalo Service, June 22nd to Sept. 9th. See local folder.
 Write today for Fares and Information. A handsome illustrated Booklet will be mailed upon receipt of 6 cents in stamps for postage. Address the undersigned, Department C.
THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT COMPANY. **W. F. HERMAN, G. P. A., Cleveland, Ohio**

You get a Quadruple Guarantee with J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING



Factory of the White Co., Cleveland, Ohio, covered with 160,000 sq. ft. of J-M Asbestos Roofing.

J-M Asbestos Roofing is guaranteed, by its *all-mineral* (Asbestos and Trinidad Lake Asphalt) construction, to be fire-proof, unaffected by gases, acid fumes, salt air, heat or cold, and to never need coating, gravel or other protection.

It is guaranteed, by the wonderful insulating quality of the Asbestos, to make buildings cooler in Summer and warmer in Winter.

It is guaranteed, by its record of over a quarter century of wear on buildings in all parts of the country, without coating, to *cost less per year of service* than any other roofing.

And it is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction by our half century of experience in the manufacture of roofings and our reputation to never break a promise or shirk an honorable obligation.

J-M Asbestos Roofing is suitable for any kind of building, anywhere. If your dealer doesn't sell it, send your order to our nearest branch.

Write for illustrated Book No. 1529 and we'll also send you a piece of the curious Asbestos rock from which we make this roofing, theatre curtains, etc.

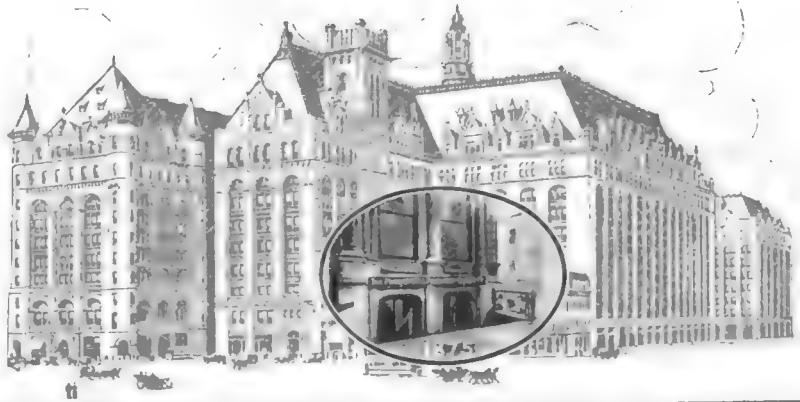
H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Portland, Me.	Chicago, Ill.	Cleveland, Ohio	Indianapolis, Ind.	ASBESTOS	Milwaukee, Wis.	New York, N. Y.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seattle, Wash.
London, Eng.	St. Louis, Mo.	Detroit, Mich.	Kansas City, Mo.	ALUMINA	Minneapolis, Minn.	Omaha, Neb.	San Francisco, Cal.	St. Louis, Mo.
			Los Angeles, Cal.		New Orleans, La.	Philadelphia, Pa.		

For Canada:—THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED.
 Toronto, Ont. Montreal, Que. Winnipeg, Man. Vancouver, B. C. 1614

The Prudential
Home Offices

1875
1912



The Prudential

Founded by John F. Dryden, Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

GREATEST YEAR OF STRENGTH AND USEFULNESS

Annual
Statement
Dec. 31
1911

Assets, over	- - - -	259 Million Dollars
Liabilities, nearly	- - - -	241 Million Dollars
Income in 1911, over	- - - -	81 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over	- - - -	18 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders in 1911, over	- - - -	27 Million Dollars

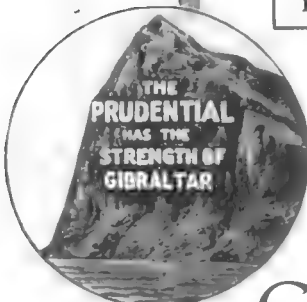
**Total Paid Policyholders since organization,
plus amount held at interest to their
credit, over**

466 Million Dollars

Life Insurance Issued and Paid for in 1911, over	440 Million Dollars
Increase in Paid-for Insurance in Force, over	167 Million Dollars
Liabilities include Policy Dividends	29 ¹ / ₂ Million Dollars
of which there is payable in 1912	4 ³ / ₄ Million Dollars

**NUMBER OF POLICIES
IN FORCE, OVER - - - 10 MILLIONS**

**PAID-FOR INSURANCE
IN FORCE, OVER - - 2 BILLION DOLLARS**



*Send for particulars of the Prudential policy, providing
a Guaranteed Monthly Income for yourself or wife. A
life-long protection for your dear ones, or your own old age.
Address Dept. 31.*

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

Forrest F. Dryden, President Original Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

You'll always be proud of your Elco

RELIABILITY
PERFECTION
ULTIMATE
ECONOMY



Elco
MOTOR BOATS

Write for New Catalog

36-FT. ELCO RAISED DECK CRUISER

Do You Want to Enjoy a Motor Boat this Summer?

Elco boats merit investigation. Characterized by grace, elegance, comfort. Twenty years' experience enables us to guarantee absolute satisfaction.

Ready For Immediate Delivery—Try-outs by appointment.

Elco Express Launches

28-ft. 4-cyl. Engine. Guaranteed Speed 20 miles.
35-ft. 6-cyl. Engine. Guaranteed Speed 24 miles.

Elco-Planes of the "Bug" Type (Pat. applied for)

16-ft. 4-cyl. Engine. Guaranteed Speed 30 miles.
20-ft. 6-cyl. Engine. Guaranteed Speed 35 miles.

36-ft. Elco Raised Deck Cruiser.

54-ft. Elco de Luxe Cruiser.

ELCO speeds GUARANTEED or sale can be cancelled.

ELCO boats and engines GUARANTEED for one year.

Address **Elco** 167 Avenue A,
Bayonne, N. J.

27 minutes from Liberty and 23rd Street Ferries, C. R. R. of N. J. to W. 8th Street. Automobile Route, 6 miles. West 42nd Street Ferry and Hudson County Boulevard

"E-yah! yah! Fight 'em! Fight 'em! Tiges"

Every fan in the country knows Hughie Jennings's yell.
Picture this: **CLEVELAND 4. DETROIT 1.**

One inning more. Can you *see* the Detroit crowd? Rooters tense—silent—sullen. Air bristling—electric. Bland pitching a winning game, mind you. All the Clelands cocky. Hallo! who's this at bat? Young Gainer! Pretty cool kid, eh? There they go. Watch him hunch his shoulders. See his body half-turn and—Swat! Did you hear that one? Wow! Get those 20,000 yells! See him clip it off. Gosh, what a dust he's raising! Touches first! flashes to second! they've got him! No, No! he's safe!! Whew! that was close.

Read "Great Crises in Baseball"

by EDWARD LYELL FOX, in the July *Everybody's*

They are the most breathlessly exciting baseball tales you have ever read. And every one true too. Little as well as big league stories. Read about the Minneapolis and Toledo fight. Read how the Athletics beat the Giants in the eleventh at the wonderful World Series of 1911. How do you suppose Pittsburgh outgessed Chicago in a famous battle? Then there's Bates of Roanoke who actually made two home-runs in one inning. Learn a lesson from the way McGraw steadied the Giants in a crisis. There isn't a red-blooded fan in the country that hasn't actually seen some of these nerve-racking events. You live them all over again as you read.

At All News-stands

**Everybody's
Magazine**

Fifteen Cents



Mothers say: We want to give our families the right foods. We want to be sure that everything which they eat is pure and wholesome, but HOW CAN WE KNOW?

What Women Ask About Crisco



THE discovery of Crisco has awakened a truly remarkable interest. Finding it hard to believe that its many advantages were possible, hundreds of people have written us, asking question after question about it.

Is Crisco economical when used as you would lard?

Crisco goes further, lasts longer than lard. Foods fry in Crisco so quickly that a crust forms instantly, and prevents absorption. Often after using Crisco for deep frying, when pouring the Crisco back, it looks as if it will overflow the can, so little has been absorbed. Crisco does not absorb either odors or flavors, does not discolor or burn. Strain Crisco through cheese cloth and it can be used and re-used, two or three times as often as lard. Letters have been received from over a hundred women in one month commenting on the improvement Crisco has made in their doughnuts.

Is Crisco healthful?

Crisco, on account of its pure vegetable origin, is more healthful than any animal or partially animal fat.

Has Crisco a disagreeable odor?

One of the most pleasing features of Crisco is its delicate aroma. Crisco biscuits or Crisco shortcake, served hot, will be most convincing proof.

How should Crisco be used?

Do not keep Crisco in a refrigerator. The best results are secured when it is kept at the ordinary temperature of a room. Then it will be firm, neither too soft nor too hard, but of just the proper consistency

to work into flour. When used where you would lard, use one-fifth less. When used where you would butter, use a little less. Then be sure to add salt.

How hot should you heat Crisco for frying?

Heat the Crisco until a bread crumb will become golden brown, as follows:

In 60 seconds for	doughnuts, fritters, etc.
" 40 "	" croquettes, fishballs, etc.
" 20 "	" French fried potatoes, etc.

Seconds can be counted thus: one hundred and one, one hundred and two, etc.

Should your results not be wholly satisfactory, vary your way of using Crisco. Crisco has been tested so exhaustively, that it reasonably can be said that unsatisfactory results will not be the fault of the product. Most women follow their usual recipes and secure remarkable results.



The vegetable shortening makes shortcakes as digestible as it is delicious

If your grocer does not yet keep it, you probably will find it in other stores in your neighborhood; if not, on receipt of 25c in stamps or coin, we will send you, charges prepaid, a regular 25c package. Write plainly your name and address, and also let us have the name of your grocer. No more than one package will be sent direct from us to any one customer.

On request, we will mail an illustrated book of Tested Crisco Recipes. These show you the best ways of using Crisco in your everyday cooking, and explain many other advantages of Crisco. Write for a copy. Address The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. T, Cincinnati, O.



The evidence in favor of a vegetable fat is overwhelming

CRISCO—For Frying, For Shortening, For Cake Making

Packages 25c, 50c, and \$1.00, except in the Far West

Digitized by Google

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Toothsome Treat



For the Summer Days

when the appetite needs to be coddled with fresh fruits that nourish and strengthen without disturbing the digestion. There is nothing so deliciously satisfying as

Shredded Wheat Biscuit With Strawberries and Cream

and nothing so easy to prepare. No cooking or baking—no culinary skill required. Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. It is better than the white flour dough of ordinary shortcake because it contains the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked. The porous shreds take up the fruit juices, presenting them to the palate with all the full, rich aroma of the natural berry.

Heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with strawberries (or other berries) and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste.

The Shredded Wheat Company

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Comfortable Day

Begins at the
Breakfast Table

The most common table beverages—coffee and tea—contain a drug—*caffeine*—which to some persons is an irritant, and interleres with digestion.

If you find this to be true in your own family, stop the coffee and tea and use

POSTUM

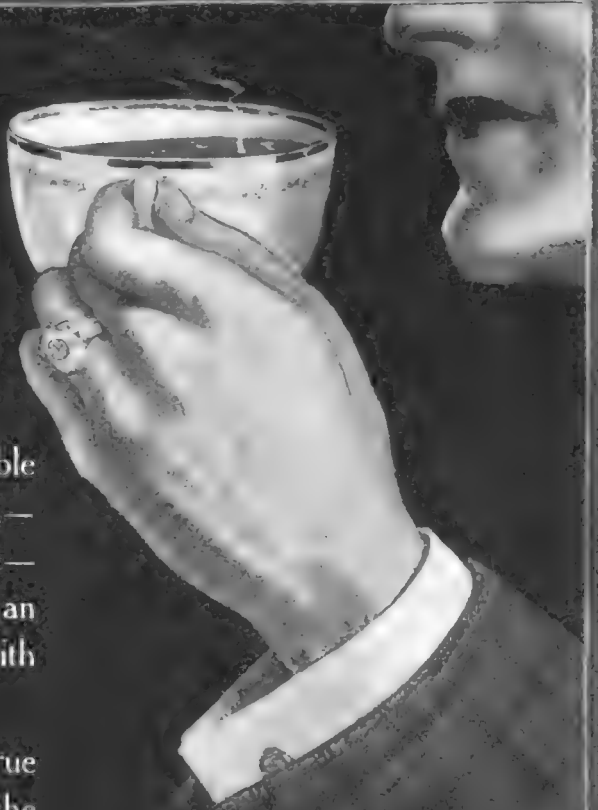
Well boiled, according to directions, it is a comforting drink resembling Java coffee in color and taste.

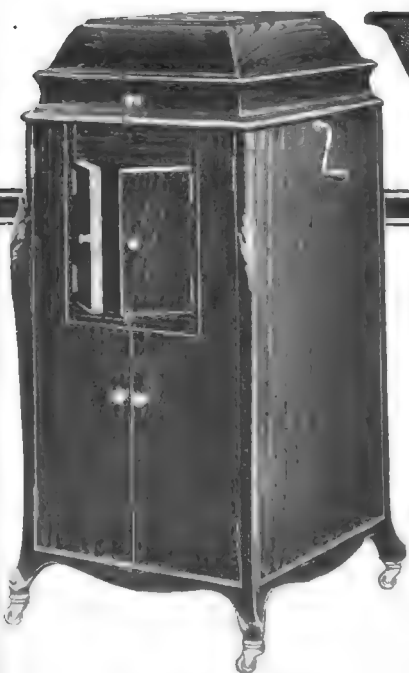
The test is worth the trouble and may solve the problem.

“There's a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

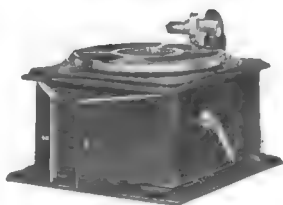
Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.



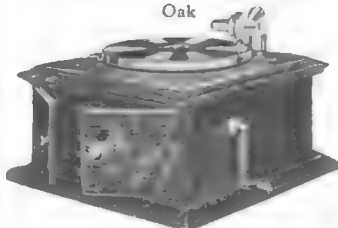


Victor-Victrola XVI, \$200
Mahogany or quartered oak

New Victor Records
are on sale
at all dealers
on the 28th of each month



Victor-Victrola IV, \$15
Oak



Victor-Victrola VI, \$25
Oak

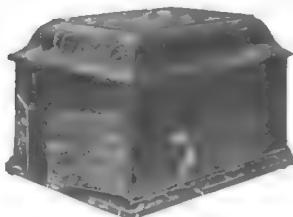
Victor

The greater your love of music the greater will be your appreciation of the Victor-Victrola.

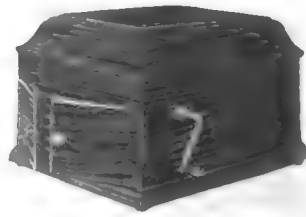
This wonderful instrument reveals to you in all their beauty many exquisite musical masterpieces which you have never heard before, which would otherwise be absolutely lost.

The great Trio from Lombardi, a famous number from one of the older Verdi operas; the brilliant "Spirto gentil" from Donizetti's Favorita, first produced in Paris in 1840; the lovely "Qui la voce" from Bellini's opera Puritani; the two extremely beautiful Duets from Forza del Destino.

None of these magnificent numbers are ever sung in America—there are many more, and there is no other way to hear them except on the Victor.



Victor-Victrola VIII, \$40
Oak



Victor-Victrola IX, \$50
Mahogany or oak

Victrola



And even arias that are entirely familiar to you are sung as you have never heard them sung before, as you can hear them only on the Victor.

You may have heard the ever-popular "Misérère" from Trovatore a thousand times, but never have you heard it as Caruso, Alda and the Metropolitan Opera Chorus have sung it for the Victor.

Nor have you ever heard Faure's noble "Crucifix" so superbly rendered as it is sung by Caruso and Journet.

These priceless gems of the great composers, perfectly interpreted by the world's most famous artists, not only captivate you with their extreme beauty when first you hear them, but they weave a new charm around you every time they are repeated.

You find ever new enjoyment in them and marvel at the sublime musical accomplishments of the Victor-Victrola.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play these famous records for you and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

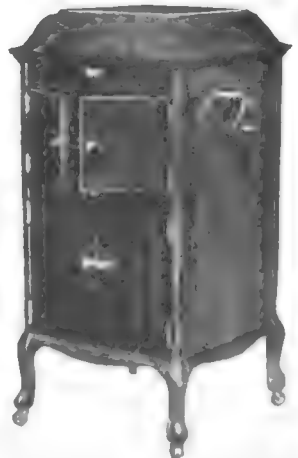
Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

**Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—
there is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.**

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100

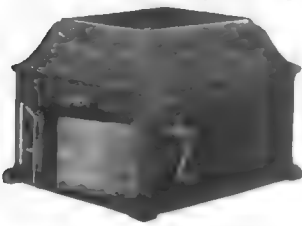
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)



Victor-Victrola XIV, \$150
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XI, \$100
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola X, \$75
Mahogany or oak

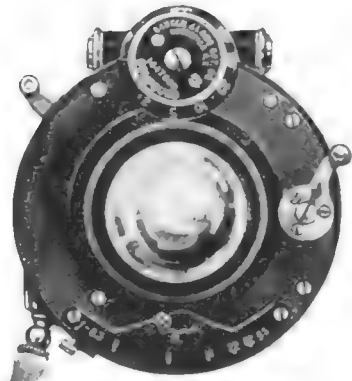
“KODAK”

Is our Registered and common-law Trade-Mark and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If a dealer tries to sell you a camera or films, or other goods not of our manufacture, under the Kodak name, you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



The SPECIAL KODAKS

They take what you want
when you want it.

Snap-Shots on cloudy days, snap-shots in light shade—even in-door snap-shots when conditions are right—all these are easily possible with the *Special* Kodaks.

They are pocket cameras, so light that you carry them where you will; they are *Kodaks*, so simple that you readily learn to use them; they are capable instruments, so efficient that they take what you want, when you want it.

IN DETAIL:—Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lenses, speed $f. 6.3$. Compound shutters, with variable indicated speeds—from 1 second to $\frac{1}{250}$ of a second on the No. 3A and to $\frac{1}{125}$ of a second on the Nos. 3 and 1A. Also time and "bulb" exposures. Rising and sliding fronts, rack and pinion for focusing, reversible brilliant finders, two tripod sockets. Load in day-light with Kodak film cartridges. Made of aluminum covered with finest Persian morocco. Black leather bellows, heavily nicked fittings. Correct in design and accurate in every detail of construction.

No. 1A Special Kodak, for pictures,	-	-	-	$2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches,	\$50.00
No. 3 " " " "	-	-	-	$3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ "	52.00
No. 3A " " " "	-	-	-	$3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ "	65.00

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Kodak catalogue free at the
dealers or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



Here's the soup that builds brawn and brain.

A wholesome, nourishing food in itself, it also aids the digestion of all other foods. And, as a great editor said recently referring to Campbell's Soups "*Your digestion makes you what you are.* Soup is an economical food," he added. And this is particularly true of

Campbell's **BEEF SOUP**

Beside its strong, rich beef stock, this hearty soup contains plenty of good juicy meat which has not been used for stock; and carrots, turnips, barley and fine herbs.

It is just the introduction you want to help out a slender menu at any time. And a plate or two with bread and butter makes a sustaining light meal in itself.

Order at least half-a-dozen at a time.

21 kinds 10c a can



"These soups are ever
What make me clever
To guard this wicket of mine.
And the only bowl
That can reach its goal
Is a bowl of this soup so fine".

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon

Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail

Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label



Fine Morning "Eats"

Here are some fine morning Eats for Miss Business.

Here are the Eats that are always ready to serve and that taste delicious.

Post Toasties

—the crisped bits of toasted Indian Corn—delicately browned, wafer-like and appetizing.

Serve them for your breakfast tomorrow morning—and you'll probably serve them again, and again, for—

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



A New Pattern—OLD COLONY

The Old Colony is the highest achievement attained in silver plated ware. The design possesses individuality without sacrifice of simplicity or purity of outline. The pierced handle deserves especial attention. Appropriate for any time and place, it is pre-eminently fitted for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, and is backed by the largest makers in the world, with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of 65 years.

Sold by all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "T-20."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

(International Silver Co., Successor)

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

Hamilton, Canada

You will be interested in seeing this beautiful advertisement printed in full colors on the back cover of many of the leading publications. It is one of a series that will appear during 1913.

*Don't Forget Welch's—
It Is Part of the Good Time*

A WELCH grape punch can be mixed for a picnic as quickly and easily as for a reception at home. You can carry WELCH'S in a thermos bottle on a picnic, or anywhere you go.

Welch's
The National Drink
Grape Juice

Men like WELCH'S because of its satisfying tart-sweetness; women like it for its rich-ripe grape flavor and its true fruity aroma; children like it because it is *one* good thing of which they can have all they want.

*Do more than ask for Grape Juice
—ask for Welch's—and get it.*

Write today for our free booklet of recipes for dainty desserts and delicious drinks made with WELCH'S.

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints for \$3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Four-ounce bottle by mail 10c.

**The Welch
Grape Juice
Company**
Westfield, N. Y.



Barrett Specification Roofs

Maine Central Roundhouse,
Waterville, Maine



The Railroad Test

THE hardest kind of a building to roof successfully and economically is a railroad roundhouse.

Such a building is exposed to heat inside, condensed vapor from above and below, as well as acid fumes of coal smoke and the constant dropping of cinders and sparks on the surface. All this, in addition to the ordinary wear and tear of the weather.

Only one type of roofing can stand up under such conditions successfully and that is a Barrett Specification Roof.

Its low cost makes it attractive to begin with and the fact that there is no maintenance expense such as painting or coating, makes the net cost per year of service far below that shown by any other roof covering.

The reasons which make Barrett Specification Roofs particularly desirable for roundhouses make them even more desirable and economical when used on manufacturing plants, warehouses, apartments, in fact, on all flat-roofed commercial structures.

Every architect, engineer and owner should have a copy of The Barrett Specification with tracings for use in future building plans and we are pleased to mail same free on a request addressed to our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. Johns. N. B. Halifax, N. S.



Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirements.



TRADE LIQUID GRANITE MARK

For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. Its quality has made it the best-known and most widely used of all varnishes. There is no substitute.

WOOD LUXEBERRY FINISH

For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. It has for years been the standard to which all other varnish makers have worked.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH

For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear and finished in full gloss, such as window sills and sash, bathroom and kitchen woodwork. It stands the action of soap and water to an unusual degree.

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH

For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Dries dust free in a short time and possesses great durability under the most trying weather conditions.

SPAR LUXEBERRY VARNISH

For yachts, boats, canoes and other marine uses—either inside or outside. It is impossible to produce a more lasting varnish to withstand the trying conditions of marine use.

Here's Your Guide to All Good Varnishing

First—Berry Brothers' label on the can.

Second—One of the above five names at the top of the label.

These five satisfy all the needs of the average user who goes to his dealer or his painter for varnish.

And there is no way to get greater satisfaction.

There's no way to be more certain of the durability, economy and handsome appearance of the varnished surface—than by specifying the Berry Brothers' Label, and seeing personally, that it is "on the job."

You can always afford to use the *best* varnish. And you can always afford

to spend the little time it takes to see personally to its selection and use.

Tear out this page and file it away for your guidance the next time you have varnishing to be done. It will

help you get full satisfaction—whether you have only one floor to be finished or every room in a new house.

Better still, send for our free book: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—of interest to all present and prospective users of varnish.

Any dealer or painter can supply you with Berry Brothers' celebrated varnishes.

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

BERRY BROTHERS, Ltd.

Established 1858

Factories:

DETROIT, MICH.

WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Digitized by Google

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to any dealer or visiting your dealer.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Make Ironing-Day Easier—for the June Bride and Every Other Woman

BANISH the dread and drudgery of ironing-day. Don't let long habit blind you to the quicker, easier, cooler work of the "American Beauty" Iron.

Any good electric ironing is better than the old way.

That's because the electric iron makes its own heat—inside.

You need but one iron, and no fire in the range.

Thus you save the time of changing irons, and you keep the room and the ironer cool. The handle of the iron remains cool—the bottom hot and clean.

But there's something better than just electric ironing.

That's "American" Electric Ironing.

It's better because it's done with the "American Beauty" Iron. To the general advantages of electric ironing it adds all-around practical usefulness and great economy.

We make these assertions with confidence, for we're the oldest exclusive manufacturers of electric heating-

devices. For eighteen years we've studied the best methods of producing electric heat, and of applying it to practical purposes.

And we've succeeded!

The "American Beauty" Iron is by far the best we've ever produced.

"American Beauty" Electric Iron Guaranteed for Three Years

It's an iron to be used for all the ironing, instead of saving it for particular pieces.

It weighs 6½ pounds—the best weight for all-around household work.

It's so well-balanced that it's easily handled.

Its pointed nose—more pointed than that of any other electric iron—works into the smallest ruffles and tucks.

While it stays evenly hot all over the bottom, the sides and top are protected to prevent any appreciable loss of

heat through them.

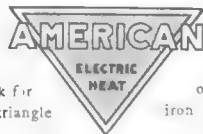
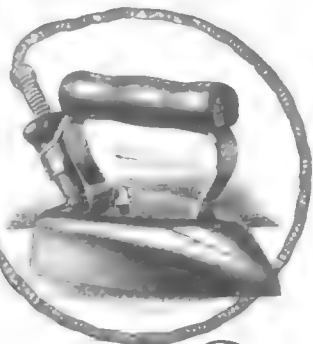
It's so economical that users will tell you they see no noticeable increase in their bills for electric current.

Its durability is so great that we guarantee its life for three years. With ordinary care it will give a lifetime of service.

Moreover, it's really a thing of beauty—so handsome that any June bride would be proud to display it with the wedding-silver and cut-glass.

Get the "American Beauty" Electric Iron at the nearest electric supply, hardware or department store; or we will ship it direct, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price—\$5 anywhere in the United States. Canadian prices are higher, because of the import-duty.

The "American Beauty" Iron and many other electric heating-devices that are suitable for wedding-gifts, and will make housekeeping easier, are described in our free booklet: "Heat without fire." Write us for it today.



**AMERICAN ELECTRICAL
HEATER CO.**

Oldest and Largest Exclusive Makers

1347 Woodward Ave.,
DETROIT, U. S. A.





Thirst Content

Every day—many times a day, it just seems as if nothing would satisfy.

Drink
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

There's nothing like it.
It's as wholesome as *pure* water, and quenches
the thirst as nothing else will.

**Delicious—Refreshing
Wholesome**

Free

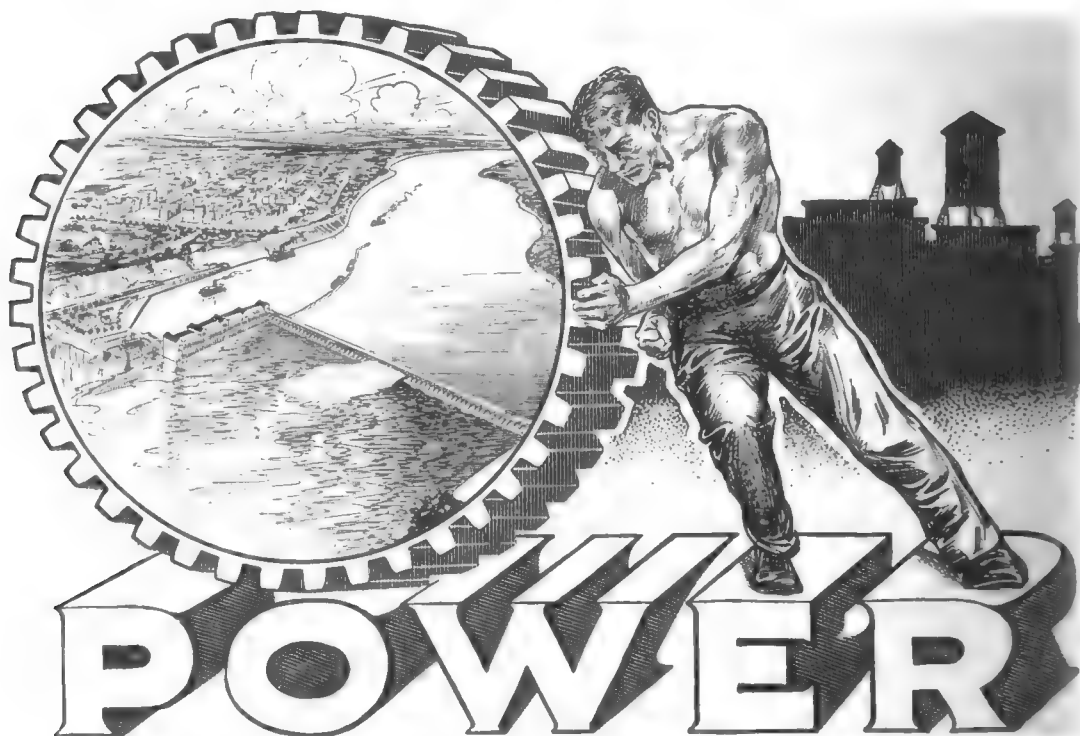
Our new
booklet, telling
of Coca-Cola vindi-
cation at Chattanooga,
for the asking

Demand the Genuine as made by

THE COCA-COLA CO.

ATLANTA, GA

Whenever
you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola.



There will be power for an army of factories at Keokuk, Iowa, a few months hence, when the waters of America's greatest river will be harnessed by the gigantic one mile dam, now rapidly nearing completion, across the Mississippi, from Keokuk to the Illinois shore.

The immensity of this work is the talk of the whole engineering world—the dam and power plant are costing \$25,000,000, and will be capable of developing 200,000 electrical horse power—the largest single water-power plant in the world.

KEOKUK

"The City of Power"

will offer to manufacturers locating here this huge supply of power at a lower cost than it can be obtained anywhere else in the country.

Keokuk has competing railroad lines running in seven directions—it has the advantage of a splendid waterway, covering thousands of navigable miles. Through New Orleans all the ports of the world are open to Keokuk.

The dam will create a large lake, the level of which for miles above the dam will not vary over four feet in drought or in flood, affording docking facilities which cannot now or hereafter be equalled by anything of the kind at any point on the Mississippi, Missouri or Ohio Rivers.

Every manufacturer should write for illustrated pamphlet and learn all the facts about Keokuk, "The City of Power."

KEOKUK INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, Keokuk, Iowa

The Genuine has this Label

TRADE MARK

"**Porosknit**"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

and
is

Guaranteed

Imitated, but Not Duplicated

There are plenty of imitations, but there's none like the genuine "Porosknit"—*guaranteed* without time-limit or condition.

Examine genuine "Porosknit" and see the *difference* in the way it is made. Turn the garments inside out and note how strongly the seams are re-inforced, seamed and cover-seamed. Notice the tape re-inforcement of seat seam and opening of drawers. Observe the *large double seat*. Look for the actual "Porosknit" label as shown here and the Guarantee Bond—*proof of quality*—with each garment.

There's wonderful comfort and pleasure in wearing "Porosknit" Union Suits—only one thickness at waist, you know—and made to *stay* buttoned while on. Light, cool, elastic and durable. Try it.

For **50c** Any Style Men's Union Suits, \$1.00
Shirts and Drawers per Garment
Boys' Union Suits, 50c
Any Style

For **25c** Boys

Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere

Write for Illustrated Booklet of Styles

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY

Washington St.
Amsterdam
N. Y.

Chalmers Guarantee
If, in your opinion, this garment, labeled as below,

Be
Sure
It Has
The Label

fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage. This guarantee applies to every genuine "Porosknit" garment not stamped "Second" or "Imperfect" across the "Porosknit" Label.

Get
this
when
you purchase



Copyright, U. S. A., 1913, by The B. V. D. Company.

“Bank on” B. V. D. And Draw Comfort-Interest All Summer.

Don't overheat and overweight your body with tight-fitting, full-length undershirts. Wear cool *Loose Fitting* B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers or Union Suits. They are made of light, durable, woven materials, soft to the skin. Quality of fabrics, true-to-size fit, careful workmanship and long wear are assured and insured by

This Red Woven Label



(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off and Foreign Countries.)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A., April 30th, 1907.) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the suit.

**THE B. V. D. COMPANY,
NEW YORK.**

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.





Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



The
Vacation Necessity!!

C. COLES PHILLIPS.

For Your Home

*A 7 x 11 reprint of this C. Coles Phillips
girl, for framing, mailed upon receipt of
five cents postage.*

Sold by leading Stationers, Jewelers, etc., everywhere. Avoid the substitutes.
L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

Boston; Chicago; San Francisco; Montreal; London; Paris.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Tarvia

*Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust~*



Country Club Road, Greenville, S. C.

What the Government Found Out About Tarvia

THE Office of Good Roads, Department of Agriculture, built an experimental road at the country club at Greenville, S. C., in 1909, following very closely our specifications for two-coat penetration work, using "Tarvia X."

After two years the above photo of the road was taken at a point where it adjoins a stretch of plain macadam. The intention of the Department was to find out just how much difference the tarvia treatment made.

The picture tells the story. The plain macadam in the foreground is *worn out*. The tarviated surface is in *perfect condition* and the difference is so great that a clear division line is seen in the above photograph.

This is a typical instance of the success of Tarvia as a road binder. A tarvia'ed road is automobile proof, waterproof, dustless and mudless. It is so much cheaper to maintain that the cost of using Tarvia in the construction is more than compensated for.

Tarvia is made in three grades:

"Tarvia X" for use in constructing roads and pavements.

"Tarvia A" for hot surface applications.

"Tarvia B" (applied cold) for dust prevention and road preservation.

Tarvia booklet mailed free to anyone interested. Address our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B. Halifax N. S.





Gives You The *Two Greatest Pleasures*

THE purest joys known to mankind come from things which we do *spontaneously*, things which our natural *Instinct* seems to invite or stir us to do

One of the keenest pleasures mankind has discovered and developed is Music — that difficult art which requires years of preparation before the musician can fully enjoy its pleasures.

How much keener then is this pleasure of music when guided by natural human Instinct? The union of Music and Instinct means a pleasure far more exhilarating than any other which the five senses record! The invention of the

VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

offers you—even though you are untrained in music—this greatest, keenest pleasure.

When you sit down to the Virtuolo and begin to play, you find that you don't have to concentrate every faculty on how you are producing the beautiful music. You find the instrument so simply and sensitively contrived that your very thoughts and feelings seem to pass directly to the piano. Just as the emotions pass through you, you hear the notes of the music calling loudly or murmuring softly, rippling slowly or rushing swiftly across the singing strings.

Four simple expression buttons, which the fingers of your left hand press instinctively, give you complete control over the music—so complete that by pressing one of these buttons you can even cause any note in the music to sing clearly out above the rest—at the very moment you wish it.

The Virtuolo in the famous HALLET & DAVIS PIANO, whose *pure sunlight of tone* has been praised by greatest musicians from Franz Liszt to Mary Garden, **\$750** and up-

ward. In the artistic, full-toned CONWAY PIANO, as low as **\$575**. Lexington Player Piano, **\$450** and up. Send for handsome colored pictures of the various styles, giving complete description.

Seeing, hearing, playing the Virtuolo will prove far more to you than all the advertisements we might write. Therefore call at the store of our representative in your locality and *test the Virtuolo*. Or have it sent to your own home for free demonstration.

FASCINATING BOOK—FREE

"The Inner Beauty" will open your eyes to things about Music which you have never known. Tells you fully about Instinctive Playing and the Virtuolo. Send attached coupon for a copy, *today*.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.

BOSTON

NEW YORK

Established 1839

NEWARK

TOLEDO

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO COMPANY
Dept. 11, 146 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Send me full information about the Virtuolo and your Easy Buying Name Address

THE WOOD FOR THE
NEW "OLD HOMESTEAD"
IS

WHITE PINE
"THE WOOD AMERICA IS MOSTLY BUILT OF"

If you want (and you do want) the new house to *deserve* to become the "old homestead", build it of **WHITE PINE**, the wood of which the great majority of American "old homesteads" are built—(and that's why they're as good now as when great-great-grandfather was a schoolboy). If you want (and of course you want) your modest essay in beautifying the home—either by delightful arbor, garden seat or

Humble (^{Yet}_{Lovable}) Window Box

to outlast your children—make it of **WHITE PINE**, "the People's Lumber since the Pilgrims Landed." *The wood chosen by your forefathers* when they left the Mayflower (out of 27 varieties at hand) is to be had **TODAY**, from Minnesota and Wisconsin, in the same superb and reliable grades historically identified with **WHITE** (and Norway) **PINE**. And at prices that represent the most genuine lumber economy. Another point—

White Pine is Easy on Tools—
It's "the Best-Natured Wood that Grows".

**WHITE
PINE**

& plenty of it!

BUT THE FIRST THING to DO is to GET the "WHY-WHEN-WHITE PINE" BOOK

28 pages (illustrated) that not only prove the Universal Usefulness of **WHITE** (and Norway) **PINE** but also prove that there still is "Plenty of It," at genuine "bargain" prices, notwithstanding erroneous beliefs to the contrary.

WE GLADLY GIVE PERSONAL COUNSEL. WRITE NOW.

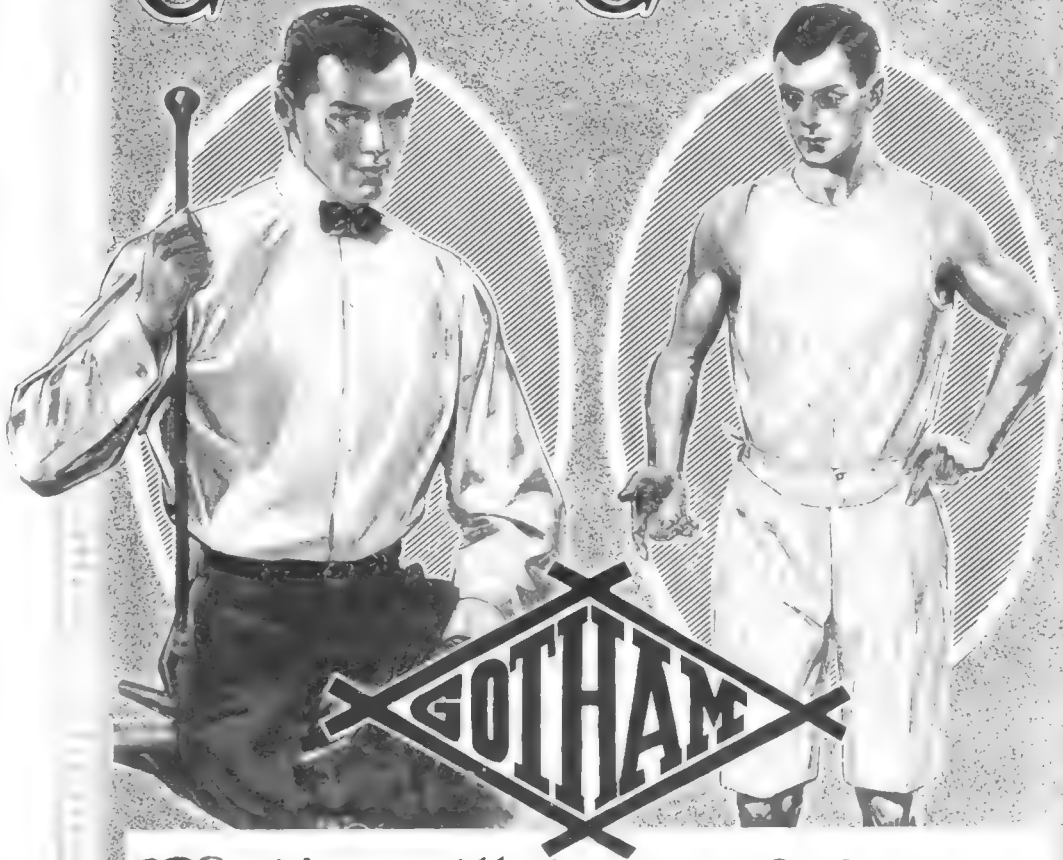
by **NORTHERN PINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY** Original from
Minneapolis, Minnesota
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

**NORWAY
PINE**

& plenty of it!

READY AT YOUR DEALERS
Gotham Garments



The shirt and Underwear of a Gentleman

GOTHAM MEANS FULL MONEY VALUE

THE MOST THAT MONEY CAN BUY is what every man wants, and what every man finds in *GOTHAM Color-Fast Garments*. Equal to the best custom-made garments in fabric, design and workmanship—a man secures **full money value**, not for the day, nor for the week, but for many weeks to come, for *GOTHAM* merchandise has wearing qualities.

SHIRTS AT \$1.00 TO \$7.50

UNDERWEAR AT 50c. TO \$3.50 THE GARMENT

The Gotham book de luxe is an interesting volume, handsomely illustrated, and is full of information regarding *GOTHAM* Shirts, Summer Underwear, Pajamas and Soft Collars.

Your personal copy will be sent postpaid—*gratis*. Write for it

GOTHAM MFG. CO., Dept. B. Fifth Avenue Bldg., Madison Square West, New York City



"The Old Order Changeth"

The up-to-the-minute conveyance, luxuriously comfortable, invariably trustworthy, instantly responsive to control, clean, silent and most simple and economical in operation, is the Electric Vehicle. As a pleasure car, for city or

suburban use, it more exactly answers the requirements of either a business man, professional man or woman, than any other form of motor car. For commercial purposes its superiority has time and again been proved.

A most important part of an "Electric" is the storage battery, since it furnishes the motive power. The greatest degree of dependability, the least cost for care and operation and the best vehicle service can be secured by using

The "Ironclad-Exide" Battery

This battery is a combination of those practical storage-battery principles which an experience of twenty-four years in the study and manufacture of storage batteries, by the oldest and the largest battery maker, has proved to be unquestionably dependable.

The following leading Electric Vehicle makers are users of

"Exide," "Hycap-Exide" and "Ironclad-Exide" Batteries

Argo Electric Vehicle Company,
Atlanta Vehicle Company,
Baker Motor Vehicle Company,
Berland Grannie Company,
Brook Electric Vehicle Company,

Chrysler Motor Company,
Chicago Motor Vehicle Company,
Commercial Truck Company,
Dayton Electric Car Company,
Grinnell Electric Car Company,
General Vehicle Company,

R. C. H. Corporation,
Kew-Ford Motor Vehicle Company,
C. P. K. Motor Vehicle Company,
Ohio Electric Car Company,
Phillips Electric Auto Company,
Ward Motor Vehicle Company,

Ranch & Long Carriage Company,
Studebaker Automobile Company,
Standard Electric Car Company,
The Waverly Company,
Walker Vehicle Company,
Woods Motor Vehicle Company,

Remember the importance of the storage battery and then be sure to get an "Exide." Our nearest sales office can tell you about the three "Exide" Batteries and which is the best adapted to your service.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

1888

PHILADELPHIA

1912

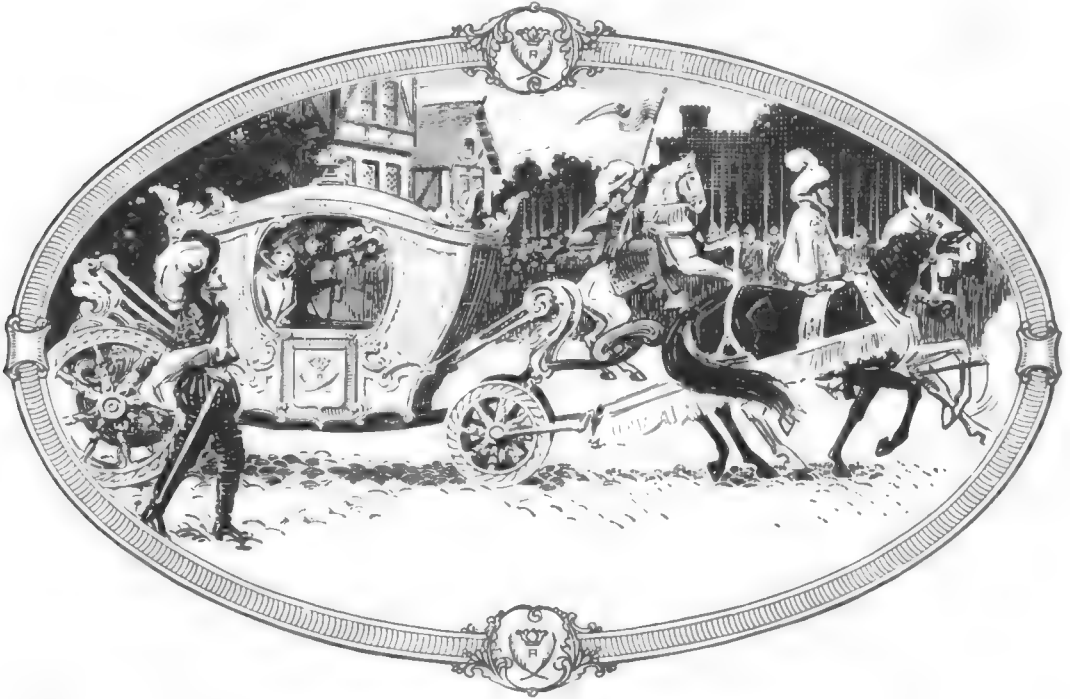
New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Atlanta,
Denver, Detroit, San Francisco, Toronto, Portland, Ore.,
Seattle, Los Angeles.

"Exide" Depots in New York, Philadelphia, Boston,
Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Denver, Atlanta and San Francisco.

860 "Exide" Distributors, "Exide" Inspection Corps.

The "Exide" battery for ignition and lighting





The Royal Coach—Then and Now

DURING the 16th and 17th centuries, only the nobility rode in coaches—hence the name *royal coach*, signifying the highest type of vehicle construction.

In the Electric Vehicle of today we have the modern royal coach; but there is more real comfort and luxuriousness in the Electric than ever was possible in those splendid equipages of the past.

¶ The Electric Vehicle is refined enough and exclusive enough in appearance to suit the most aristocratic, formal occasion. It is commodious enough for a family outing—dignified enough for the business or professional man.

¶ With all its niceties of design and equipment, the Electric is the staunchest, sturdiest specimen of carriage building. It has sufficient power to sat-

isfy every normal desire for speed, but even children may drive it with safety.

¶ The Electric does away with the necessity for a chauffeur—it takes scarcely any time to learn its simple operation. Its general serviceability in all sorts of weather and its extreme economy of maintenance make it the one car for every member of the family—the car desirable for *you*.

Before you buy any car—consider the Electric

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

BOSTON

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

(2)

Digitized by Google

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.



Factory and Powerhouse built Kahn System of Reinforced Concrete. American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

Kahn Building Products

Cover completely all constructions, large and small, including reinforced concrete, stucco, metal lath, steel windows, waterproofing, finishes, specialties, etc. Kahn Buildings represent maximum fireproofness, daylightness, strength, safety and economy. Our experience covers thousands of the most carefully planned buildings. Valuable suggestions will be sent free, if you will write about your buildings.



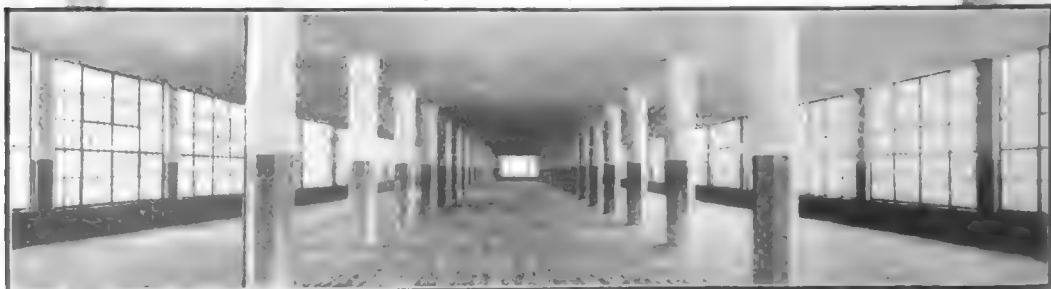
Hy-Rib Sidings, built without forms. Favorite Stove & Range Co., Piqua, Ohio.

Hy-Rib



Hy-Rib

Does away with forms in concrete construction, in Roofs, Sidings, Floors, Partitions and Ceilings. Better and more economical than brick, corrugated iron or wood. Hy-Rib steel sheathing is a combined unit of reinforcement, centering, studs and lath. **Hy-Rib Hand Book** of valuable suggestions, specifications, etc., **Free** if you mention your building.



Perfect Daylighting with United Steel Sash and Kahn Flat Ceiling Construction. Dodge Bros., Detroit.

SLIDING SASH
PIVOTED SASH
CONTINUOUS SASH

United Steel Sash

MOVABLE PARTITIONS
UNITED STEEL DOORS
CASEMENT SASH

All types of sash for all conditions of openings. Machine built of rolled steel - unweakened by cutting or punching. Flood interior with daylight. Proof against fire, weather and storm. Cannot warp or rot. United Steel Sash Catalog, illustrating modern constructions, etc., **Free**, if you outline your building plans.

KAHN
Building
Products

TRUSSED
CONCRETE
STEEL
CO.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO., 934 TRUSSED **DETROIT**
CONCRETE STEEL CO.

KAHN
Building
Products

TRUSSED
CONCRETE
STEEL
CO.



**1 $\frac{2}{3}$ Mills
Per Shave**

*AutoStropping
makes the 12
blades last 600
shaves or 1 $\frac{2}{3}$
mills per shave*

AutoStropping— the Twin Brother of Head Barber Stropping

WHAT makes the Head Barber's edge shave so many times without honing? The Head Barber's expert stropping.

What makes the Head Barber's edge shave so smooth and keen? Head Barber expert stropping.

What makes the AutoStrop Razor edge shave so many times? AutoStropping.

What makes the AutoStrop Razor edge shave so sharp that the face is barely conscious of the edge? AutoStropping.

What is AutoStropping? Mechanical stropping which the novice can do as quickly, handily and expertly as the Head Barber. Mr. Atchison, the head barber

at the Planters Hotel, St. Louis, says, "AutoStropping is the only thing I ever saw outside of a barber's fingers that would strop a head barber edge."

Standard AutoStrop set as above \$5. Combination sets \$6.50 up. Send for catalog. Price in Canada same as in United States. Factories in both countries.

If not satisfactory don't hesitate to take razor back, as dealer loses nothing. We protect him from loss.

Ben Franklin said, "Have you something to do tomorrow? Do it today!" Don't forget the AutoStrop Razor tomorrow. Get one today. Dealer will send it on trial quick. 'Phone or post him a card today.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 343 5th Ave., New York; 400 Richmond St., W., Toronto; 61 New Oxford St., London; Schleusenbrücke, No. 8, Hamburg

AutoStrop

SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.,
343 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.**

Kindly send me *free* one of the new improved AutoStrop Razor blades.

Name

Address

YOUNG MARINERS SHOULD LEARN WHAT ANCIENT MARINERS KNOW

THE HISTORIC
TRUTH THAT

CYPRESS

"THE WOOD ETERNAL"

is, has been, and always will be

*The Safest
Most Enduring &
Most Economical*
BOAT MATERIAL

ever grown by nature or made by man.

The U. S. GOV'T REPORT, (June, 1911)

says that "John Lawson, writing about 1714 upon the resources of North Carolina, gives valuable information upon the CYPRESS canoes' part in the coast and river commerce at that time." How reasonable, then, is the deduction that "the best canoe wood in early times was Cypress,"—and how inevitable that later on "builders of sailboats and small ships in the South drew liberally upon Cypress for planking, decking, masts, and other parts of the vessel."

198 YEARS LATER — IN 1912

we find a typical case of a modern sailboat in Michigan, planked with CYPRESS and perfectly sound, even at the water line, *after 20 years' use*—whereas the gunwales (of a much "harder" wood) are rotting away—without even a "5-day notice." **CYPRESS is the Answer, Mr. Sea-dog!**

**BRAND NEW
Vol. 19**

of the "Cypress
Pocket" Library
is what you want.
(Drop a line quick)

When planning a Yacht, Row-boat, Bungalow, Lodge, Sleeping-porch or fence, remember "With Cypress you Build But Once."

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
1200 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

This Harley-Davidson Does the Work of Three Horses



THE Home Telephone Company, of Portland, Indiana, say in part:—"Used our Harley-Davidson Motorcycle in trouble Department for two months, doing the work of three horses. It has traveled 2,400 miles, has given entire satisfaction, and the expense of gasoline and oil is so small as to hardly be worth consideration."

HOME TELEPHONE CO.

We have a large number of similar expressions from Butchers, Grocers, Jewelers, Department Stores, Gas and Electric Companies, etc. These firms have found the Harley-Davidson the most rapid and economical means of delivery and transportation. What the Harley-Davidson is doing for them, it will do for you. **THE**

Harley-Davidson

Is the Most Desirable Motorcycle for General Use

It is the Most Comfortable. It is the only motorcycle built with a Ful-Floteing Seat. This seat floats or suspends the weight of the rider between 24 inches of concealed springs. These springs assimilate all the vibrations, jolts and jars.

It is the Most Economical. The Harley-Davidson holds the World's official economy record, established at the National F. A. M. Meet, July 3, 1908.

It is the Most Reliable. The Harley-Davidson is the only machine ever awarded a diamond medal and a perfect score of one thousand points with a plus five points additional for its super-excellent performance by the Federation of American Motorcyclists.

It is the Most Durable. Harley-Davidson Motorcycles sold ten years ago are still running and giving satisfaction.

Easiest Starting. It is the only machine fitted with Free-Wheel Control. This control permits starting and stopping by the mere shifting of a lever. In writing for catalog state whether for commercial or private use, and we will send additional data.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
250 B. STREET :: MILWAUKEE :: WISCONSIN

Our Profit 8½ Per Cent

No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

The best way to judge a tire, perhaps, is to know what you get for the money.

And we believe that tire buyers are entitled to know. So we here announce our profit.

The Tire That Outsell All Others

In the first place note that No-Rim-Cut tires now outsell all others.

Ours is by far the largest output ever known. Our present capacity is 3,800 tires daily. By July 1st it will be 5,000 tires daily—automobile tires alone.

We have also the most modern equipment. Our machinery is largely new. For the demand for these tires, in the past two years, has increased by 500 per cent. It has trebled in the past year alone.

So no concern in America has lower cost of production if it makes an equal tire.

Last Year's Profit 8.57 Per Cent

With all these advantages, our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8.57 per cent—close to 8½ per cent.

That is due to the fact that we use Up-River Para—the costliest rubber, but cheapest on the mileage basis.

It is due to the fact that we use costly long-fibre Sea Island cotton which, *in the end*, is cheapest for fabrics.

It is due to the fact that we make wrapped tires instead of moulded tires, because wrapped tires serve the user best.

It is due to giving oversize without extra cost.

It is due to making No-Rim-Cut tires cost the same as clincher tires. They used to cost one-fifth extra.

The point is this:

Tires can't be made more economically than in this mammoth, modern plant.

Men can't stay in this business on a smaller margin of profit. The business is risky, materials are fluctuating, and good tires are guaranteed.

In No-Rim-Cut tires you get as much for your money as any maker ever can give. And you know what you get.

If you consider that fair, it's another reason for insisting on these premier tires.

Our Profit 8½ Per Cent

The Truth About Cost of Tires

Tires can be made to fit any price which users want to pay. The only just comparison is the **cost per mile**.

Cheap tires may cost far more per mile than tires at twice the price. Tires may also be too costly—too fine in composition to endure.

The object of the expert is the **lowest cost per mile**. That has been our object for some 13 years.

How We Know

We make our comparisons on tire-testing machines, where four tires at a time are worn out under all sorts of road conditions. Meters record the mileage.

There we have compared, by actual mileage, some 210 formulas and fabrics. There we have compared every method, material and process. There we have compared rival tires with our own.

Thus for 13 years we have ceaselessly aimed at the lowest cost per mile. And our sensational sales show how we have succeeded.

Saving 48 Per Cent

Then we took up the question of rim-cut tires. Statistics show that 23 per cent of ruined old-type tires are rim-cut.

So we brought out a patent new type tire—a hookless tire—which makes rim-cutting impossible. This patent tire—the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire—wipes out this loss of 23 per cent.

Then we made these tires 10 per cent oversize, to save the blow-outs due to overloading. This extra capacity, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Thus the average tire bills were cut almost in two. Yet these oversize tires—these tires which can't rim-cut—are sold as low as standard old-type tires.

One result is a minimum profit—a profit of 8½ per cent. Another result is a larger sale than any other tire commands.



GOOD YEAR

AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

Digitized by Google

(620)

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

The Greatest Success of the Season

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth, as automobile men know, is the greatest success of the season.

Orders have come to us for 4,000 carloads. We have orders in at this writing, from six separate cities, for a trainload to go in one shipment to each.

Nearly one thousand dealers, in one thousand towns, have allied themselves with this car.

I have never known a model to be in such demand as Reo the Fifth is now.

What It Means

This comes as the climax of my career—after 25 years spent in car building.

It comes from men who have faith in me. It comes from thousands of buyers who think the best I can do is the best they can get.

And every one of these men, I am glad to know, is getting more than he expects.

And All Get an Under-Price

I am also glad to know that you who buy now are getting over-value. There was never

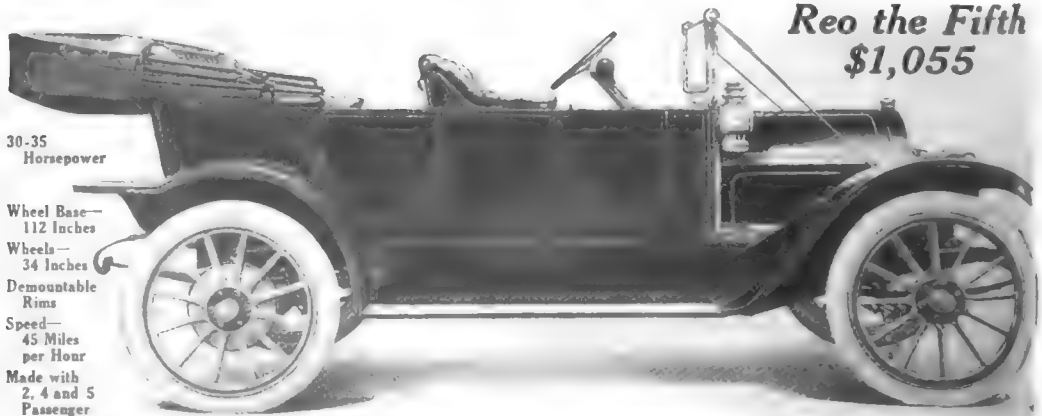
a car so under-priced as this.

This initial price of \$1,055 is a price that can't continue. It is bound to go higher. It must be advanced with the slightest advance in materials.

But you early buyers are entitled to this under-price. The future of this car will be created by you—by the good words you say about it. That's why we started out this car at this altruistic price.

But I want none to expect that this price will continue. I know it must end before long.

Reo the Fifth
\$1,055



30-35
Horsepower

Wheel Base—
112 Inches
Wheels—
34 Inches
Demountable
Rims
Speed—
45 Miles
per Hour
Made with
2, 4 and 5
Passenger
Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for \$100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, \$20 extra.

Each Car Will Sell Twenty in Time

Reo the Fifth is not built for a season. It is built for a very long pull.

Men will never find a way to greatly improve it. The future can bring none but minor changes.

I say this, remember, after 25 years spent in car building. This car I regard as pretty close to finality.

Now Each Car is a Salesman

The future of Reo the Fifth depends on the cars which go out from our shops this spring.

So no car was ever more

carefully guarded. Not a detail is slighted, despite this rush of demand.

The steel is all analyzed. Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness.

Every part gets repeated inspections, and the slightest flaw discards it. Every important part must pass radical tests.

The engines are tested for 48 hours. Each finished car is subjected to a strenuous try-out. Hundreds of men are on the alert here against the least imperfection.

The bodies are finished with 17 coats. We give the last touch to every detail of

finish, regardless of cost or time.

For the cars of this Spring are built to build reputation. The future fame of My Farewell Car depends on their performance.

We expect each car to sell twenty in time. So you who are buying this model now are getting utter perfection—the very best we can do.

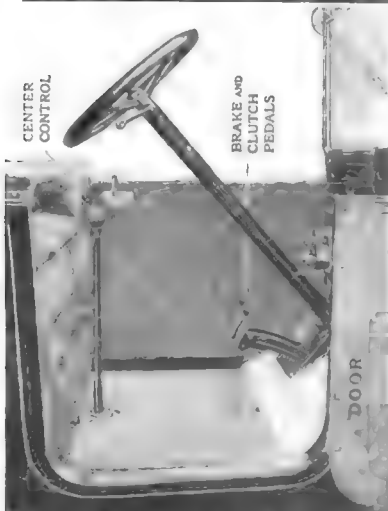
1,000 Dealers

There are dealers now in nearly 1,000 towns to show Reo the Fifth to the interested.

Write for our book showing the various bodies and we will tell you the nearest dealer. Please write now.

R. M. OWEN & CO., General Sales Agents for REO MOTOR CAR CO., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



New Center Control All Side Levers Abandoned

One distinguishing feature in Reo the Fifth is this center, cane-handle control.

All the gear shifting is done by moving this lever less than three inches in each of four directions. It is done with the right hand.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, one of which also operates the clutch. So

the entrance in front on either side is clear.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive, heretofore possible in electric cars only. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the cars he passes.

No man will be content with the old-style side levers when he knows this ideal control.



After All, the Acid Test of Tires is Touring

YOU may take chances in the city within a block or two of a tire repair shop, but out in the country, touring, eighty miles from nowhere, you must have a tire that you can depend upon.

The Diamond Safety Tread Tire is the ideal touring tire. It is staunch, rugged, reliable and troubleless. It is safe in ticklish places and under all conditions. It has life insurance built into it—and it won't skid either forward or sideways.

And it gives you mileage—more even than the Diamond Smooth Tread Tire, which is greatest in mileage among smooth tires.

The Diamond Safety Tread Tire is an economical all the year round tire. Diamond Safety and Smooth Tread Tires are made to fit every style of rim.

In addition to dependable dealers everywhere there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

**We Could Build Them Cheaper, But We Won't
We Would Build Them Better, But We Can't**

The Automobile for Women

**Electrically
Started and
Lighted**

Inter-State

**Controls Itself
Pumps Its
Own Tires**

THE advent of the Inter-State, with its marvelously simple mechanism, its electrical self-starter and its self-controller has brought a revolution in motoring. Now the powerful and magnificent Inter-State starts and obeys the will of the woman driver as readily, as easily and as simply as an electric coupe. Without moving from the driver's seat or shifting gears she starts the engine by a turn of the switch — regulates the mixture by a simple movement of the lever on the steering column, and the magnificent Inter-State is under way and under perfect and absolute control, with no more trouble than turning on an electric light. The Inter-State electric self-starter is **part of the system** and **built into it**, and the motor dynamo turns the engine itself until it picks up under its own power.



No labor to start the Inter-State

THAT greatest nuisance of motoring—tire pumping—is **totally eliminated** with the Inter-State equipment. Any woman can attach the valve to the tire, turn on the pump and in a few minutes have tires just as solid and as perfectly filled as if done by the greatest tire expert in the world.

The Inter-State *does* the work. You *direct* it. There is nothing to it at all and you are fore-armed for any emergency with the complete and thorough equipment of the Inter-State.



Inter-State Tire Pumping—No Work

Electric Lights as in Your Own Home



Any or all lights on by turning switch

provided with a dimming feature so that driving in city streets may be done with a medium diffused light.

ONE of the greatest features of the Inter-State is its electric light system—not a single light or two—but an entire and reliable system, front—side—rear, all correlated and so arranged that by a turn of the switch, without leaving the driver's seat, any or all of the lights may be turned on in all their brilliancy. No more gas tanks, no more oil filling, no more lamp trimming or adjusting. The system is simply perfect. The front head-lights are provided with a dimming feature so that driving in city streets may be done with a medium diffused light.

Write Today for Art Catalog

This describes fully the six 40 and 50 H. P. completely equipped Models which cost from \$2,400 to \$3,400. Gives complete details of all the equipment and features, and also shows the Inter-State Models 30-A and 32-B, 40 H. P., costing \$1,750 and \$1,700 respectively.

Motoring Now All Pleasure

THIS great car performs all the labor itself—electrically self-started—electric lights and ignition, tire pumping and the automatic regulation of fuel consumption.

For the first time in the history of the automobile, electricity plays its *real part* in the entire mechanism. The Inter-State Electric System is really the *nerve system* commanding the energy and motion of the powerful steel muscles that make the Inter-State such a masterpiece of construction. Every conceivable accessory and feature is built into or included in the Inter-State. The Inter-State is truly the *only complete car* in this country or abroad—and this statement is made advisedly.



The Only Complete Car—Equipment and Features Unequaled

INTER-STATE AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Dept. T, Muncie, Indiana

Boston Branch: 153 Massachusetts Avenue

Omaha Branch: 310 South 18th Street

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

World's Stock Champion

Road Race Champion



"National 40"
Four Models
\$2600 to \$3000

What the National's Race Record Means to You

WE do not sell you a racing car. We do sell you a car embodying the principles which have been tested and tried and proven more than good under the most exacting regulations and conditions. A race shows what a car will do if you want it to do it. It demonstrates safety, sureness, worthiness.

The *National 40* is the world's-stock champion, road-race champion and holder of the world's fastest stock straightaway-mile record—but this wonderful record rests upon its quality as a good automobile and not as a race car.

National cars have been put through the severest trials in races; every ounce of power, every fibre of strength has been tested successfully. All this is to one end—absolute reliability for you; a safe, sure car that will respond to any demand and respect any control you wish to exercise.

Get This Motor Car "Style Book"

—it gives you the the Last Word in automobile fashion; body lines and finish as well as mechanical changes and perfections. It shows you in a clear, concise manner how to determine accurately the true worth of a motor car.

If you are an experienced owner you will be able to appreciate this work, and if you want to purchase your first car you can not afford to be without this authority. This book saves you money and adds to your motor car information.

Write at once for "Series V" Book

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY

1017 East Twenty-second Street

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Digitized by **Google**

—Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.



Why not let four corps of tire specialists unite their efforts to make the tires you use in 1912?

You can do it now for the first time.

Such a condition in the tire business is not only absolutely *new*, but it gives the motorist an opportunity to keep his tire expense *where it belongs* that could *only* be brought about by a four-factory organization such as is back of *all* United States Tires.

The motorist who is *at all* acquainted with co-operative advantages in manufacturing, will immediately recognize the *quality possibilities* where four complete and highly efficient organizations *combine their* experience and their skill and their secrets to produce a single *superior-grade* tire.

Yet that is precisely the method employed today in manufacturing all United States Tires. No such opportunity to secure *four-fold* excellence in a motor tire has ever before been offered to the motorist.

This being the case, why should it be necessary for the tire-user to postpone the use of these four-factory tires until he has actually had *unsatisfactory* service from other kinds?

Why not *add* to the possible satisfaction you may have had from the use of other tires?

Why not get *all* the tire mileage it is possible for your money to buy?

That is *exactly* the opportunity that is offered you in the purchase of United States Tires.

You get *combined skill*, and *combined strength*, and *combined durability* in these tires, giving you a *combined value* that is absolutely unique in the tire field.

In all fairness to this year's tire bills, why not give these *four-factory-tested* tires a trial?

United States Tires are good tires

Sold Everywhere

Made in Clincher, Dunlop (straight side) and Quick Detachable styles

United States Tire Company, New York

Prest-O-Starter

For Four \$20 With two-way valve for both lights and starting, \$1.50 additional. **For Six \$25**
Cylinders **Cylinders**

Prest-O-Starter is the most economical of starting systems.

It is sure—safe—efficient.

After thorough tests of all starters, leading manufacturers have included it as regular equipment.

The entire Prest-O-Lite organization stands behind its efficiency.

These are but a few of the reasons that have flooded our factory with orders during the past six months and made it impossible to supply these starters at retail.

Thousands of individual orders have been held up because of the demands of manufacturers.

You can now get a Prest-O-Starter at any of our 26 branches or 15,000 exchange agencies located in practically every city, town and village where automobiles are used.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us, today.

Get Prest-O-Lite on Your Car

Not only does a Prest-O-Lite Tank insure the best, most efficient and most economical light you can buy, but it opens the way to The Prest-O-Starter, the ideal starting system.

When you buy your car—insist upon Prest-O-Lite. Don't take an imitation. No other lighting or starting system can equal the practical service of Prest-O-Lite.

The Prest-O-Starter can be easily and quickly installed by any mechanic on any multi-cylinder car.

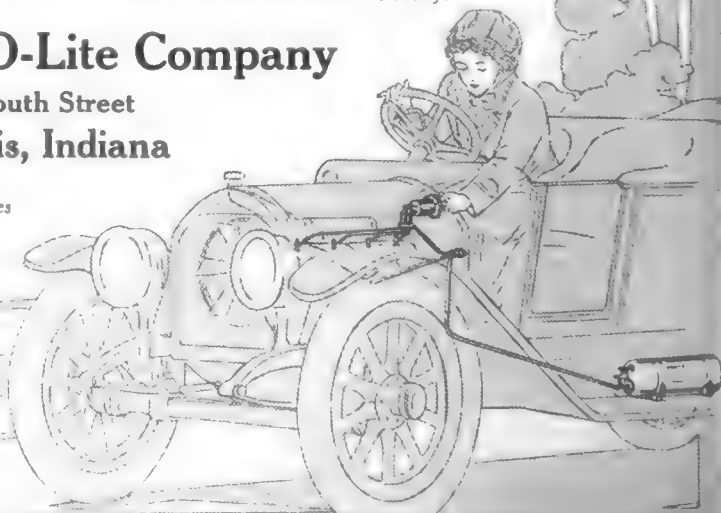
Besides eliminating the tiresome, dangerous cranking it also frees the cylinders from carbon deposits.

If you wish to know the exact facts about the acetylene starting system—why Prest-O-Lite furnishes the best of starters—why The Prest-O-Starter is the best and safest—ask for our literature today.

The Prest-O-Lite Company

211 East South Street
Indianapolis, Indiana

Exchange Agencies
Everywhere



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Peerless 1913

THREE SIXES

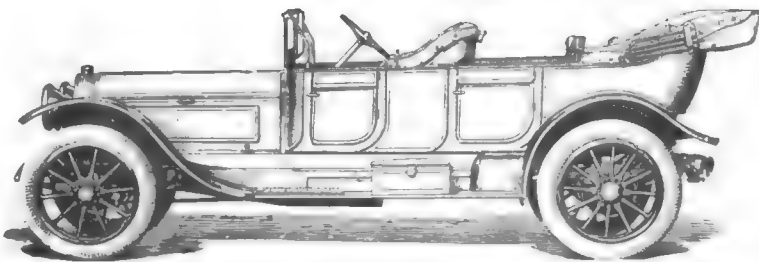
From the three six-cylinder models for 1913, "38-Six," "48-Six," and "60-Six," you may select a six-cylinder car suited exactly to your requirements in power and passenger capacity. Moreover, our dealers throughout the country can accept orders for immediate delivery.

LONG STROKE MOTORS

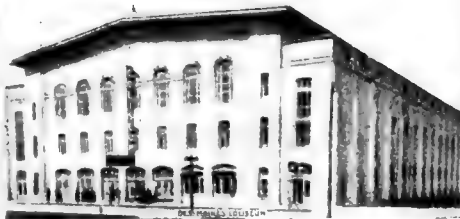
The 1913 Peerless six-cylinder motor has an exceptionally long stroke; it therefore possesses in an unusual degree the long-stroke advantages — flexibility, greater power and smoother action at low speeds.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY

CLEVELAND, OHIO



"60-SIX" SEVEN-PASSENGER TOURING



*Now that you are
ready to begin business
for yourself—*

What will you do?

Will you compete with the house with which you have grown up? Will you handicap yourself by trying to overcome established prestige?

Or will you begin in the City of Certainties—where there is a trade territory whose demands are not yet one-third supplied?

In Des Moines every day you may see men who ten years ago were in the same situation as you. They brought their intellect and genius and capital to Des Moines. They found an unsupplied market. They built up their enterprises until now their businesses equal and excel the ones in which they learned their work.

Des Moines —The City of Certainties

The heart of the richest area of land on earth—Iowa alone produced over \$650,000,000 of agricultural products last year. Nineteen radiating railways put the Des Moines manufacturer immediately in touch with his territory.

The Greater Des Moines Committee is a public service organization. Fill in this coupon or write us. Your inquiries will have prompt personal attention.

All railways issue stop-over tickets for Des Moines.

Certainty Coupon

Greater Des Moines Committee,
146 Coliseum Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

Send me "WEALTH" and the Des Moines Certainty Book.

My business is _____

Name _____

Address _____



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL
The Dainty Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,
10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET
COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



CORR MESH

**A Ribbed
Expanded
Metal**

of the highest
type has solved
the problem of



**Light, Quick Fireproof Construction
AT SMALL COST**

CORR-MESH is the last word in ribbed expanded metals and marks the development of twenty years' experience. Its many uses for buildings of every character and description and its great economic features make it a universal building material.

For Walls and Partitions, Corr-Mesh is stud and lath combined.

For Floors and Roofs, Corr-Mesh saves the expense of centering.

CORR-MESH is made in single units, in lengths up to 12 feet, and answers best every requirement for a metal lath.

If you are interested in building a factory, stucco residence, bungalow, farm, out-buildings, etc., it will pay you to familiarize yourself with the advantages of Corr-Mesh.

Write on your business stationery, telling us the style of building you are contemplating, and we will send you FREE suggestions and our 48-page CORR-MESH handbook, containing complete plans and specifications showing the many economical uses of this material.



Corrugated Bar Co.

210 Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

CUT YOUR COAL BILL

$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$

THE UNDERFEED *Does It*

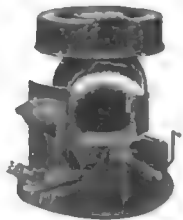
THE UNDERFEED more than pays for itself—it makes money for its owner by effecting an annual saving of $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$ in fuel expense, practically for a lifetime. Figure up the saving and see what it means to you. If you are in the market for a furnace or boiler, let us send you FREE booklet describing

**THE PECK Williamson
Underfeed FURNACES
BOILERS**

Cheap slack soft coal and pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal, yield in the Underfeed more heat, cleaner heat and more even heat than highest priced coal burned in any other heater.

Coal is fed from below. Fire is on top and sides, in direct contact with the most effective radiating surfaces. In top feed furnaces fresh coal blankets the fire, causing alternating chill and overheat.

In the Underfeed, smoke and gases pass up through the fire, are consumed and make more heat. The Underfeed insures perfect combustion. No smoke, no soot, no clinkers and but few ashes.



**Cut-Out View of
Underfeed Furnace**

Ralph Reiman, 932 Saville Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind., wrote April 4, 1912: "The Underfeed furnace installed in my seven room house four years ago has proved to be the best investment I ever made. It has more than paid for itself in coal bills saved."

If you are about to build; if your furnace or boiler is unsatisfactory; if you still depend on stoves or grates—write for furnace or boiler booklet, fac-simile testimonials, heating plans prepared for you by our Engineering Department and estimate of cost—all sent FREE. Dealers also write for our proposition.

THE PECK—WILLIAMSON CO. 306 W. Fifth Ave. CINCINNATI, O.

Send me—FREE—

Underfeed Furnace Booklet _____ (Indicate by X Book-
Boiler Booklet _____ let you desire)

Name _____

Address _____

Name of my dealer

The Baldwin Player-Piano

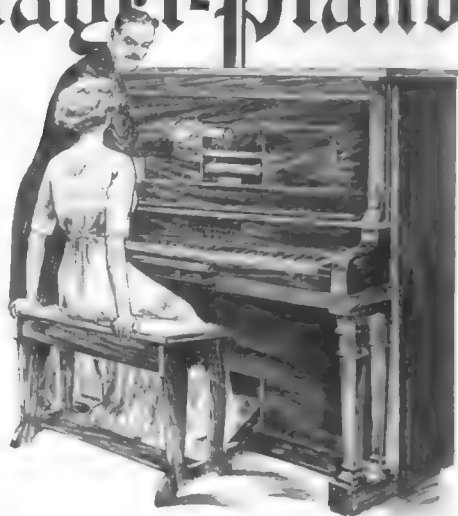
A Baldwin product throughout!

That is the reason of reasons for the wonderful perfection of the Baldwin Player-Piano. All the sentiment, care, ingenuity and heart that enter into the making of the Baldwin Piano are expended upon every part of the Baldwin Player-Piano as well.

We do not add someone's else player mechanism to the Baldwin Piano. We build our own mechanism into it as an integral part designed to produce and control the tone as effectively as the piano keys and pedals. The result is this:—Just as the Baldwin Piano, through its responsive touch, enables the great artists to picture their every mood without condition or limit, so the Baldwin Player-Piano, through its super-sensitive pneumatic action, enables you to express your musical feelings without a thought or suggestion of mechanical restraint.

THE BOOK OF THE BALDWIN PLAYER-PIANO

gives complete information about this wonderful instrument. Sent on request. Write for a copy.



The Baldwin Company

Chicago
323 So. Wabash Ave.
St. Louis
1111 Olive Street

Louisville
425 S. Fourth Ave.

CINCINNATI
Indianapolis
18 N. Penn'a St.

Denver
1626 California St.

New York
8 E. 34th Street
San Francisco
310 Sutter Street

Esterbrook
Steel Pens
250 Styles

Ask your stationer

You want
Esterbrook's
Easiest
writing
Longest
wearing

Their reputation extends over half a century.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John Street, New York
Works: Camden, N. J.

Lasherhose

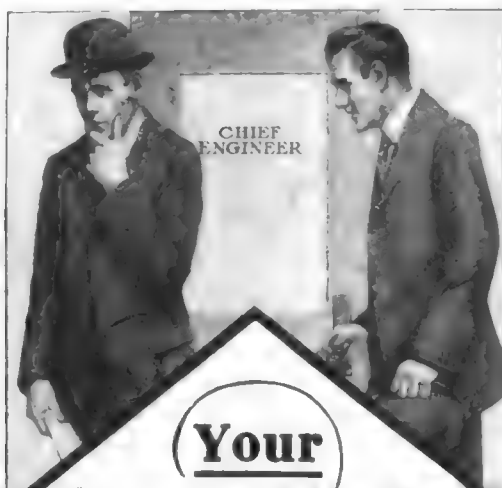
ARE THE ONLY PERFECTLY GUSSETED
HOSE ON THE MARKET

THE machines on which "Lasherhose" are made are patented and controlled by us. Go to your dealer and ask for "Lasherhose" and note how roomy "Lasherhose" heels are. The 34 extra courses in the heels not only make the heels comfortable and durable, but give more room for the instep, preventing that pinched or binding effect—making for more comfort and wear. "Lasherhose" have no competitors. They are in a class by themselves.

Insist on "Lasherhose," and if your dealer cannot supply you, we will. Write for illustrated booklet in colors, giving prices on all grades. 15c. per pair to 50c. per pair. All fully guaranteed.



VERMONT HOSIERY CO.
Northfield, Vt.



Your Entering Wedge to a Good Position

You must be a little better than the next man, or else make way for him. You cannot get away from that fact. To succeed you must have the right kind of knowledge that puts and keeps you in command.

Mark the attached coupon today and learn how you can become most proficient in your *chosen line of work*—how you can win success in the face of competition. It costs nothing to mark the coupon. The information the coupon will bring you may be worth a fortune—it may be the entering wedge to better things for you.

Mark the coupon NOW, and learn of the particular I. C. S. way that meets your case.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1269, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running
Mine Superintendent
Mine Foreman
Plumbing, Steam Fitting
Concrete Construction
Civil Engineer
Textile Manufacturing
Stationary Engineer
Telephone Expert
Mechan. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Architectural Draftsman
Electrical Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.

Civil Service
Architect
Chemist
Languages
Good English
Building Contractor
Industrial Designing
Commercial Illustrating
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Advertising Man
Stenographer
Bookkeeper
Salesmanship
Poultry Farming

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

State _____



Give Her The Richest Toned Piano

IT is possible for your daughter to possess and enjoy the piano that is the world's greatest in one respect—that of tone *richness*. This piano is remarkable because its brilliant notes don't have to be softened to accommodate weak notes. There are no weak notes in this instrument. Every one is 100% rich, full and beautiful.

HADDORFF

The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding Board

The Haddorff specially constructed sounding board absolutely assures to each note the utmost brilliancy. The result is that the Haddorff tone—the "Homo"-tone (from the Greek, meaning "of like, full tone throughout")—has a wonderful quality which you must not miss hearing.

The Haddorff tone is recognized as also being notably pure, sweet and of great sustaining power. The materials, workmanship, scale, action and veneers are of the highest quality known. The "Homo"-tone quality is present in all the Haddorffs—uprights, grands and player pianos.

Write for Free Booklet of the Haddorff Piano and Its Wonderfully Rich Tone

HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY

26 Evans Ave., Rockford, Ill.

FREE BOOKLET COUPON HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY

26 Evans Ave., Rockford, Ill.

Send me FREE BOOK about the HADDORFF Piano and its wonderful "Homo"-tone. (For Player Piano Folder, put cross in this square ☐)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Digitized by Google

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Your house-heating problem is answered authoritatively and finally in our free heat primer:

“What Heat for Your House?”

This is a non-technical talk on heat. It begins at the beginning and leaves off where other heating books begin. It points out the drawbacks of hot air; explains how hot water heats, how steam heats, and the difference between the two. It tells you how to get enough heat, clean and healthful heat, and heat at the lowest cost. It gives a brief description of

Pierce Boilers and Radiators

which are now adequately and economically heating 200,000 homes. Pierce boilers are made to meet every heating requirement. They save fuel, require little attention, cannot get out of order and save their cost long before they have served their time. Your steam-fitter will tell you which boiler you need. But first—

Send for the Primer on Heat

PIERCE, BUTLER & PIERCE MFG. CO., 249 JAMES ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.
SHOWROOMS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES



MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

The reason is this: They are built like Government Torpedo Boats, of tough, puncture-proof steel plates, pressed to rigid form and so securely joined together that a leak is impossible. The Mullins Steel Boats are *guaranteed* against puncture—leaking—waterlogging—warping—drying out—opening seams—and NEVER REQUIRE CALKING.

MOTORS: The Loew-Victor 4-Cycle and Ferro 2-Cycle. Light—powerful—simple—can be operated by the beginner—start like automobile motors—one man control—never stall at any speed—exhaust silently under water.

We also manufacture a complete line of steel hunting and fishing boats—row boats—cedar canvas-covered canoes.

Our beautiful book, illustrated in colors, is free.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.,
104 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio Famous Yale and Harvard Model Canoes



It Can't be Heard

The inestimable advantages of this silent flushing closet will be appreciated by every refined person. When properly installed it cannot be heard outside of the bath room.

Siwelclo^{Noiseless} Siphon Jet Closet

has every possible sanitary feature—deep water seal and perfect flush—with the further exclusive advantage of noiselessness.

The Siwelclo Closet is made of Trenton Potteries Vitreous China, the most sanitary material for such fixtures. It is impervious all the way through, and its white, highly glazed surface will last forever.

Trenton Potteries Vitreous China and Ideal Solid Porcelain are unequaled for all household plumbing fixtures. Ask your architect. He knows about them. Your plumber will install them for you.

Write for Booklet No. S10

on Siwelclo Siphon Jet Closet and our book on "Solid Porcelain Sinks and Washtubs." They will show you what beauty of design and durability of material you can obtain in all Trenton Potteries Products.

The Trenton Potteries Co.

Trenton, N. J., U. S. A.

The Largest Manufacturers of Sanitary Pottery in the U. S. A.



ALADDIN

READI CUT
HOUSES

SAVE
MONEY

Saved \$700 on an \$1800 Home

The Aladdin catalog of 100 houses tells the story. Save 25 to 40 cents on every dollar. Get the warmest, strongest and best. Year around dwellings from \$125 up. All material for complete house furnished. No skilled labor required. Send today for catalog M-4

North American Construction Co.
Bay City, Mich.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

HERE IS THE \$25.00 PRIZE WINNING ANSWER



Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush Contest

"The superiority of the Prophylactic Tooth Brush is not individual judgment, but the verdict of the majority, including your competitors, whose imitations are highly complimentary."

R. F. WILLIAMS, Chicago, Ill.

A complete list of the 155 Prize Winners will appear in the Saturday Evening Post for June 8th

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
167 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.

Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes

The Survival of the Fittest

Glogau's

No. 75

Alcohol-Gas Stove

—New 1913
Model

\$1 Express Paid

Over One Million in Actual Daily Use

CAN do more than a gas stove does. Indispensable for nursery, sick-room, shaving; curling or flat iron; for tourists, boarders; light housekeeping. or wherever gas or oil is not available or desirable. Vaporizes alcohol into gas, increasing its efficiency 8 times. Weighs but 8 oz. Consumes but a few cents' worth of alcohol an hour. Boils quart of water in 9 minutes. Smokeless and odorless. Uses all grades of alcohol to equal advantage, especially denatured alcohol, which is now the cheapest. Cannot get out of order. Safe; will sustain weight of 100 lbs. Extinguishes instantly (blows out like a candle). **Non-Explosive.** Solid Spun Brass and Nickel Plated. Protected by Asbestos lining. Sent anywhere. Express paid.....\$1.

The same No. 155T, but with detachable legs and TIN Boiler, \$1.50 Express Paid. The same No. 155A, but with detachable legs and Aluminum Boiler, \$2.00 express paid. The last two named especially preferred by travelers

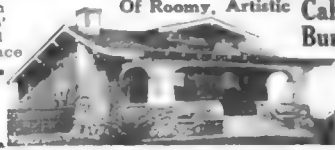
Remember Dangerous Imitations.
Genuine as stamped "Glogau's"

Fred K. Bing, Jr., 990 Dickey Bldg.
Chicago

153 BUILDING PLANS

Based on
46 years'
Practical
Experience

Of Roomy, Artistic California
Bungalows



This attractive 1 room Bungalow can be built from our plans for \$2,700

Why build along old-fashioned lines when for the same money you can erect a home having individuality as well as style and comfort. We have built over 2,000 homes and are a recognized authority. Our famous plans are being used in many states and are suited to any climate. We sell complete architect's blue-print plans of any home for only \$5. Get our ideas.

50c

"PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS"
100 Pages 200 Illustrations

New 1912 edition of our two big bungalow books now ready. We will send either book postpaid for 50c (coin or stamps) or both for \$1.

Book "A" shows 70 homes costing \$2,250 to \$5,000.

Book "B" shows 83 homes costing \$2,250 and less.

Each book has 100 pages, 200 photographic illustrations, with exterior and interior views, floor plans, accurate costs,

This is one of the 153 full descriptions and valuable suggestions. You need these books if you intend to build.

Original Practical
Homes shown in
our 2 big new
books



SEND TODAY—50c for 1 Book or \$1 for both—postpaid
LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
1111 1/2 S. Commercial Building Company in the World
333 Q. Hill Street, Los Angeles, Cal.



THE BRIGHTNESS OF EVERY HOME

made safe and sure with little work if 3-in-One is always used.

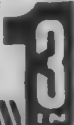
3-in-One oils everything from garret to cellar: Sewing machines, bicycles, guns, tools, hinges. Won't collect dirt or gum.

3-in-One cleans and polishes all fine furniture, veneered or varnished. Removes dust, soil and ordinary marks of time and wear. Also makes dusting easy and sanitary. Contains no acid; no unpleasant odor.

3-in-One keeps bright and prevents tarnish on spigots, faucets, metal soap dishes, towel racks and all other nickel fixtures or ornaments in bath room or kitchen. It prevents rust on all black iron surfaces, indoors or out, in any climate.

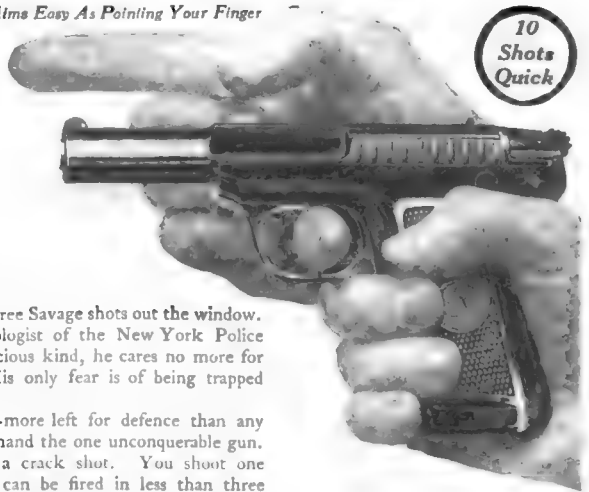
FREE.—Write today for generous free sample and free 3-in-One Dictionary.
3-in-One is sold everywhere, 10c, 25c, and now 50c Economical Household Size.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
49 Broadway → NEW YORK



Arouse the Neighbors With Shots

Aims Easy As Pointing Your Finger



SEND the most urgent call for aid. Fire two or three Savage shots out the window. "Don't delay," advises Sheridan, head Criminologist of the New York Police Department for 20 years. "If the burglar is the vicious kind, he cares no more for human life than I do for the ashes of my cigar. His only fear is of being trapped and surrounded."

With a Savage you have eight or nine shots left—more left for defence than any other gun has to begin with. You still hold in your hand the one unconquerable gun.

Without practice, you can aim the Savage like a crack shot. You shoot one shot each time you pull the trigger, yet all 11 shots can be fired in less than three seconds. You can shoot 21 shots in six or seven seconds by slipping in a fresh magazine.

Remember the Savage is the only 10-shot 32 cal. automatic pistol made.

The peril of the burglar may become a reality any night, as every one knows in the bottom of his heart. In such an emergency, if you have a Savage Automatic, your wife and family are protected, even in your absence.

Your own dealer will send you a Savage Automatic if you 'phone.

TELLS YOU JUST WHAT TO DO

Send 6c. in stamps for books telling just what to do if you wake up and find a burglar in your house or in your room—advice given by police authorities.

A NEW SAVAGE RIFLE

Send also for our handsome free rifle catalogue explaining the new Savage 20-shot repeater (.22 cal.), 20 inch barrel, military-bolt action, weight 4 lbs., \$6.50.

Address: Savage Arms Co.,
436 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

LEE TIRES

6056 miles without a puncture

Not the record of a single tire—but the average record of 54

LEE Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires

Think of it—a total mileage of 327,007 reported by one truck user of national prominence, without a single inner tube replacement; with tire troubles eliminated.

Brochure H. full of reasons why our unique steel disc-in-rubber-cushion construction makes these pneumatic tires absolutely puncture-proof, yet resilient sent on request.

OUR STORES

836 Seventh Avenue	New York City
225 North Broad Street	Philadelphia
103 Massachusetts Avenue	Boston
620 South Michigan Avenue	Chicago
1212 Woodward Avenue	Detroit

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.
J. Ellwood Lee, Pres.

The Ball-Point Magnified

Makes Letter-Writing a Pleasure

Writes more smoothly and quickly—with never a scratch or blot. Do better justice to your fine stationery. Use the gliding

Ball-Pointed Pens

The ball makes the writing easier—but not heavier. The only real improvement for years. Ten varieties. Made in England of high-grade Sheffield steel. Silver-grey, \$1.00; Gold coated, \$1.50 per gross.

At your stationer or sent postpaid by us.

Sample box of 24 by mail—25c

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO.

99 William St.
New York

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

(Continued from page 864)

"*Hand-Made Forests*," by John L. Mathews. Conservation, and how they do it, really, in Germany.

"*The Barred Gateway*,"
" *Making Rivers Work*," } By John L.
" *The New Mississippi*," } Mathews.

A protest against the throttling of our internal and coastwise commerce by the railroads, and the way to remedy it.

"*Soldiers of the Common Good*," by Charles Edward Russell.

The first comprehensive study of ideas and terms that are now vital topics: government and municipal ownership, the initiative, referendum, and recall, etc. A series that made the American familiar with the experiments in cooperation of his European and Australasian brothers.

"*Sanity and Democracy in American Cities*," by Charles Edward Russell.

"*What a Democracy Would be Like*," by Richard S. Childs.

Both reporting the progress of "popular" government.

William Hard is unquestionably the greatest authority in this country on the legal and industrial status of women. Most of you will remember vividly his two series: "*The Woman's Invasion*," "*The Women of To-morrow*." Women's problems have never been handled with more comprehension, critical analysis, charm, and sympathy.

Prominent among our efforts in the field of science are the numerous articles of Dr. William Hanna Thomson, informative, popular, authoritative. His recent highly successful book, "*The Nature of Physical Life*," appeared originally, in large measure, in our pages.

Honorable mention must be made of Dr. McComb's articles on subjects related to psychotherapy.

"*Consumption, the Great White Plague*," by Eugene Wood. A helpful series of three articles on this national scourge. We still get letters about it from our readers.

This is some of our graver work. We have not, however, neglected the purely informative and entertaining. Our fiction has included all types—tragic, humorous, speculative, problematic. Our special articles have ranged from rare roses to Chinese education; from lassoing wild animals to glimpses of lobster-palace society. Not forgetting our regular departments—The Players, The Books, The Chestnuts, The Little Stories of Real Life, and EVERYBODY'S Almanack.

The past is prologue. For our ninth birthday pledge we promise that EVERYBODY'S will continue fighting the battles of the weak and the wronged.

THE O. HENRY PRIZE-WINNER

In the December, 1911, number of EVERYBODY'S we published an unfinished story by O. Henry, "*The Unprofitable Servant*," and offered one hundred dollars for the best conclusion, or synopsis of how the author would have ended the story. Many hundreds of clever solutions were received, and it has been difficult to select the winner. The one written by Dr. John I. Cochrane of East Dorset, Vermont, however, seems to pick up best the threads of the O. Henry theme and develop them to their logical conclusion, as well as adding the inevitable O. Henry "twist" as a climax. We wish to express here our appreciation of the interest displayed in the contest, and of the work done in preparing the hundreds of manuscripts offered.

\$297,000 TOO MUCH

In the April EVERYBODY'S reference was made to the progress of the Single Tax movement in Missouri, with the sum of \$300,000 indicated as the fund available at that time for the Single Tax campaign in that state, with Dr. William Preston Hill as president of the association behind the movement. Mr. Stockbridge, the author of the article, calls our attention to the fact that the typographical error which made \$3,000 into \$300,000 does grave injustice to the cause by suggesting wealth behind it, and injustice likewise to Dr. Hill and those associated with him, who were themselves generous contributors, then and later.

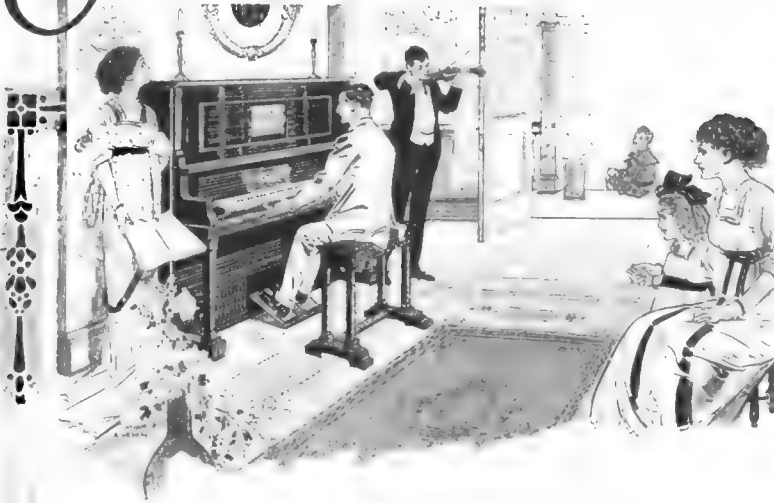
DELAYED MAGAZINES

The Post-Office Department now ships a large part of magazine mail by freight instead of by fast mail service, as in the past. If your magazine does not reach you on the day it should, the delay is probably caused by the new method of shipping. It would be well to wait a day or so before writing us, and when you do, write your postmaster also, asking him to investigate the delay.

A WRONG CONNOTATION

In the March instalment of "*Big Business and the Bench*," by C. P. Connolly, reference was made to a judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri who "incorporated in a decision a budget of statistics prepared by railway agents which had not been introduced as evidence in the case." Mr. Connolly calls our attention to the fact that this expression and the other comments for which he criticized the judge were parts of a *dissenting* opinion, and *not* of the majority decision handed down by the court.

The ANGELUS for EVERY SEASON



Anyone can accompany the singers or play for the dancers if there is an Angelus. The skilled pianist does not have to be depended upon. The Angelus responds to everyone.

The ANGELUS brings music to everyone every day in the year. It is always ready—it is always waiting to respond to everyone in the home.

Your friends, your guests, the members of your household, who play other instruments or sing, or who wish to dance, can enjoy themselves without being dependent on a skilled pianist to complete the musical circle.

To accompany well is an art in itself which many otherwise gifted musicians never master. The fact that the accompanist must follow the soloist's every change of tempo, must be with him whenever any liberty is taken, necessitates the ability to retard or quicken the accompaniment instantaneously.

The expression devices of the ANGELUS are so efficient and comprehensive that anyone may play the piano with the finest artistic results.

Knabe-Angelus

The world-famous Knabe Piano, and the Angelus. Grand and Upright.

Angelus-Piano

A splendid piano built expressly for the Angelus.

Emerson-Angelus

The sweet-toned Emerson Piano, and the Angelus. Grand and Upright.

The Gourlay-Angelus

in Canada.

The Phrasing Lever

of the ANGELUS, because of its wonderful responsiveness to the ANGELUS pianist's will in changing tempo, enables anyone who appreciates music to accompany other instruments or the human voice with the utmost satisfaction to all. The Phrasing Lever is truly a marvelous aid in accompanying, and no other player device even approaches it in this respect.

The Melody Buttons

permit you to personally accent individual notes or chords while properly subduing the accompaniment in treble or bass with varying degrees of dynamic force. You have the means for playing perfect accompaniments.

The Melodant

picks out the melody notes so they sound clear and distinct above the accompaniment, thus equalling the effects of the most accomplished pianist. The Graduating Lever of the Melodant permits you to modulate the melody and accompaniment at will.

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY

Pioneers in the Player-Piano Industry. Agencies all over the World.

233 REGENT STREET, LONDON

MERIDEN, CONN.

Digitized by **Google**

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

KAMPOUT SCREEN HOUSE

PORTABLE—BUG PROOF—RAIN PROOF

This "outdoors" home insures comfort, privacy and health



Made in units from
7 x 9 up to any size
your needs require.

(Patent applied for)

Perfect for Camping, Outdoor Sleeping,
Summer Dining Rooms and Kitchens.

Made of 16 mesh copper wire screen—with heavy canvas curtains, metal shingle roof and yellow pine floor. The sections fit snugly and one man can set it up in an hour. Every detail is complete. You can live in the open, yet have all the comforts of home. Monthly payments if desired. Booklet gives complete information. Write for it today.

ST. LOUIS SCREEN CO., 3206 N. Main St., ST. LOUIS, MO.



Get it now.

GIVES illustrations, complete specifications
and prices of all our models, including
Cruisers, Commercial Launches, Runabouts,
Family Launches, Canoes, Rowboats, etc.

THE CLEVELAND AUTO BOAT MFG. CO.
Dealers in all large cities. 1059 River Av., Cleveland



Throw Away Your Matches Get a Pocket Lighter

Cleverest device of its kind ever
invented. A
miniature lamp—weighs one-half ounce—fits vest
pocket—always ready—absolutely safe. Turn the
wheel; it lights. Invaluable to smokers—to everybody.
Money back if not satisfied.

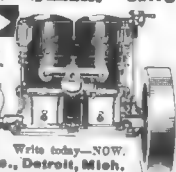
Price 50 Cents—Postpaid

SOUTHERN NOVELTY CO., Nashville, Tenn.

SANDOW MARINE ENGINE

8 h. p., 2 cylinder, \$125.00
4 h. p., 1 cylinder, 57.00
2 h. p., 1 cylinder, 39.75

BUILT LIKE AN AUTOMOBILE ENGINE.
2 to 20 h. p., ready to ship; gasoline or kerosene.
Drives boats of all kinds; starts easy; can-
not backfire; almost noiseless. 6-Year
ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE—30-Day Trial.
Three moving parts—woman and children run it. Start
without cranking. Demonstrate an engine for us and get
yours at cost. BE FIRST IN TERRITORY TO GET
OFFER. Sole plan and literature FREE, postpaid.
Detroit Motor Car Supply Co.



Write today—NOW.
2 Helen Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Do You Want a Good Position as a Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman

Where You Can Earn From \$1000
Up a Year and Your Expenses?

We will teach you to be an expert
Salesman or Saleswoman by mail and
our Free Employment Bureau will assist
you to secure a good position where you
can earn good wages while you learn
Practical Salesmanship. If you want to
enter the best paid, most independent profession
in the world, write today for our handsome
free catalog, "A Knight of the Grip,"
also testimonials from students we have
placed in good positions. List of positions now
open on full particulars of the special offers we
are now making new students.

Address our nearest office. Dept. 111
National Salesmen's Training Association,
Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans Toronto



Best grade cedar canoe for \$20

Detroit canoes can't sink

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all
sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog,
giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are
the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 114 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.



IRON & WIRE FENCES

High Grade Iron Ficket and
Woven Wire Fence made for
all purposes. We also setup
original and exclusive designs
of Gates, Fences and Railings
for anyone wanting something
different. Our catalog is free
— Write for it. "Prices are
lower than ever."

Enterprise Foundry & Fence Co.,
1164 E. 24th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Not a Place of Exile

Saranac Lake, N. Y., in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, is a residential resort. Its Alpine climate has international repute for great aid to invalids with lung ailments. Mighty forests and a chain of lakes lie at the door of the village. Trout and bass fishing; motor boating; deer hunting in season. Ice Palace, 1913. Booklet.

Publicity Bureau, Box 385DG, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Window Trimming

"Mercantile Decoration" is the new name for window trimming. The window is a great salesman—and the man who can make the window display look at its best is regarded as a trade producer, and can earn a big salary anywhere. The exact science of window trimming is taught by the I. C. S. You can learn at home. Window trimming is pleasant work and leads to still higher positions. For free circular write to
International Correspondence Schools
Box 1269 M, Scranton, Pa.

PARROTS

Choice, hand-raised \$4.75

Red Head or Cuban Parrots. Mexican
entertainment for the entire family. Especially interesting to children. Every bird guaranteed to learn to talk. Our special price if ordered before Sept. 1st only \$4.75. Safe arrival guaranteed. Low prices on Double Yellow Heads, Panamas, Amazons and other famous varieties. Large illustrated catalog free.
IOWA BIRD COMPANY, Dept. Q, DES MOINES, IOWA

Watchmaking — Engraving LEARN A TRADE THAT PAYS!

Easily learned, steady work, splendid wages. Old established, successful school; practical instruction; does away with tedious apprenticeship.

FREE—We supply tools free. Money earned while learning. Positions readily secured for graduates. Write for full information and special summer offer.

KANSAS CITY WATCHMAKING SCHOOL

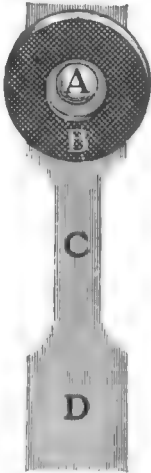
Dept. E, Kansas City, Mo.

Positions
for
LIFE

U. S. Government positions pay well and are life-long. If you are an American over 18, and can read and write, you are eligible to try any Civil Service examination. To learn how you can qualify for Civil Service write today for The Civil Service Book which tells you all about it. Write today. No obligation.

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1269 M, Scranton, Pa.

That Corn Will Go for Good



It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

The pain ends instantly when you apply it. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discom-

fort. Nothing else known does what Blue-jay does.

That's why millions use it. You will never let corns disturb you when you find this out.

Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection—sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.

B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.

C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.

D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (161)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

A \$50 CORNET for \$30

We celebrate our 49th year as the world's largest band instrument house by introducing an American made cornet that challenges the best; beautiful model; easy blowing. Send for our **Big Band Book FREE!** and let us give you particulars of our wonderful new values. Monthly payments.

Lyon & Healy, 27-71 E. Adams St., Chicago

THE HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND keeps children healthy

Children never tire of the Health Merry-go-Round. It gives them healthful out-door amusement at home—fresh air and exercise that develops their muscles.

This machine is strongly built, of seasoned hardwood, iron and steel and is repair-proof. It is an ornament to the lawn.

Every machine guaranteed. Sent on Free trial. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Health Merry-go-Round Co., Dept. 207 Quincy, Ill., U. S. A.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

WHEN ROSES BLOOM—

When Nature is glorious with the first blush of summer—then is the charm of beauty most appreciated. LABLACHE imparts that touch of delicacy and refinement to the complexion which assists Nature in retaining the bloom of youth.

Refuse Substitutes.

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Send 10 cents for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers
Dept. 8, 126 Kingston Street
BOSTON, MASS.



Magnificent Steel Launch \$96

Complete With Engine, Ready to Run

18-20-22 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 8 moving parts—anyone can run it. **The Safe Launch**—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no boathouse. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. Free Catalog. Steel Rowboats, \$20.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1251 Michigan Avenue, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Built any
Size



Cornell Sectional Cottages

Complete Painted Ready to Set Up

Garages, Stores, Churches, School-Houses, Playhouses, Studios, Etc.
Built in sections, convenient for handling and are quickly and easily erected simply by bolting sections together. Skilled labor is not necessary to set them up, as all sections are numbered and everything fits. Built of first class material in the largest and best portable house factory in America. Buildings are substantial and as durable as if built on the ground by local contractors. Are handsomer and **COST MUCH LESS**. We build houses to meet every requirement. We pay freight. Art catalog by mail on receipt of ac stamps.
WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. CO., 462 Lehigh Street, Ithaca, New York

Time to Build Your Boat



Complete Patterns
and Instructions
from \$2 to \$12

LET us send you complete parts for a boat, shaped and fitted. Easy to assemble. Save two-thirds boat builders' price. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Only \$25 for the Knockdown Frame of this 23-foot boat, including full-sized patterns and illustrated instructions to finish—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour—12 passengers. The boat season comes soon, so

Write For Brooks Boat Book

with 72 pages of illustrations and descriptions of row boats, canoes, sail and motor boats that you can build. Address:
BROOKS MFG. CO., 6806 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

Price
\$12.00
AT FACTORY



We also make
School, Church
and Opera-Seats,
Lodge Furniture,
piece guaranteed.

E. H. STAFFORD MFG. CO., McClurg Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

This Cabinet made of Oak finished golden, 44" long, 24" wide, has drawers, extension slide, roll front, paper cabinet, etc., as shown. We sell it at low price to introduce our **Office Furniture**—Desks, Chairs, Tables, Files, Book Cases, etc. Ask for prices and Catalog No. 418.

—WE MAKE GOOD—
Upholstered Furniture

Turkish and Odd Rockers, Parlor and Library Suites, Dayenports and Couches in Oak and Mahogany, Flanders, mission and regular. Covered in best leather money will buy—every piece guaranteed. Ask for prices and Catalog No. 418.



Dealer's Price, \$25.00
Our Price, \$11.75

for this Craftsman settee No. 12—solid quarter-sawn oak—Marokene leather cushion—67 in. long, 37½ in. high, 21 in. deep. Strong, handsome. Guaranteed. Finished as you wish. Shipped in complete sections. Easily assembled.

Write For Furniture Book—FREE

—showing furniture for every room. Factory prices save you ¼ dealer's prices. Mail postal today for book.
BROOKS MFG. CO., 4806 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.



RANGER BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New **Departure Coaster-Brakes and Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment** and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. **Guaranteed 5 yrs.**

FACTORY PRICES others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good second-hand machines \$3 to \$5.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL Write on approved, anywhere in U.S., without a cent in advance.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write it now. **TIRES, Coaster-Brake Wheels, lamps, parts, sundries, half usual prices.** Elder Agents everywhere are coming money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. A-43, CHICAGO

Profitable Poultry Raising

You can't learn successful poultry raising from a mere book; you must be guided by experts who know and who are now raising poultry for profit. This instruction will be given you in the I. C. S. Course of Profitable Poultry Raising. To learn how the I. C. S. can teach you at home the science of practical, profitable poultry raising, write today for free descriptive folder.

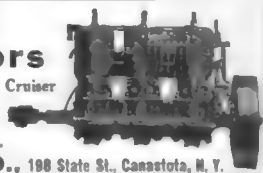
International Correspondence Schools
Box 1269-P, Scranton, Pa.

TUTTLE Marine Motors

For Everything from a Canoe to a Cruiser
20 years' experience.
Unlimited Guarantee.

Write for Catalog.

TUTTLE MOTOR CO., 198 State St., Canastota, N. Y.



DAISY FLY KILLER



placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal. Cannot spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. 15c each at dealers, or 6 sent prepaid for \$1.00.

HAROLD SOMERS
160 DeKalb Ave., Bklyn, N. Y.

Tricycles for Cripples

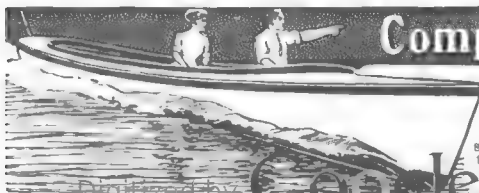
and

Chairs for Invalids



Complete catalog sent on request. Write for it to-day.

WORTHINGTON CO., 515 Cedar St., Elyria, Ohio



Complete Launch

With Engine Ready to Run **\$94.50**

10, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 and 35 footers at proportionate prices, including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers. We are the world's largest Power Boat Manufacturers.

A NEW PROPOSITION TO DEMONSTRATING AGENTS

Sixty-four different models in all sizes ready to ship, equipped with the simplest motors made; start without cranking; only three moving parts; ten-year-old child can run them; Boat and engine fully guaranteed. 12,500 satisfied owners. Write today for large free Illustrated Catalog.
DETROIT BOAT CO., 1119 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

Digitized by Google



On or Off in Five Minutes

Makes a Motor Boat of ANY Boat AND also "makes good" on shore.

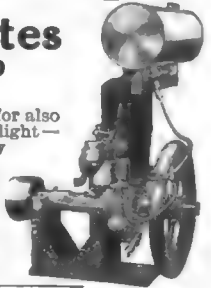
Here is the famous original Portable marine motor, now adapted for also running a hundred different small machines ashore. Simple—light—strong—**SOLD ON THIRTY DAYS TRIAL**—Money back if you say

"PORTO" the Marine and Stationary Engine Combined—TWO MOTORS IN ONE

A reliable 2 h.p. motor that will drive an 18 ft. rowboat 7 miles per hour for 4 hours on a gallon of gasoline, or in five minutes can be mounted for use in shop, laundry, barn, or any other place desired. **Write Quick for new "Two-in-one" catalog, mailed free.** Orders filled in order of receipt. Don't delay.

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.

1503 Fort St., W., DETROIT, MICH.



Get this Catalog

Catalog AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE COMPANY

Save \$50 on your next Typewriter

Get it before buying your next typewriter and learn how slightly used machines of standard makes are made into the nearest-to-new typewriters on the market. Also how you can save 25% to 75% on regular prices, and get a typewriter with a guarantee as strong as the original maker's.

FACTORY REBUILT TYPEWRITERS are thoroughly rebuilt by skilled workmen in the largest rebuilt typewriter plant in the world. They are highly polished, japanned and nicked—perfect in appearance, and serviceable and efficient in every way.

This "Trade Mark" fully guarantees against defect in workmanship or material. Be sure to get the catalogue and address of nearest branch store.

American Writing Machine Co., Inc.

846-847 Broadway, New York



Ask your dealer for the writing paper that is sure to please persons of discrimination—the paper of right quality at a right price—

WARDWAVE WRITING PAPER

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and we will be glad to send you samples free.

Write for Package No. 8

Samuel Ward Company, 57-63 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Good Business English

There is always a good opportunity for the man who can write a good business letter and express himself clearly and correctly in business conferences. Such a man commands attention and respect and is in line for positions of responsibility.

The I. C. S. Course in Good English teaches correct speaking and writing—gives special training in successful business letter writing. To learn the details of this Course write today to

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1269 E. Scranton, Pa.

Rowboat \$20.00

MONEY IN BOAT LIVERY!

Can ship in any quantity. Need No Boat House. Never Leak, Rust, Check, Crack or Rot. Absolutely safe. Every boat has water-tight compartments, so cannot sink. 20 different designs. **Demonstrator Agents Wanted in Every Community.** Write TODAY for FREE Illustrated Catalog and Special Factory Prices. **Michigan Steel Boat Co., 114 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

IMPROVES THE FIGURE.



BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

Affords Absolute Protection Against Moths

Sent on 15 Days' Free Trial



This magnificent, Moth Proof Piedmont Red Cedar Chest sent anywhere on 15 days' free trial. Place it in your own home at our expense and see for yourself what a beautiful, useful and desirable piece of furniture it is. Moth, mouse, dust and damp proof. Makes unique bridal gift. Direct from factory to you at factory prices. Freight prepaid. **BEAUTIFUL BOOK FREE!** Send for your 24-page illustrated free book showing all styles and prices and particulars of free offer. **PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 82, Stateville, N. C.**

ORIGINAL—GENUINE HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

THE Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established 35 years.



For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

Cancer

Without the use of the Knife

For complete information address
Dr. WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
(formerly Drs. W. E. Brown & Sons)
North Adams, Massachusetts

\$2 FISHING OUTFIT

CONSISTS of hexagon, three-jointed, split-bamboo Rod, silk-wrapped, with reel seat and cork handle, 3 1/2 ft. long, with wood form, 40 yd., nickel-plated, tick and drag Multiplying Reel, 25 yds. Hard Braided Silk for trout or bass, 50 ft. Waterproof Bass Line; 24 split shot, 3 mixed Bass Sinkers; 6 Bass and Trout Flies; 3 ft. Leader, 12 gut Snelled Hooks; Rubber Ring, Fluted Trolling Spoon, colored Float. If each part was bought separately at usual retail price, cost would be nearly double.

Shipped on receipt of \$2.00. By express, prepaid, 38 cents extra

Ask for our new and enlarged
OUTDOOR GUIDE No. F-2—FREE

It is a treasure house of suggestions for those interested in sports of all kinds
NEW YORK SPORTING GOODS CO., 15 and 17 Warren St., New York City

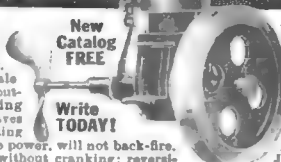


Detroit Marine Engine

Uses Gasoline or Kerosene

Demonstrator Agent wanted in each boating community. Special wholesale price on first outfit sold. Amazing fuel injector saves 50% operating cost, gives more power, will not back-fire. Engine starts without cranking; reversible, only three moving parts.

New Catalog FREE
Write TODAY!



GREATEST ENGINE BARGAIN EVER OFFERED. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. 1, 2 and 4 cyl. 2 to 50 h.p. Suitable for any boat, canoe, racer, cruiser—or railway track car. Join "boosters" club. Send for new catalog.

Detroit Engine Works, 1280 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS

BLADE MOVES UP AND DOWN

KANNER'S SLIDE-STROKE RAZOR STROPPER

is the only machine that reproduces the barber's perfect heel to toe stroke. The razor moves up and down; the strop moves back and forth with one operation. Absolutely new and sold under a money-back guarantee. Sharpens all razors and safety blades. A moment's demonstration—a sale and on to the next. Profits are enormous. Write for full particulars and territory now.

S. A. KANNER, 556 Broadway, New York

\$2.50

MULLINS CEDAR CANOES CAN'T SINK

Famous Yale and Harvard models—highest grade materials—finest finish—the strongest canoe built. In each end is a Mullins Buoyancy Pad, which has sufficient buoyancy to float a capsized, water-filled canoe and keep two people afloat. No other canoe on the market has this essential feature.

We also manufacture steel launches, row boats, etc.

Write for magnificent catalogue, illustrated in colors—free—postpaid.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.

352 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio.



"Bungalows and Other Things"

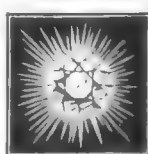


A new book for home-builders. The finest and most complete book on the market. Contains actual photographs and floor plans of some of the most beautiful and practical bungalows ever designed, prices

ranging from \$1,500 to \$10,000. A type of home entirely different and very desirable. Adapted to any climate. Shows all extras and prices of homes complete. Price \$1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

BURD F. MILLER CO., 24 Brandeis, Omaha, Neb.

"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines



A beautiful Genuine Topaz, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, I guarantee these stones to be genuine. Special price, \$2.00 each, 1 for \$5.00. Size, up to two carats. Free booklet. Address with remittance.

H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Col.

PRINT YOUR OWN

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press \$5. Larger \$18. Rotary \$60. Save Money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalogue, TYPE, cards, paper, &c.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

Excision

WE SELL YOU AT WHOLESALE

Agents' Price One

AMERICAN Motorcycle or Bicycle

Honest hand-made machines at factory cost. Write now for catalog. Say whether interested in Motorcycle or Bicycle.

\$139.85 **\$18.85**

AMERICAN MOTOR CYCLE CO. 196 American Bldg., CHICAGO

READY MADE HOUSES



**PORTABLE GARAGES
SUMMER HOUSES
HUNTERS' CABINS
POULTRY and
GAS ENGINE HOUSES**

We can sell you a fine one, two, three, four or five-room house already built. Shipped to you in sections;

you can put it up yourself in a few hours time. Only a wrench, hammer and screwdriver needed. Can be taken down, moved, and put up again in a day's time.

STRENGTH AND DURABILITY absolutely guaranteed. Warm in winter, cool in summer. Five-room house for only \$4,700. Others as low as \$2,800. 100 greater bargains on Garages, Poultry Houses, Cabins and Gas Engine Houses.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK. Write today for our new Big No. 66E80, showing all kinds of ready-made buildings. This book is free and postpaid. Be sure to mention Book No. 66E80.

Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago

The Type-
writer
without a
Speed
Limit



L. C. SMITH & BROS. Typewriter

Ball Bearing

Long Wearing

The escape-
ment of the
L. C. Smith per-
mits the carriage
to get away from
the last printing point
so instantaneously that
no speed of operation
is too rapid.

The hair trigger touch of the
ball bearing type bars, a car-
riage that is never shifted for
capitals, a capital shift key requir-
ing only one-third ordinary pressure,
a combined one-motion carriage re-
turn and line space, which spaces one,
two or three lines with the same sweep,
and the lightest possible carriage tension—
give an ease of operation that makes all day
speed easy for the operator.

The always rigid carriage, stationary printing point, the
arrangement of ribbon shift and back space keys, and the fact that
no necessary operation takes the hands from writing position, com-
bines speed with accuracy in the L. C. Smith.

Mail a postal for literature today.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.

Head Office for Domestic and Foreign Business: SYRACUSE, N.Y., U.S.A.

Branches in all Principal Cities

\$18



You Carry This Typewriter With You

There is \$100 worth of writing efficiency condensed in the
PORTABLE TYPEWRITER. It weighs but 4½ lbs., its U. S. A.
price is only \$18, yet it has standard keyboard of 84 char-
acters, is strictly up-to-date and does perfect work. Can
be carried with you for use at home, business or on the
road. Built in famous Elliott Fisher Billing Machine
Factory. Sold on liberal "money-back-guarantee." Get
posted on this most needed typewriter. Over 22,000 in
daily use. Write for catalog today. Fine opportunity
for Agents. Foreign Address 75 Cannon St., London, E. C.
N-S. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO., 366 Broadway, NEW YORK



BALSAM PINE PILLOWS

Breathe the health-giving, nerve-restoring pines when you sleep by securing a "Breath O' The
Forest" Balsam Pine Pillow made from famous Bemidji Forest Balsam Pine Needles. Greatly
relieves and benefits sufferers of Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Nervousness, Insomnia and kindred
troubles. Sick or well you ought to have one of these fragrant odorous pillows.

Write for free sample and descriptive booklet

BEMIDJI BALSAM PILLOW CO., Dept. 48, Bemidji, Minn.

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.



Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Christy Mathewson of New York Giants. Greatest pitcher baseball has ever known says:

"Gentlemen—I never realized there was so much difference in collars. The perfect fit and the comfort I have in wearing Silver Collars is a welcome change to me. Yours sincerely,
(Signed) CHRISTY MATHEWSON"



Unless a Collar Fits—

Well! you know the annoyance, discomfort and unsightliness of an ill-fitting, broken-down collar. But do you know that most collar troubles are the result of faulty buttonholes?

Ide Silver BRAND Collars
1/4 Sizes 2 for 25¢
In Canada, 3 for 50¢

Ide Silver Collars are the collars with the exclusive LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES that won't stretch and don't tear out. They are void of all collar difficulties. Ample scarf space. Prove this; they last longer in the laundry.

Write for our Attractive Style Book

GEO. P. IDE & CO., 481 River Street, Troy, N. Y.



Name of Collar shown Harbord



A Summer Home That Costs \$185.00

Three chambers, living room. High wood finished frame of Wash windows and two openings, all finely screened and shaded with adjustable awnings. Total floor space, 12 by 24 feet. Ceiling height, 6 feet 9 1/2 inches. All ready to furnish and occupy. Good for a dozen summers. Price, \$185.00.



kitchen and large ly polished hard-floor and sturdy ington Fir. Six wide, porch-like

Other Sizes, 1 to 8 rooms — Other Prices, \$42.50 to \$475.00

Every Lover of Out-Door Living Loves the Kenyon Take Down House.

Handsone Kenyon Book in Colors Free Upon Request

R. L. KENYON COMPANY

55 Albert Street

WAUKESHA

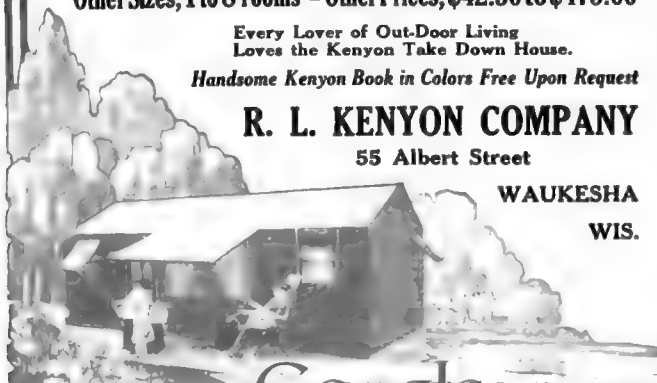
WIS.



EXHIBITED AND DISTRIBUTED BY:

Shown, Sold, Recommended, and if not satisfactory Money Refunded by

Gimbel Bros., New York, N. Y. and Philadelphia, Pa.
Scruggs-Vandervort-Barney Dry Goods Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Jordan Marsh Co., Boston, Mass.
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
D. H. Holmes Co., New Orleans, La.
The Fair Store, Chicago, Ill.
Kenyon Seattle Co., 526 1st Ave., South, Seattle, Wash.
Hambergen, Los Angeles, Cal.
Ross & Co., Ottawa, Ont.
Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal, Can.
Strain Bros., Great Falls, Mont.
Stewarts, Baltimore, Md.
Howlands Dry Goods Co., Springfield, Mass.
The Duffy Powne Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Guggenheims, Lynchburg, Va.



Digitized by Google

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



*Study this picture —
There's a story in each face*

From childhood to old age, health, beauty and success are dependent, in a large measure, on sound teeth. Sound teeth mean clean teeth, and clean teeth, for the past fifty years, have meant for millions of people the daily use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

*Prepared for almost half a century
by a Doctor of Dental Surgery.*

Perfect health is not possible with unsound teeth, and success is not probable without good health. Increased efficiency, due to your ability to properly masticate your food, and a sweet, clean breath will follow the use of Dr. Lyon's. Sound, clean teeth are an asset that will surely advance your interests in social as well as business affairs.

A woman's beauty is made or marred by her teeth. A plain face is made attractive by pretty teeth, while good features are often ruined by ill-kept teeth. Dr. Lyon's is a dainty dentifrice that particular women can use with pleasure.

Children should be taught to use the brush and Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, especially while their mouths contain both temporary and permanent teeth. At this time decay is most apt to occur, due to the bad condition of the temporary teeth that are being replaced.

If your teeth are free from decay, the use of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder after each meal will keep them that way. If it were possible to keep teeth *perfectly clean*, there would be no such thing as decay. Dr. Lyon's, being in powder form, produces most closely the ideal condition of perfect cleanliness.



*The Brush
never
touches
this can*

Sold Everywhere

This advertisement, Written by George Francis Peck, Washington, D. C., was awarded first prize in Dr. Lyon's recent contest for amateur writers.

There are 20 ways of saving money in your mail basket right now—

By specifying Hammermill Bond for scores of uses of paper in office or factory you get better results at a fraction of your present cost.

HAMMERMILL BOND



is equal in appearance to the most expensive bond papers. Its surface gives a clean-cut clearness to type-writer type, and that stand-out distinction to your printing and engraving you so much admire.

Send for handsome free samples of Hammermill Bond. Compare it with the paper you are using. Then compare the prices. Then surprise yourself with the yearly saving you can effect in your business by using Hammermill Bond for any of the

Following Purposes:

Adding Machines
Address Slips
Billheads
Blanks
Blank Books
Bookkeeping Sheets
Carbon Copies
Cash Registers
Checks

Circular Letters
Correspondence bet. Depts.
Cost Sheets
Department Store Records
Drafts
Factory Cost Sheets
Follow-up Systems
Form Letters
Hotel Stationery

Letterheads
Lithographing
Loose-Leaf Sheets
Market Letters
Memorandums
Order Blanks
Laundry Lists
Railroad Blanks
Receipts

DISTRIBUTORS OF HAMMERMILL BOND

Albany	Hudson Valley Paper Co.
Baltimore	Dobler & Mudge
Birmingham	The Whitaker Paper Co.
Boston	Bay State Paper Co.
Buffalo	Alling & Cory Co.
Chicago	Dearborn Paper Co.
Cleveland	Petrequin Paper Co.
Cincinnati	The Whitaker Paper Co.
Denver, Carter, Rice & Carpenter Paper Co.	
Des Moines	Carpenter Paper Co.
Detroit	Beecher, Peck & Lewis
Indianapolis	Crescent Paper Co.
Kansas City	Kansas City Paper House
Los Angeles	Blake, Moffitt & Towne
Minneapolis	John Leslie Paper Co.
New York City	Merriam Paper Co.
New York City	Union Card & Paper Co.
Omaha	Carpenter Paper Co.
Philadelphia	I. N. Meragrec & Co.
Pittsburg	Alling & Cory Co.
Portland, Ore.	Blake, McFall & Co.
Richmond	Richmond Paper Mfg. Co.
Rochester	Alling & Cory Co.
St. Paul	Wright, Barrett & Stillwell
St. Louis	Mack & Elliott Paper Co.
Salt Lake City	Carpenter Paper Co.
San Francisco	Blake, Moffitt & Towne
Seattle	American Paper Co.
Washington	R. P. Andrews Paper Co.

Prompt Deliveries Since tripling our plant, we carry Hammermill Bond in stock in all sizes, weights and colors.

Uniform Quality Hammermill Bond is the only paper of its kind manufactured throughout every process by its makers. This assures you satisfaction in the uniform value, strength and appearance of this wonderful paper, that is also put up most attractively and guaranteed full weight.

Many Colors Hammermill Bond is prepared in white and 12 beautiful shades. You can thus either add to the attractiveness of your stationery by adopting a uniform "house" color, or else simplify inter-departmental correspondence by adopting different shades for different purposes.

Hammermill Bond is the best *moderate-priced* bond paper, because made by the originators of paper of this character, in the largest plant of its kind, in quantities that surpass the combined sales of all other similar papers. The great railroads, manufacturers and other large buyers of paper secure quality and economy in purchasing Hammermill Bond.

Write for Free Samples—on your letterhead—NOW

Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.



National City Bank of New York Endorses the WALES



*Models for Every
Line of Business*

SOME seven years ago this great financial institution purchased 2 WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machines—gave them the merit-proving test of *five years* rigid service—after which they bought 6 more—and now as a final proof of their implicit confidence in the WALES, have ordered 37 more, making 45 WALES in all. That is what the National City Bank of New York thinks of the

WALES

Visible Adding and Listing Machine

Enthusiastic endorsement of the WALES has been given by over 1500 other banks—by the International Harvester Co.—by Sears, Roebuck & Co.—by the Victor Talking Machine Co.—by the Pennsylvania Railroad—by the United States Government (user of 264 WALES)—and by thousands of users in every line of business.

*Free trial—easy payments if you wish
—all the facts if you mail the coupon.*

The Adder Machine Company

267 Walnut St., Kingston Station, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Agents In All Leading Cities.

It has paid the above mentioned concerns of national reputation and it will pay YOU to investigate our claims for WALES superiority based on its complete visibility, high speed, easy action, and unusual durability—all insured by our *5-year guarantee* in writing—visible proof of the only "service" that insures your adding machine investment without taxing it.

**Pin
Coupon
to your
Letterhead**

Send particulars of
your free trial offer
and booklet describing
the WALES Visible.

Name _____
Address _____
Business _____

Digitized by Google

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Notice how the *diagonal* stroke idea is creeping into safety razor advertising?



You tilt the blade like this



You shave as you've always shaved,
like this

But it isn't creeping into the razors—that's the trouble. No use telling men they can acquire this stroke. It's like asking them to learn the barber's trade.

But the diagonal stroke is the thing; all razor makers admit it. It is not a matter of preference, it is the only way to get a real shave.

And the way to get this stroke is to use the razor that gives it—the Young

Any-Angle Razor

Note the pictures—a touch tilts the blade and there is your slanting stroke!

Nothing to learn, nothing to do but shave as you've always shaved!

Try the Any-Angle Razor.

Your money back without a word if dissatisfied after a thirty day trial.

All dealers are authorized to refund your money if you use the Any-Angle Razor 30 days and do not like it. If your dealer cannot supply you, send the price of the razor to us with same return privilege. The price of the Any-Angle Razor and 12 keen blades, in rich, genuine leather case is **\$3**

Young Safety Razor Company, 1721 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

HAVE
YOU
SOME-
THING
TO
SELL?

Everybody's the Result-Giver—These "Little Ads" Prove it THAT PROOF IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING Approximately Four Million People Read Everybody's Magazine Each Month

RATE—\$3.00 per line—5% cash discount—10% discount
for six consecutive insertions. Minimum space 4 lines.

As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable. Forms close about the first day of month preceding date of publication.

HAVE
YOU
SOME-
THING
TO
SELL?



REAL ESTATE—FARM LANDS



CALIFORNIA

COME TO SUNNY STANISLAUS, San Joaquin Valley, California, where the land owns the water. Municipal irrigation system past experimental stage. No excessive water rates to pay to private corporations. Everything under the sun grown in abundance, ideal climate, perfect soil. Home of alfalfa, fruit, berries. Free Booklet, Dept. E, Stanislaus Board of Trade, Modesto, Cal.

NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY! A-1 land, abundant water in the famous Turlock Irrigation District of California. The home of the peach, grape, cantaloupe, watermelon and sweet potato. The Dairyman's Paradise. Write to-day for information and free booklet. Dept. "A," Turlock Board of Trade, Turlock, Cal.

DELAWARE

GET RICH GROWING FRUIT IN DELAWARE. Fertile soil, beautiful climate—the markets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc., but a few hours distant. Farms all sizes, \$15 an acre up. Free catalogue. Ford & Reis, Inc., Dept. 41, Wilmington, Del.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

\$125 BUYS A LOT ON ELECTRIC CAR LINE NEAR Washington, D. C. One of the fastest growing cities in America. Most beautiful city in the world. Own a lot in your Capitol City. \$10 cash \$5 each month. R. M. Conway, 1412 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

LOUISIANA

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BUY? What do you want to sell? I operate in La., Miss., & Sou. States; thousands of acres of timber, farm lands, colonization tracts; no irrigation needed. Bargains. Tell me your needs. J. Edw. Crusell, 1003 Ibernla Bldg., New Orleans, La.

MARYLAND

FARMS in mild, equable climate Eastern Shore, Md., on salt water—fish, oysters. Game. Adapted to grain, grass, truck, fruit, alfalfa. No Malaria. No Mosquitoes. Near Eastern Cities. Mild winters, pleasant summers. J. Waters Russell, Chestertown, Md.

MICHIGAN

1000 ACRES CHOICE MICHIGAN LAND FOR SALE. Partly improved. Will sell all or part. Railroad, telephone, rural delivery, artesian wells on property. For particulars write W. W. Ritt, Tonawanda, N. Y.

MONTANA

BUY A COMPLETE STOCK RANCH for home or investment, 560 ac. cheap, 480 ac. leased gov't land adjoining. Fruitful agricultural country; easy living; stock raising; health, opportunity of a thousand. Easy terms, with or without stock. C. C. Rugg, Kirby, Mont.

FIRST PRIZES FOR WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY AND ALFALFA were won by Montana exhibits at the great New York Land Show of 1911. The abundance of rich, virgin lands are attracting thousands of settlers to the "Treasure State"; and the State Bureau of Agriculture, Helena, Mont., will tell you about them if you will write for information.

NORTH CAROLINA

WANTED: Men to become independent farmers in Eastern North Carolina. "The Nation's Garden Spot." A card brings information. Carolina Trucking Development Co., 804 Southern Bldg., Wilmington, N. C.

NORTHWEST

INVESTIGATE THE FERTILE NORTHWEST UNITED STATES. Excellent land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, adjacent to Northern Pacific Ry. Stay near home markets—quick transportation close to good neighbors and good schools—no isolated pioneering. Free U. S. Government homestead land; state land on easy terms; deeded land at low prices and on crop-payment plan. Climate fine for man, beast and crops. Big money in vegetables, grains, alfalfa, fruits, cattle, dairy, poultry, hogs. Choice localities being opened by branch lines now building. Write quick for free literature. Write to the nearest state most interested. J. L. K. Rugg, 131 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

NEW YORK

OUR RAILROAD FARE GUARANTEE assures you of getting just the farm you want—land right, location right, price right. We have all kinds at all prices. Write for our big bargain catalogue E and our railroad fare guarantee. Don't experiment with unseen farm land; New York State offers you the best. Let us locate you. W. H. Hazard & Co., 52 Main St., Salamanca, N. Y.

FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., FOR INFORMATION and literature of value to the Homeseeker, Invalid or Investor, address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort; the most healthful climate in the known world.

A BOOK WORTH 25 CENTS, beautifully illustrated, 36 9x12 inch pages, will be sent free on request. State whether interested as homeseeker, healthseeker, investor or tourist. Address Board of Trade, Tampa, Fla. "The 143.2 per cent city."

COCONUT GROVE BY BEAUTIFUL BAY BISCAYNE. Profitable vacations in your own Bungalow, in refined community while you Grape Fruit Grove, supervised free, pays expenses. Illustrated Book free. Coconut Grove Development Co., Coconut Grove, Fla.

FOR A HOME OR AN INVESTMENT Choctawhatchee Peninsula, Washington Co., Fla., has few equals. All natural resources to make it Garden Spot of Florida. Black, rich, sandy, loam soil. Plenty of rainfall 12 months in year. No irrigation. Crops never known to fail. Two and three crops easily raised each year on same land. Unequaled climate. One of healthiest spots in United States. The home of semi-tropical fruits and early vegetables. Finest and highest priced oranges of Florida grow here. Lumber on ground at wholesale prices. Sun-strokes and frost-bites unknown. Fish, oysters, clams and game galore. Fine boating and salt-water bathing. Investigate thoroughly if all we ask. Write to-day for literature, sample of soil, maps, etc. Santa Rosa Plantation Co., 412 Northwestern Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BEST FLORIDA LAND BARGAINS. We own thousands of acres of the best land in Florida and will give rock bottom prices on wholesale tracts of from one section to a township—land right, location right, prices more than right. 22,000 acres 12 miles from County seat in safest fruit section of Florida. Fastest developing portion of the state. Fine investment or colonization proposition. Will hear closest investigation. Address Southern Land & Investment Company, 240 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST: Alachua Co., Fla., 2500 acres fine land, \$5.00 acre. 240 acre Orange and truck Farm, \$20.00 acre. South Alabama 10,000 acres, \$4.00 acre. Texas coast farms \$30.00 acre. All tracts to be sold intact. Power & Brooks, Montgomery, Ala.

PUNTA GORDA—The January Gardens of Florida will make you independent for life. Small monthly payments. Opportunity knocks but once. Don't delay. Write to-day for our beautiful booklet, prices and terms. Coveys Florida Plantation Co., Chicago, Ill.

"AN INCOME FOR LIFE." From ten acres in Florida, near the new town of Harwood on the East Coast, ninety-nine miles from Jacksonville, eleven miles from Daytona, we can tell you how to be successful on ten or twenty acres of good land in this beautiful country, fine climate, no snow. You can be out on your land every day in the year and grow crops continuously. Also some good town lots in the new townsite of Harwood. Write for booklet and information. American Land Co., W. A. Pridmore, President, City Hall Square Bldg., Chicago, and Harwood, Florida.

TEXAS

GULF COAST FARMS GROW FRUITS AND VEGETABLES for early markets. 60 bu. corn, 300 bu. sweet potatoes, bale cotton, oranges, figs, rice. \$15 acre up. Year round resort. Good neighbors, roads, schools. Low taxes. New free illustrated booklet about rainfall, soil, climate, crops, markets and profits. R. V. Kennedy, Colonization Agent, G. C. & S. F. Ry., Galveston, Tex.

WASHINGTON

BUY AN ORCHARD HOME ON BEAUTIFUL LAKE CHelan where an investment of \$10,000.00 will yield \$300.00 net and more per year. Beauty spot of Northwest. Biggest prize winner in famous "Wenatchee District," North-central Washington. Most equable climate. No killing frosts. Planted or unplanted tracts and summer homes on the beach. Write for free booklet. "Lake Chelan," Everett, Wash. Everett, Wash. University of Michigan



REAL ESTATE—FARM LANDS—Continued



VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA FARM LANDS \$15.00 per acre and up—easy terms. We will send you our beautifully illustrated magazine one year free, if you will send names of two friends who might be interested in the South. Address F. H. La Baume, Agr'l Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry., Box 3085, Roanoke, Va.

VIRGINIA FARM AND TIMBER LANDS. Improved and unimproved. \$5 an acre and up. Rich land, heavy crops, healthy climate, happy farmers. Colonial homes. Catalogue free. B. T. Watkins & Co., 28 North Ninth Street, Richmond, Va.

NORTHWESTERN APPLE GROWERS ARE BUYING our land. Why? Full crops every year. Will grow small fruits, clovers and alfalfa profitably. Because of nearness to all large markets fortunes are being made here. 20 acres will do the trick for you. Write for descriptive book 22 free. Shenandoah Valley Apple Lands Co., Waynesboro, Virginia.

CANADA

IN SUNNY ALBERTA, come to sunny Alberta where the Chinook breeze from Pacific Coast tempers climate. Write to-day for free booklet; information on famous Vegreville and Vermillion Valley. We have some choice investments to offer this Month on good terms. All farm lands here sure to double in value in a very short time. C. C. Swift, Real Estate Broker, P.O. Box 118, Vegreville, Alberta, Canada.

ONTARIO

CANADA OFFERS UNEXCELLED OPPORTUNITIES. Buy now in the great clay belt of New Ontario. Five Dollars per acre. Unimproved land, excellent soil, timbered with pulp wood, near Ontario Government Railroad now running. Next year National Transcontinental Railroad East and West will be in operation, which means rapid advancement. Chas. Dowling, Brantford, Ont., Canada.



FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER, PHOTOGRAPHS—PICTURES



POLLARD FINISHING DEVELOPS CLEAR SHARP DETAIL in negatives, saves failures. One 6 ex film developed free to new customers with advice. Price list, booklet "Film Faults" sample Velox print for 2 cents. C. Pollard, Lynn, Mass.

LET US APPRAISE THAT OLD CAMERA OF YOURS—and exchange it for a new one. Our bargain lists and catalogue are worth having. Send for them—they're free. Herbert & Huesgen Co., Photographic Specialists, 315 Madison Ave., New York City.

QUALITY, NOT PRICE SHOULD INTEREST YOU. High grade developing, printing and enlarging our specialty. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed. Send for our price list "A." L. M. Prince, 108 West 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FILMS DEVELOPED and Printed. Enlargements, Kodaks, Brownie Cameras and Supplies. Photos Copied. Postals your Photo on 50c. Doz. Best work, low prices. Ill. Cat. Free: Samples 4c. Established 1897. C. R. Westlake Co., Dept. E. B., 415 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

SEND FOR OUR BIG "LIST E" OF EXCHANGED and slightly shop-worn cameras. Some mighty fine bargains in it. Our illustrated catalogue is yours for 3c. in stamps. Write for it. Gloeckner & Newby Co., 171 Broadway, New York City.

KODAK FILMS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED. 6 exposure rolls 25c., 12 exposures 50c., all sizes. Highest grade work. Prompt return of orders. Films for sale. Kodak enlarging. Swilley Studio, Dept. E, Memphis, Tenn.

SAMPLE PRINTS.—Send negatives for free sample of our work. Films developed 10c. roll. Velox prints 2 1/2 x 3 1/4, 3c. Other sizes proportionately cheap. Photo enlarging a specialty. 8x10's 20c. unmounted. Highest grade work. Columbia Photo Supply Co., Dept. A, Washington, D. C.

FILMS DEVELOPED, 10c. per roll. All sizes. Prints: 2 1/2 x 3 1/4, 3c.; 2 1/2 x 4 1/4, 3 1/2 x 3 1/4, 4c.; 3 1/2 x 5 1/4 and 4 x 5 1/2, 5c.; on Postcard, 5c. Prompt returns. Highest grade work. Send 2 negatives and will print free as sample. G. R. Hoke, 1509a East 63rd St., Chicago.

NEW YORK'S LARGEST PHOTOGRAPHIC STORE will take your old camera or anything photographic in exchange toward any new Kodak or new camera of any make or size or high grade Anastigmat lenses; send to-day for the largest photographic bargain list. Koehler's Camera Exchange, 7 East 14th Street, New York City.

ISLE OF PINES

"WATCH US GROW" is the watchword of McKinley, Isle of Pines. Beautiful, Healthful Island 90 miles south of Havana. Largest American Colony in Cuba. Four days from New York by steamer. Mild, delightful climate the year round. No frost, no fevers, no irrigation needed for trees. Fertile soil for growing oranges, grapefruit, lemons, limes, pineapples, garden truck, etc. 10 acres enough to make you independent in a few years. Write to-day for Free Book showing American life at McKinley. Publicity Bureau, Isle of Pines Co., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE—CITRUS FRUIT FARM. Located in a choice part of the Isle of Pines, Cuba. The American Colony, containing 8 1/2 acres of Grape Fruit, Oranges, etc., 4 1/2 acres of Limes, 5 3/10 acres for Truck Farming. All trees in fine healthy condition, well cared for. A great portion will come into bearing next year. Plenty of good water. There are also two native houses on the property could be utilized. First crop should nearly pay for the place. Price \$4500.00, one-half cash, balance easy terms. For particulars address Wm. M. Dressell, Gainesville, Florida.

WESTERN CANADA

RESPONSIBLE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED everywhere to sell acre lots adjoining rapidly growing, hustling town in Saskatchewan. High-class proposition endorsed by business men and financial institutions. An opportunity for good salesmen to make a big income. Write for full particulars. R. E. Culp, Melville, Saskatchewan.

MISCELLANEOUS

MONEY-MAKING FARMS THROUGHOUT 17 STATES; one to 1000 acres, \$10 to \$50 an acre; live stock, tools, and crops often included to settle estates quickly. Mammoth Illustrated Catalogue No. 35, free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 2719, 47 West 34th St., New York.

WANT A LOCATION? FARM, CITY PROPERTY OR business, anywhere, any place. For 25 cents you will receive a list of over 1,000 best bargains in all parts of the United States for sale and exchange. Give me a description of what you have or what you want. See how quick a deal can be made. Carl M. Cook, Limon, Colo.

OFFER A—BEAUTIFUL SELECTION Wedding, Anniversary, Birthday and Scenic Washington Cards. Offer B, Selection of unusual Place and Tally Cards, 25c. for each, including beautiful mounted Picture. Write for illustrated booklet. Little Art Shop, 1421 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

FREE! FOR THE ASKING—WILL SEND BARGAIN LIST saving you dollars on cameras, lenses and photo supplies. Have done this for 20 years for our customers, why not for you? N. Y. Camera Ex., Dept. A, 111 Fulton St., N. Y.

FILMS DEV. All sizes 10c. Pts. 3, 4 & 5c. ea. Adv. Postals (Photographs) \$10 to \$15 M. Amateur work. Each town to me negatives for us. Will send sample cards, prices & discounts on all work, prepaid, with first roll sent us. Nelson Studio, Boulder, Colo.

8x10 PHOTOGRAPHIC ENLARGEMENTS 25c. each, made from any size negative or film. All size 6 Exposure Kodak Films developed 5c. a roll. 12 Exposures 10c. a roll. Send for complete price list and sample print. Scarlett Studio, 45-47-49 No. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ENLARGEMENT 25c. 8x10 made from any size negative or film. Prints 3c. each 2 1/2 x 3 1/4, 4c. 3 1/2 x 4 1/4. Films developed 5c. per roll all sizes. Send for price list. Send negative for free sample print. Anti Trust Photo Supplies. M. A. Leese, 614-9th St., Washington, D. C.

FILMS DEVELOPED, 10c. per roll; all sizes. Velox Prints. Brownies 3c.; 3 1/2 x 3 1/4, 3 1/2 x 4 1/4, 4c.; 4x5, 3a, 5c. Send two negatives and we will print them free as a sample of our work; we are film specialists, and give you better results than you have ever had. Cole & Co., Asbury Park, N. J.

FILMS "ENSIEN" DOUBLE INSTANTANEOUS NON- Curable Orthochromatic. Better results; longer guarantee. Write for address of Local Agent and Catalogue of new Cameras. G. Genert, Dept. F., 24 & 26 East 13th St., New York; 320 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

WRITE ME TO-DAY and I will tell you of the remarkable results advertisers are securing through Everybody's Classified Advertising. Let me help you prepare your copy, suggest follow-up, etc. Address E. D. Duryea, Classified Dept., Everybody's Magazine, New York.



LITERARY—BOOKS—AUTHORS



STANDARD BUSINESS BOOKS LOANED BY MAIL, for return or purchase at option. Advice on short reading courses free. Personal Training; salesmanship; advertising; bookkeeping; banking; Investments; choosing a career; system and efficiency; agriculture; popular law; business letter writing; speakers' and writers' books, etc. Also, health; house and home; public questions; occultism; science; religion. Ask for lists and Library Critic and state subjects in which interested. Oriental Esoteric Library, 123, Washington, D. C.

MAKE MONEY WRITING SHORT STORIES, or for newspapers. Pleasant spare time or regular work for you. Big pay. Send for free booklet. Tells how. United Press Syndicate, San Francisco, Calif.

WRITERS. I critically read, revise and place manuscripts with publishers. Manuscripts are typed and otherwise properly prepared for publication under my supervision by experts. A limited time in story-writing. Modeste Hannis Jordan, 615 W. 136th St., New York City. Send 10c. for Writers' Leaflet of Instruction E.

FOR THE LOVERS OF NATURE. Send for Catalogues. Unique Bird and Flower Guides and Bird Post Cards in natural colors. Genuine Indian rugs and curios. Mohonk Sales-rooms Box C, Mohonk Lake, N. Y.

WRITE ME TO-DAY and I will tell you of the remarkable results advertisers are securing through Everybody's Classified Advertising. Let me help you prepare your copy, suggest follow-up, etc. Address E. D. Duryea, Classified Dept., Everybody's Magazine, New York.



HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, AGENTS, ETC.



WE NEED CAPABLE SALESMEN. We pay cash commission \$2 to \$5 on each order. We have salesmen who have been with us over 10 years. That proves we treat them well and they are making money. If you are a good man we want you. Wm. Wood & Company, Dept. D, 51 Fifth Ave., New York. 108 years in business.

WRITE US TO-DAY About Our "26" Best Sellers in New Idea Sanitary Brushes. Our proposition appeals to hustling agents everywhere. Work steady, commission large. Illustrated booklet sent on request. D. L. Silver & Co., Dept. E, Home Office and Factory, Clayton, N. J.

SALESMEN to call on wholesale and retail hardware, druggists, harness and saddlery and mill supply houses, etc., to sell neatfoot and lard oils as a side line on a commission basis, pocket samples. We help you sell our products. Anglo-American Pork Products Co., 63-64 Wade Building, Cleveland, O.

GASOLINE SELF-HEATING FLAT IRON. Pump and Sad Iron Stand sells for \$6.00. Agents' price, complete outfit, \$3.50. Riches Awaiting You. Agents, this is a money-making proposition. A few of our best Agents are selling 135 outfits a month. It's wonderful how eager every family is to get this absolutely safe New Air-Pressure Self-Heating Sad Iron. Selling like wildfire everywhere. Rush remittance, \$3.50, for above described outfit. Town, County and State Agents wanted. Agents' Money-Making Catalog of many other articles free. New Process Mfg. Co., Sad Iron Room 8, Salina, Kansas.

MEN AND WOMEN HAVING LARGE ACQUAINTANCE wanted to give part or all time to successful enterprise operated on new lines. Large immediate remuneration. Fascinating, profitable, permanent and honorable business quickly learned. No investment required. "Advertiser," Suite 1011, 200 Fifth Ave., New York.

AGENTS, Salesmen, Managers—Earn big money daily, selling the Monitor Self-Heating Sad Iron. Sells almost on sight. Martin, Tenn., sold over 1200 doz. Irons in 1 yr. Send for big colored circular, full size and interior view of Iron. Exclusive Rights; territory free. The Monitor Sad Iron Co., 44 Monitor Bldg., Big Prairie, O.

JUST OUT! \$1 SELF-HEATING IRON. Greatest dollar article. Write or wire for territory and credit sample. Safety Iron Co., Derby, Conn.

AGENTS, MEN OR WOMEN, MAKE BIG MONEY handling Grab's Famous Household Specialties. Fastest selling articles of the age. Easy, fascinating work. Spare time or permanent. Hurry—write to-day. Victor M. Grab & Co., C10 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A-6. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS ON SALARY OR COMMISSION. The greatest agent's seller ever produced; every user of pen and ink buys it on sight; 200 to 500 per cent. profit; one agent's sales amounted to 565 dozen in 8 weeks. Monroe Mfg. Co., X 5, La Crosse, Wis.

AGENTS, MALE AND FEMALE CAN MAKE BIG MONEY selling my Queen Jacket Suit Patterns; price \$2.50; retail \$8.50. Readiest seller on the market. Descriptive circulars on request. Joseph Gluck, 621 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS—Big permanent income selling the light-weight, double suction Duplex Vacuum Cleaner. A wonder, 2 years guarantee. Write for terms and plan giving one machine free. Duplex Co., 106 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF SMALL TOWNS in your vicinity to which you could sell either a hand-drawn or horse-drawn Chemical Fire Engine, and thousands of factories, country estates and other buildings which should be protected with hand fire extinguishers, or other apparatus we make. No "piker" business but dignified; no capital or previous experience required; liberal commissions and exclusive territory if you write now. Ajax Fire Engine Works, 220 Liberty St., New York.

YOUR SALES GUARANTEED. SAMPLE FREE TO HUSTLERS. Men buy on sight. Only device that scientifically hones and Strops any razor—old style or safety. Gives correct diagonal stroke. Famous Rubrurundum Honing Strop in every machine. Sold on money-back guarantee. 100% profit. Write quick for particulars. Sales Manager, 707 Victor Bldg., Canton, Ohio.

EARN BIG MONEY WEEKLY, selling Collection Cabinets to merchants. Retail for \$7.50; your profit \$4.50. No competition. Exclusive territory. Write for free sample and descriptive matter. Sayers Co., 402 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY IS NOW OFFERED AGENTS to handle well advertised brand of guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Direct from mill to wearer. Large variety of styles, weights and colors. Linen heels and toes. 25c. up. No experience required. Liberal commission. Exclusive territory. Credit. E. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

SELL "MODERN-MAKE" SELF-HEATING IRONS and household specialties. Big demand. Daily profits net big money. Get samples. Write for Cat. "E" and territory. Modern Specialties Mfg. Co., Goshen, Ind.

SALESMEN WANTED EVERYWHERE FOR NEW OFFICE specialty. Duplicate orders every month. Chance of a lifetime for a live wire. Best office seller—You can work subagents. A. Lowell Mfg. Co., 258R B'way, N. Y. City.

YOU CAN MAKE \$\$\$\$\$ AS OUR GENERAL or local agent. Non-alcoholic flavors, perfumes, etc.: save consumer 80%. Permanent business in home town. Big profits. Free sample. Write. Pitkin & Co., 117 Redd St., Newark, N. Y.

AGENTS make big money selling our new gold letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write today for free sample and full particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 417 N. Clark St., Chicago.

PERMANENT AGENCY—BIG SALES—BIG PROFITS. High grade, sanitary household brushes. All kinds to fit all needs. A real offer for real agents. Catalogue, price lists, terms free. Get your territory. Hale & Kavanek, New Britain, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED—Latest high-grade sanitary specialty—Every home, hotel, factory and office buys on sight. Soon pays for itself. Big profits. Write to-day. The Watrous Co., 1662 Fisher Bldg., Chicago.

A HAND vacuum cleaner selling for \$6 and selling so rapidly that it puts all similar former efforts in the shadow; general and special agents invited to apply for territory; highly profitable proposition to hustlers. Progressive Manufacturing Co., 11 Broadway, New York.

NO COMPETITION. Large Profits. Newly patented household necessity. Not sold in stores. Kwicksharp, only device made that a woman can sharpen knives and grind scissors on. Resharpen silver plated blades. A demonstration sells. Exceptional opportunity for capable salesmen. Exclusive territory. Our extensive advertising creates demand. E. M. Spengler, 37 E. 28th St., New York.

ONE MAN OR WOMAN in every town in the country to introduce our household winner; the housewives won't be without it after they have once seen it, neither will the family when they have tasted it; first sales give a good profit, but re-orders mean a steady income year in and out. Booklet meaning dollars to you, free. Kwench-A-Thirst Products Co., 26 Harrison St., Dept. 39, New York.

A NEW WAY TO MAKE MONEY: I made dollars and dollars the first day, selling Pure Food Candy. Every brainy girl can do likewise. For Ninety-six cents, I will tell you how to start in business, and send you the moulds and complete Formulas, so you can make and sell the candy. Isabelle Inez, East Liberty Station, Pittsburg, Pa.

MEN TO TAKE AGENCY—APPOINT SUB-AGENTS: New patented binder for magazines, medical journals, periodicals, loose leaf. Well advertised liberal proposition. Bigelow, 106 E. 19th St., New York.

AGENTS send for our new catalogue of twisted wire sanitary brushes. Exclusive territory; over 100% profit; secure territory at once. Write for free sample offer. W. F. Kessinger, Western Manager, Wichita Kansas.

AGENTS. OUR GUARANTEED SIGN LETTERS cost you 2c., sell for 25c. Instantly put up by anyone, with kerosene and roller. Samples free. Success or money back. Embossed Letter Co., 2498 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED: A reliable, permanent business, selling Koeth's Kombination Kit, the most wonderful tool ever invented. Six pairs drop forged tool steel jaws, one pair handles makes pliers, pliers, punches, wrenches, etc. Invaluable for mechanic, farmer, chaffer, handy man. Currier Koeth Mfg. Co., 53 West Street, Coudersport, Pa.

CARBON PAPER as a side line will pay agents weekly a commission of 33 1-3%. We pay all shipping charges. Exclusive proposition, two years' contract. Whitfield Carbon Paper Works, New York Life Building, New York.

AGENTS—OUR FAMILY NEEDLE CASE is a wonderful seller; 200 to 500 per cent. profit. Talking unnecessary; our copyrighted "Trust Scheme" Envelopes do the work. Particulars and gen. agents proposition free. Send 10c. for a 25c. sample containing 115 needles. Buy direct from the factory at wholesale. Paty Needle Co., 210 Union Sq., Somerville, Mass.

HUSTLERS WANTED FOR A WONDER SELLING LINE OF sanitary household brushes. Big profits; territory going fast. Write us at once. Fuller Brush Co., 9 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

PHOTO PILLOW TOP, Portrait, Frame, Photo China Plate and Sheet Picture proposition best ever on market for agents. Samples and catalog free. 30 days' Credit. Prompt shipments. Rejects credited. James C. Bailey Co., Desk D, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED FOR SECURITY PRODUCTS—High-grade made-to-order Dress Skirts, Petticoats, Specialties. Liberal Commission, Exclusive rights. Write to-day for catalogue. The Security Co., Dept. 2, Weedsport, N. Y.

MY—HOW THEY FALL FOR OUR "LUCKY" 'LEVEN toilet combination (\$3.20 value); you sell for \$1.00; great crew managers' proposition, only one pipkin in our "27 Varieties;" we manufacture; you save middlemen's profit; our new colored circular is like seeing the real goods; free to workers; get aboard; act to-day. Davis Soap Works, 220 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS—IT COSTS ME ABOUT \$2 to secure your name and ship sample machine, but it's a dead sure way of convincing you I've got best household invention on earth. Branch office being established every town. Elmer E. Stevens, 1357 Adams Ex. Bldg., Chicago.

ACTIVE MEN AND WOMEN FOR INDIVIDUAL WORK or to organize sales force. Quick sales, large profits, universal demand with repeat orders. Free sample and terms. G. V. Sales Co., 148 Nassau St., New York City.

SIDE LINE—ROAD OR CITY, WE TRAIN MEN TO SELL our Product. Write requesting territory. Sales course free. Address Sales Manager, Bird-Archer Company, New York City.

"AGENTS BIG PROFITS." Brandt's Patented Automatic Razor Strop, automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, old style or safety. Retail at \$2. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write quickly for terms, prices and territory. N. Brandt Cutlery Co., 42 Hudson St., New York City.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE WANTS REPRESENTATIVES in all parts of the country. The work is profitable; it doesn't take long to learn; it is a good thing for you if you're not quite satisfied with your present income. Agents who give all their time to the work get Big Money—spare-time workers are well paid for what they do. It does not matter whether you are a man or a woman, young or old—all the capital you need is a neat appearance, a fair share of ability, and plenty of perseverance. Write to-day and get details of the best offer we have ever made. Address Circulation Department, Everybody's Magazine, New York City.



HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, AGENTS, ETC.—Continued



A BIG POWERFUL "MOGUL" Chemical Fire Extinguisher (mounted on wheels) gives absolute fire protection. Hustling agents make big money weekly. Write Mogul Fire Extinguisher Co., Dept. 3, Cincinnati, Ohio.

400% PROFIT FOR AGENTS. Both sexes. Gliding Casters. New invention, cost 3c. set. Won't scratch floors. Save carpets, rugs, furniture. Sell thousands 10c. set. A child can attach. Samples 4c. Caster Co., 22 A. Warren St., New York.

AGENTS—SALESMEN—Seasonable seller, latest \$3.50 electric invention fills demand never before supplied; home, office, store, everywhere eagerly sought, repeat orders outnumber first sales, you control territory, no competition, unlimited possibilities. Frank W. Alden, Agency Manager, 1026 Eighth St., East, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE SAMPLE goes with the first letter. Something new. Every firm wants it. Orders from \$1.00 to \$100.00. Nice pleasant business. Big demand everywhere. Write at once for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sales Co., 417 N. Clark, Chicago.

I WILL START YOU earning a good income in whole or spare time, silencing mirrors. No capital. Anyone can do the work. Send for free instructive Booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—PORTRAITS 35c., FRAMES 15c., Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c., Views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 103X, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN AND BRANCH MANAGERS EVERYWHERE to handle best-selling proposition known. Experience unnecessary. Legitimate, permanent and commands instant attention. Big commissions. Exceptional opportunity. W. E. Bryan & Co., Cincinnati, O.

SALESMEN WANTED TO HANDLE COMPLETE LINE of formaldehyde fumigators, liquid soap, sweeping compound, modern disinfectants and sanitary supplies. The Formacone Co., 42 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

LARGE PROFITS. Manufacture "Barley Crisps," new confection, costs 1 cent to make. Sell like hot cakes for 5c. Everybody buys. Machine and instructions reproduced \$7.50. Send 10c. for sample and literature. Barley Crisp Co., 1017 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

AGENTS MAKE 500 PER CENT. SELLING "Novelty Sign Cards," Window Letters and Changeable Signs. Merchants buy in large quantities. 800 varieties. Catalogue free. Sullivan Co., 1236 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

MANAGERS WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND COUNTY to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Halstead, 54 West 34th St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY to sell Novelty Pocket Knives. Transparent handles with photo, name and address, lodge emblems, etc. Immense profits earned. Write for terms to-day. Novelty Cutlery Co., 20 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

LOCAL OR COUNTY SALESMAN—Men carrying line of oil, grease, mill or engineering supplies can obtain good side line on commission basis. No sample. Address—Manufacturer, 524 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS—SELL THE HANDY LIGHT, big profits. Experience unnecessary. Big Summer Seller. Convenient to carry. Best up-to-date proposition for Manufacturer's Agents. Handy Lights guaranteed. We give credit. The Handy Light Co., 1076 Elkhth Ave., East, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEVELOP YOUR CAPACITY AS SALESMAN by interviewing physicians with a fine line of medical books. Agreeable; large possibilities. A few openings now available. F. A. Davis Co., Med. Pubs., Dept. E, 1914 Cherry St., Phila., Pa.

DO YOU like asking another for every penny you spend? Then why do it? You can earn your own pin-money through the Clover Club. You can earn as much as you like. You can devote all your time or just your odd moments. You do not have to pay out one single cent. Even our "Guide to Moneyville" is free—Send for it before bedtime to-night. Address the Secretary of the Clover Club, The Delineator, New York. Rooms 12-14.

AGENTS, BOTH SEXES, WE MANUFACTURE AND control Climax, smokeless, odorless and never-burn Fry Pan. Entirely new Exclusive territory. E. Connolly Mfg. Co., 123 Liberty St., New York.

THE WIZARD LIGHTING SYSTEMS AND TABLE LAMPS represent the acme of perfection in artificial lighting. Lamps are lit with an ordinary match, as conveniently as city gas. One-fourth the cost. For further particulars and agency, address The Nagel-Chase Mfg. Co., 148 W. Ohio St., Chicago.



BUSINESS, CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION



STUDY COMMON SCHOOL OR HIGH SCHOOL BRANCHES, business, shorthand or typewriting under our expert guidance. Credits accepted by 24 great schools, a guarantee of excellence. State your needs to-day. Interstate School of Correspondence, 611-633 South Wabash Ave., Chicago.

PARAGON SHORTHAND. Learned in one week. Valuable invention by expert stenographer—Not by mere theorist. Writers in Government employ. Speed capacity beyond reach of the hand. Paragon Shorthand College, New Orleans, La.

STUDY with a western school, in ninth year of success. Thousands of students on Pacific Slope. Sixty courses, including Normal, Business, Stenography, Law, Civil Service. Write for free 52 page catalog. Modern School of Correspondence, San Jose, Calif.

WRITE ME TO-DAY and I will tell you of the remarkable results advertisers are securing through Everybody's Classified Advertising. Let me help you prepare your copy, suggest follow-up, etc. Address E. D. Duray, Classified Dept., Everybody's Magazine, New York.

SIGN AGENTS, PAINTERS; Flexible gold sign letters for windows, store fronts one cent each. Cheapest, most attractive. Sample free. Eastern Specialty Co., Dept. 2, 63 Barclay St., New York.

TAILORING SALESMEN WANTED TO TAKE orders for our Guaranteed Made-to-Order Clothes. Suits—\$10 up. No capital required. Write to-day for Territory and Complete equipment. Address Warrington W. & W. Mills, 173 Adams St., Department 420, Chicago, Ill.

ACTIVE SALESMEN easily make big money monthly selling our perfect dry Chemical Fire Extinguisher; 600% profit; buyers everywhere; exclusive territory assigned; District Managers Wanted. United Mfg. Co., 1136 Jefferson, Toledo, O.

AGENTS: Work two hours a day and clean up a handsome weekly income selling wonderful new household necessity; new selling plan with free advertising does it. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 5, Amsterdam, N. Y.

EARN MONEY IN SPARE TIME. The National Dress Goods Co., New York, needs a competent responsible woman to represent them in each locality. Pleasant, permanent work. Free outfit, good pay. Write to-day for full particulars. National Dress Goods Company, Dept. 12, No. 260 West Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—250% Profit. Wonderful Little Article. Sells like wild fire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Mathews, 1923 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION SOLICITORS easily earn liberal commissions, also can pick up extra prize money. For full particulars regarding commissions, prices, free advertising matter, sample copies, etc. Address Desk 5, 155 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

WANTED: WIDE-AWAKE, CAPABLE, GENERAL AND local sales agents to sell and organize sales force for practical, patented and winning invention, necessary to be used at least once a week by every member of every family, both city and country. We want men not satisfied with moderate results to engage in this exceptional money-making business. Knickerbocker Mfg. Co., 502-215 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

BOKARA DIAMONDS—Agents: Everyone, wear and sell our famous bokara diamonds. Write for sample offer and catalog free. Northwestern Jewelry Co., 1129 Wilson Ave., Chicago.

BIG PROFITS—EASY WORK, stamping names and addresses on key-chests, umbrella plates, watch fobs, etc. Big demand. We sell blank stock and stamping outfits. Send 10c. now for sample with your name on it and full particulars. Hart Mfg. Co., 303 C Degraw St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

EVERY WOMAN WANTS ONE—The "Happy Girl" Automatic Waist and Skirt Supporter. Sells instantly. 100% profit. 25 cents brings Agent's Terms and Outfit or Write to-day for free particulars. Happy Girl Mfg. Co., Dept. 19, 230 Sumner Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIDE LINE SALESMEN WANTED to sell Enamelware and Silverware, direct from factory. Liberal commissions paid promptly; goods sold from illustrations and pocket sample. U. S. Factories Co., 180 N. Market St., Chicago.

INCOME INSURANCE; SOMETHING NEW. Liberal, new form, low cost policy issued to men or women, all occupations, ages 16 to 70 years, pays an income of \$25 weekly for sickness or injuries, \$5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost \$10. \$2000 Accidental Death, \$15 weekly for sickness or injuries. Annual cost \$5. Midland Casualty Co., Reg. Dept., 1345 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

AGENTS—Handle the fastest selling household necessity on the market. Two years' guarantee. Every woman interested. Have work and worry. Handsome income. Protected territory. Exceptional chance to start a business of your own. Write for free selling plan. Kotten Mfg. Co., 30 Church St., New York.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE WANTS REPRESENTATIVES in all parts of the country. The work is profitable; it doesn't take long to learn; it is a good thing for you if you're not quite satisfied with your present income. Agents who give all their time to the work get big money—spare-time workers are well paid for what they do. It does not matter whether you are a man or a woman, young or old—all the capital you need is a neat appearance, a fair share of ability, and plenty of perseverance. Write to-day and get details of the best offer we have ever made. Address Circulation Department Everybody's Magazine, New York City.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED: You can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand, good pay. Details Free. Associated Motion Picture Schools, 627 Sheridan Rd., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WELL WRITTEN BRING GOOD prices—Instruction booklet by successful writer \$1.00. Metropolitan Scenario Service, 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

TELEGRAPHY

TELEGRAPHY TAUGHT in the shortest possible time. The Omnigraph automatic teacher sends you telegraph messages at any speed, just as an expert operator would. 5 styles. \$2.00 up. Circular free. Omnigraph Co., 39 Cortlandt St., New York.



PATENT ATTORNEYS, PATENTS



MEN OF IDEAS AND INVENTIVE ABILITY. WRITE Randolph & Briscoe, Patent Attorneys, 605 F St. Northwest, Washington, D. C., for list inventions wanted, and prizes offered by leading manufacturers.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT AND PAY. Books free. Highest references; best results. Send for list of inventions wanted. Patents advertised free. Send sketch or model for free search. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 622 F St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS OF VALUE. NO MISLEADING INDUCEMENTS. Prompt service. Book of Advice and Patent Office Rules free. Highest references. Clements & Clements, Patent Lawyers, 712 Colorado Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED, SEND SKETCH for free report as to patentability. "Guide Book." Fortunes in Patents, and "What to Invent," with valuable list of Inventions Wanted and Prizes offered for inventions, sent free. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress; sample free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Personal services. I get patent or no fee. Advice free. R. B. Owen, 10 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, DESIGNS AND COPYRIGHTS. Booklet containing full information furnished on request. Langdon Moore (formerly Examiner U. S. Patent Office), Suite 812, 900 F St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS OBTAINED, trade marks registered. Copyrights entered. Thirty years' active practice. Experienced, personal high-class service. Address Siggers & Siggers, Patent Lawyers, Suite 3, N. U. Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. \$9.00 OFFERED FOR CERTAIN Inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent." Sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents Obtained or Fee Returned. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 16 years. Address Chandless & Chandless, Patent Attys., 935 F St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS BRING RICHES when of value. Our free books cover the subject in a thorough manner. We give personal service. Wide experience. Trade Marks Registered. Write to-day. Beeler & Robb, 246 McGill Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS AND TRADE-MARKS secured or return of all fees insured. Send for my free book "How To Get Them." Joshua R. H. Potts—Patent Lawyer, 306—9th St., Washington, 8 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.



OFFICE EQUIPMENT—FACTORY SUPPLIES— TYPEWRITERS



TYPEWRITERS REBUILT By the Manufacturers—We are making a specialty this month of "Visible" typewriters, Oliviers, Underwoods, etc., and can furnish these machines Factory Rebuilt at specially low prices, or will Rent them anywhere, allowing Rent to apply on price. Remingtons, Smith-Premiers or any other standard machine preferred furnished on same conditions. Write for Catalogue T. Typewriter Emporium. Established 1892. 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

SURPRISING TYPEWRITER BARGAINS; no matter what make, will quote you lowest prices and easiest terms, or rent, allowing Rent to price. Write for big bargain list and catalogue 9. L. J. Peabody, 278 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

DON'T BUY a typewriter from anyone until you receive our special price list No. 14 Bankrupt sale, machines like new, low as \$10.00. We pay expressage & allow 3 days' free trial to prove ability. Typewriter Inspection Co., 235 W. 4th St., Cincinnati.

WHOLESALE PRICES at retail, absolutely in low except price, unusual values, Underwoods, Remingtons, Monarchs, Oliviers, Smiths, Hammonds, others. Sent On Approval. Write for "Bargain sheet." Old Reliable, Consolidated Typewriter Co., Inc., 245 Broadway, N. Y.

ACCUMULATED STOCK OF 3,000 TYPEWRITERS at sacrifice for 30 days only. Write to-day for cut rate price list and special free trial offer, on all makes. Ribbons free. All-Makes-Type-writer Exchange, Dept. E, 162 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

NO. 6 REMINGTONS \$18.00. NO. 2 SMITH PREMIERS \$17.00 and all other standard makes of typewriters at lowest prices. Many only slightly used. Fresh stock. Perfect condition. True bargains. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue, specimen of writing and price list on request. N. Y. Typewriter Exchange, 92 Leonard St., N. Y.

TYPEWRITERS—Real Remingtons \$12.00; Calligraphs \$6.00; Hammonds, Denismores \$10.00; Smith Premiers \$15.00; Oliviers, Underwoods, \$25.00; 15 days' trial and year's guarantee. Harlem Typewriter Exchange, Dept. F1, No. 217 West 125th St., N. Y. City.

CLEARANCE SALE—Remingtons, Denismores, Jewetts, Manhattans, \$11.50 ea. Franklins, Chicagos, Postals, Hammonds, \$9 ea. Bargains in Underwoods, Smiths and all others. All guaranteed. Supplies. Standard Typewriter Exchange, 23 Park Row, N. Y.



AEROPLANES—ENGINES—AUTOMOBILES— MOTOR CYCLES—AUTOMOBILE INSTRUCTION



AEROPLANE SALESMEN WORK IN A VIRGIN FIELD that will yield a rich harvest this season. Outdoor men and women eagerly want aeroplanes when they are shown that properly built craft offer safer sport than polo and automobilism. Our biplanes and monoplanes are not built for circus performers. We want a representative sportsman in your community to fly, demonstrate and sell Sloane aeroplanes. We wish to negotiate with responsible, reputable gentlemen. Sloane Aeroplane Co., 1731-33 Broadway, New York City.

TRAVELLING SALESMEN WANTED IN N. Y., Pa., S. Atlantic and Gulf States east of Texas, O., Ind., Kan., Mo., Col., Mont., Ore., Canada, and other good territory, to place local agencies for M-M motorcycles, and a new machine we are just launching on the market. Liberal commission on initial and subsequent sales, making large income possible. Can be handled alone or in conjunction with other lines. We wish to negotiate only with men of experience, good address and personal appearance. Address American Motor Co., 723 Center St., Brockton, Mass.

ENGINE trouble text book. Gives plain language, remedies for every engine ailment. Keeps your car running, saves dollars; 56 pages illustrated. Get it now. Send 10c. Breeze Carburetors, Newark, N. J.

TO GET GREATEST PLEASURE FROM YOUR MOTOR- cycle, buy the 1912 Motorcycle Manual; best trouble chart; a cure for every motor trouble; touring instructions, etc.; 108 pages; 25 cents postpaid. Motorcycle Publishing Co., 51 Chambers St., New York.

BE AN AUTO EXPERT. Fine positions open for chauffeurs and salesmen now. Easy work, Big Pay. We teach you at home by charts, diagrams and model. Highest endorsements. Small payment to start. Write for new 1912 book—Free. Practical Auto School, 70 E. Beaver St., New York.

AUTOMOBILES \$50 UP. Motorcycles \$20 up. Guaranteed for one year, shipped freight prepaid. Largest stock, lowest prices in the world. E. E. King, Automobile Broker, 217 West 125th St., N. Y. C.



BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES



INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least Cost. Greatest advantages. No tax. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. Product Stoddard, former Secretary of Arizona. Laws, blanks and directions free. Special forms prepared without extra charge. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 83, Phoenix, Arizona.

OPPORTUNITY FOR GENERAL AGENTS: Big money monthly earned selling our Western panorama views. Only general agents wanted. Send 25c. for sample view. Retail price 50c. For terms and territory write West Coast Art Company, Inc. (est. 1881), Douglas Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

FREE SAMPLE goes with first letter. Something new. Every firm wants it. Orders from \$1.00 to \$100. Nice, pleasant business. Big demand everywhere. Write at once for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sales Co., 417 N. Clark St., Chicago.

DO YOU have to ask others for your spending-money? Would you not like to have money of your own? You can by working with The Delineator's famous Clover Club organized to help girls and women fatten their purses. Send Now for a free copy of the "Guide to Money-making." It gives you full particulars. No dues of any kind. No age limits. Helen Hathaway (Secretary, The Clover Club, Room 22-14, The Delineator, New York).

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS UNDER ARIZONA Laws. Cost small. No franchise tax. Stockholders exempt from corporate debts. Do business anywhere. Laws and forms free. Southwestern Securities & Investment Co., Box A488, Phoenix, Arizona.

FOR SALE—RARE OPPORTUNITY for investor. U. S. and Canadian patents on automatic railroad cattle guards. Working model sent at my expense to prospective investor for examination. For full particulars address H. H. Herring, Atascosa, Texas.

FOR THE ADVERTISER

CANADIAN NAMES AND ADDRESSES, typewriter type, gummed paper. Save time and labor. 1000 Ministers, or Farmers \$1.50. Duplicate for checking results free. Other lists. Canada is new mail order territory. Write. Rev. E. S. Moyer, Jerseyville, Ont.

FISK INTERLOCKING ADVERTISING SERVICE, Schuller Bldg., Chicago; for Dry Goods, Department, General Stores. Weekly by Henry Stirling Fisk, formerly vice-pres. Dry Goods Reporter, Chicago. One dealer each town, five dollars a year. Sample on request.

COLLECTIONS

BAD DEBTS turned into cash. By a sure, simple, system. For business men, credit men, lawyers, collectors. Instructive book "Skillful Collecting" free. National Collectors Ass'n, 51 Park Place, Newark, Ohio.



MISCELLANEOUS



GOLD NUGGET STICK PINS. Be exclusive. Wear California's most attractive and ornamental souvenir. Genuine Nuggets in the rough. Write for catalogue A giving information, prices, guarantee. Liberal offer to agents. Gold Nugget Specialties Co., Oroville, Cal.

THE CLOVER CLUB route to Moneyville is being tried by over 10,000 girls and women scattered through every state in the United States. Why not join this happy band yourself? Why not fatten your lean purse? There is nothing whatever to pay. Write before bedtime to-night and receive a free copy of "The Guide to Moneyville." Address Helen Hathaway, Secretary, The Clover Club, Rooms 12-14, The Dellneator, New York.

INVESTMENTS

8% AND ABSOLUTE SAFETY. First Mortgages on well improved irrigated farms, under Carey Act. Deeded. Title to land and water perfect. \$250.00 and up. Best references. Wm. G. Phoenix, Redmond, Oregon.

INVEST YOUR MONEY in Western Farm Mortgages furnished by us for 30 years, 6% net. If interested in safe investments send for pamphlet "L" and current list of offerings. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D. Highest references.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICE

FISK INTERLOCKING ADVERTISING SERVICE, Schiller Bldg., Chicago. For Dry Goods, Department and General Stores. Prepared by Henry Stirling Fisk, formerly vice pres., Dry Goods Reporter, Chicago. Authoritative, complete, timely. Costs five dollars a year, published weekly, one dealer in a town. Sample on request.

FOR GIRLS

JINGLES WITH TARTAR SAUCE. \$1.25 White Kid and gold. "A graceful, charming and tender lesson for the young girl just budding into womanhood—a lesson much needed in these days of unrest." Says Zoe Anderson Norris, Ed. East Side Magazine. Frank Allaben, 3 West 42d St., New York.

FOR THE HOME

BUGS BOTHER YOU? In house, hen coop and orchard, "Buhach" kills every bug. Easy to use—just a poison plant (Pyrethrum) dried and powdered. Fleas, lice, bugs—in the house and out of the house, flies, mosquitoes, moths, millers, roaches, ants, gnats, ticks, hurry away and never come back. Harmless to Man, Beast or Fowl. Most widely used insecticide in the world. We have the only field of Pyrethrum growing in America. Write for Price List and free sample. Buhach Mfg. Co., Stockton, California.

POULTRY, SQUABS, ETC.

43 VARIETIES, Poultry, Squab Breeders, Fancy Pigeons, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Guinea, Ornamental Birds, Wild Game, Pheasants, Pea Fowl and Dogs. Incubators, freight paid. Feed and supplies, Catalogue 3 cents. Missouri Squab Co., Dept. E, St. Louis, Mo.

INFORMATION FOR POLICY HOLDERS

LIFE INSURANCE Policies Bought.—We pay higher cash values than the issuing company for tontine or deferred dividend policies 1 to 5 years before maturity. Write for explanatory booklet. Charles E. Shepard & Co., Inc., established 1886, 56 Liberty St., New York.

POST CARDS—STAMPS—COINS

DO YOU COLLECT STAMPS? Write for 40-pg Novelty List of Sets, Packets, Albums, Free. Every applicant enclosing 4c. postage and mentioning Gift No. C.182 will receive packet of 100 diff. stamps free. Bright & Son, 164 Strand, London, Eng.

NEW THOUGHT

GET ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S "What I Know About New Thought" and the personal experience booklet "50 Years of Failure, 10 Years of Success and Why." Sent with three months' trial subscription to Nautilus Magazine of self-help for 10 cents. The Elizabeth Towne Co., Dept. 481, Holyoke, Mass.

SHETLAND PONIES

SHETLAND PONIES—An unceasing source of pleasure and robust health to children. Safe and ideal playmates. Inexpensive to keep. Highest type. Complete outfits. Satisfaction guaranteed. Illustrated Catalogue. Belle Meade Farm, Box 13, Markham, Va.

INVALID FURNITURE

ROLLING CHAIRS. We make 70 styles, Carrying Chairs, Invalids Lifts, Beds, Tables, Bed Trays, Back Rests, Commodes, etc. Catalog "B" illustrates—describes—(free). Send for it. Geo. F. Sargent Co., 296 Fourth Ave., New York.

ENGRAVING

FIFTY ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS & PLATE \$1.00. Latest style; best work. Also latest hand stationery embosser. Particulars free. Harton Brothers, Stationers and Engravers, 212 Church St., New York City.

TRAVELING—TRANSPORTATION—RESORTS

FREQUENT CONDUCTED PARTIES. EUROPE, THE Orient, Around the World. De Potter Tours, Flatiron Bldg., New York. Send for Itineraries. (33rd Year.)

MUSIC

SONG WRITERS AND COMPOSERS, amateur or professional—deal direct with printer and publisher. Samples, catalogues and terms free on request. Frank Harding, (Established 1860) 228 East 22nd St., New York.

EXTRA!

¶ If you want to hear your own heart beat, dip into Planter Chase's two-part serial, "The Message." It has tensivity with a capital T, all right.

¶ "The Cowards," another Talbot Mundy story, will grip every ounce of the venturesome you have in you. It's a Boer War yarn.

¶ Then there's Frank Lovell Nelson's complete novelette, "The Tear of Buddha." It's a detective mystery tale with a twist to it.

¶ Heaps of other mighty good stories, too. And don't forget we've added 32 pages, making 224 pages of bully good reading in the July

For sale by all
newsdealers

Adventure

15 Cents

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, Publishers

Digitized by Google

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

"HAVE YOU A LITTLE 'FAIRY' IN YOUR HOME?"



White—First, Last and All the Time

Fairy Soap is white—and stays white to the last wafer of the cake. That's simply because it is made from choice edible products. Other so-called white toilet soaps turn yellow with age, because they do not contain as high-priced ingredients as Fairy.

This pure, white, floating, handy, oval cake of soap goodness costs but 5c.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO



JAP-A-LAC

Renews

21 COLORS AND
JAP-A-LAC NATURAL (CLEAR)

EVERYTHING FROM CELLAR TO GARRET

SOLD IN
10¢ CANS AND LARGER

FOR SALE AT PAINT, HARDWARE AND DRUG STORES

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.



NIAGARA TO THE SEA

The grandest trip in America for health and pleasure. It includes the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of the majestic Rapids, the historic associations of Montreal, Quebec, and the famed Saguenay River, with its stupendous Gorges, "Trinity" and "Eternity".

HOTELS

"MANOIR RICHELIEU"

Murray Bay, P. Q.

"HOTEL TADOUSSAC"

Tadoussac, P. Q.

Immunity from Hay Fever and Malaria

Send 6 cents postage for illustrated guide to

Thos. Henry, Traffic Mgr. Dept. M Montreal, Can.

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum

FOR INFANTS



For Prickly Heat and Sunburn
Relieves all Skin Irritations

Sample Box for 4c stamp

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.



The Home of Wholesome Food

A Snow-White Solid Porcelain Compartment

It does away with cracks, joints, crevices, corners and other natural hiding places for dirt, odors, decaying food and dangerous microbes found in other refrigerators.

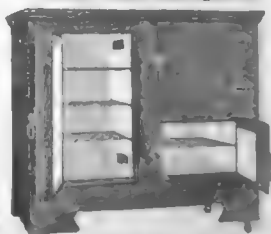
SEND FOR OUR VALUABLE FREE BOOK ON HOME REFRIGERATION. It tells you how to keep your food sweet and wholesome—how to cut down ice bills—what to seek and what to avoid in buying any

refrigerator. Every housewife and home owner should have one.

It also describes the wonderful advantages of the "MONROE." The one refrigerator with each food compartment made of a solid piece of unbreakable snow white porcelain ware—every corner rounded like above cut. The one refrigerator accepted in the best homes and leading hospitals because it can be made germlessly clean by simply wiping out with a damp cloth. The one refrigerator that will pay for itself in a saving on ice bills, food waste and repairs. The "MONROE" is sold at factory prices on 30 days' trial. We pay the freight and guarantee "full satisfaction or money back." LIBERAL CREDIT TERMS IF DESIRED.

MONROE REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Station 17, Lockland, Ohio

The "Monroe"
The Lifetime Refrigerator



Sold Direct

Digitized by Google

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Vitrinite

The Long-Life WHITE ENAMEL

The one enamel which gives *permanent* pure white effects. Will not yellow, crack nor chip. Gives a rich, smooth, porcelain-like gloss—no trace of brush-mark. Durable and waterproof, inside or outside, on any surface. Easily applied.

Send for Free Vitrinite Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with Vitrinite. Judge for yourself. If your dealer hasn't Vitrinite write us at 93 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada address 35 Courtwright St., Bridgeport, Ontario.

We make the famous "61" Floor Varnish

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

AMERICAN FACTORIES
New York Buffalo Chicago
Bridgeport Canada

ESTABLISHED 63 YEARS

FOREIGN FACTORIES
LONDON PARIS
HAMBURG

We make over 300 varnish products.

Are these familiar questions?—

"When will those goods arrive?"

"Where can we buy this?"

"Where did we buy that?"

"What did we pay last time?"

"Where's that catalog?"

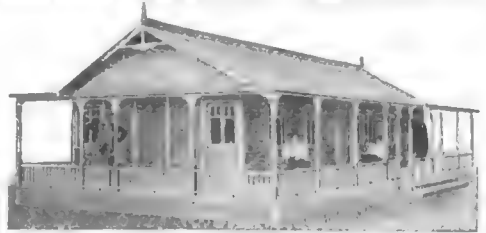
"How's our stock on this?"

Do some of these come up every day? Can you always answer? Our booklet—"Are You The Buyer?" tells how you can always know quickly.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere



436 St. Paul Street
Rochester, N. Y.



M & M Portable "Ready Built" Cottages

*Bungalows, Garages, School Houses
Chapels, Poultry Houses, Etc., Etc.*

\$250 and Upwards—Beautiful Summer and Winter Homes, Substantial and Inexpensive.

"Ready Built" and complete in every detail when shipped from our factory. Anyone can erect them. They are constructed on the unit system, easily handled and shipped. All the parts numbered. We send a floor plan giving the number and showing the location of every piece. **No carpenter, no sawing, no fitting of any kind to be done.** The house is finished ready to set on the foundation.

Our "Ready Built" houses are always satisfactory for the reason that they are built of first-class material on scientific plans by skilled workmen. When erected these are as strong and substantial as if built by a local carpenter and at a far less cost.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT to any R. R. Station in the U. S. Send us your name and enclose 4c postage for our free handsome **Book of Plans and Designs** which also gives names and addresses of many who have owned and occupied our houses for years. **Don't buy a house until you know what the largest and oldest makers have to offer.**

MERSHON & MORLEY CO. 611 Main St. Saginaw, Mich.

New York Office, No. 1 Madison Ave. Room 8048-C

Cabot's Shingle Stains

For Shingles, Siding, Clapboards, Timbers, and all other outside woodwork

Cost less than half as much as paint.

Can be put on twice as fast, halving the labor cost.

The colors are softer, richer, and more beautiful.

They wear as well as the best paint.

They are made of Creosote, "the best wood preservative known."

Have been proved in every climate for twenty-five years.

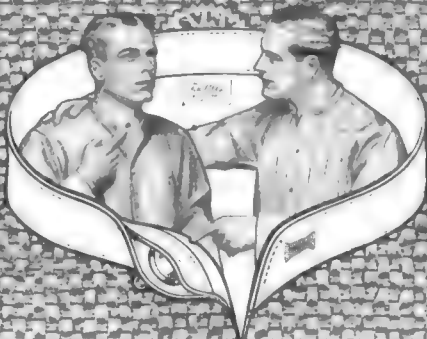
You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country. Send for free samples and name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, Manfg. Chemists, 4 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.



*Stained with Cabot's Shingle Stains
Fisher's Cove, N. Y., 1915, Omaha, Neb.*

Faultless Shirts



This Patent **NEK-GARD**
Will Avoid That Spot!

"It's the best thing that ever happened
to a shirt."

You wouldn't have a shirt which didn't have a pocket in the neckband to protect the neck from contact with the *back* collar button. It is even more important that the neck be protected from the *front* collar button. The patent Nek-Gard, an exclusive feature of Faultless Shirts, affords this additional protection—prevents pinching and bruising, and avoids that embarrassing collar-button spot.

It is an extra advantage which increases the recognized superiority of Faultless Shirts in style, fit and wear. If not at your dealer's, we'll see that you are supplied. \$1.50 and up. Look for the label.

E. ROSENFELD & CO. Dept. F. BALTIMORE, MD. U.S.A.

Makers of Faultless Night Shirts and Pajamas—
"The Cozydozy Kind."

SUMMIT Town and Country SHIRT

Complete
Comfort
and Style

The soft standing collar that is *right* on the shirt gives the wearer a neat, dressy appearance. Perfectly fitting in all suitable fabrics.



Popularly Priced
At all shops that Sell shirts
Write for illustrated Style Book and give your
dealer's name

Guterman Bros., Makers
350 Sibley Street St. Paul, Minn.

Comfort, Health, Economy In the Daily Use of Togards



The Togard Girl
Copyright 1911, by
H. L. NELKE & CO.

Slip **Togards** over your toes, before putting on hosiery, and the wearing of fine, sheer hosiery ceases to be an extravagance. **Togards'** inventors now offer

Helons and Footlets

Helons slip on over heel, preventing chafing and holes in heels.

Footlets protect heel, toe and sole.

Togards
Lisle 25c,
Silk 35c

Footlets
Lisle 25c,
Silk 75c

Helons
Lisle 10c,
Silk 25c

All in either natural, black, white or tan, and in sizes for men, women and children. Dealers or by mail.
H. L. NELKE & CO., 10th and Norris Sts., Philadelphia

The MAN and The SHELL

that won the GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP
Columbus, O., June 22, 1911, by a WORLD'S
RECORD SCORE—

99 out of 100 from 20 Yard Handicap

HARVEY DIXON, of Oronogo, Mo., shooting PETERS regular
2¾ inch length Factory Loaded Shells, won the greatest honor in the trap
shooting world. Any good gun and

Peters Shells

form the combination that GETS RESULTS as proved by high scores made
in this and other tournaments.

Ask for PETERS Shells—the Shells that have “Steel Where Steel Belongs”

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio



The Baldwin Camp Lamp

Gives a white penetrating light. Burns acetylene gas. Can be fastened to cap or belt, carried in hand or stood upon table. Stays lighted in the strongest wind—absolutely safe. No oil, soot, dirt or grease. For Camping, Fishing, Canoeing, Boating, Hunting and Woodcraft.

3½ inches high, weighs (charged) 5 ounces.

For sale at leading Sporting Goods and Hardware Dealers, or sent by mail prepaid upon receipt of price—
—Brass \$1.00; highly polished nickel plate with hinged handles \$1.50.

Write for free booklet stating name and address of your dealer.

JOHN SIMMONS CO.
36 Franklin Street
New York City
54 St. Nicholas Street
Montreal, Can.

It Requires Special Knowledge To Buy Bonds Wisely

Time was when only a government bond was considered gilt-edged. To-day there are many bonds recognized as equally safe for all practical purposes and decidedly more attractive.

But it requires *special knowledge* to buy bonds wisely and special training to acquire this knowledge.

We are bond specialists—just as your lawyer, on whose legal acumen and good judgment you rely, is a specialist.

Our specialty is to know bonds and to buy them only after finding out all about them. Every bond we own has been purchased in the light of our special knowledge and training.

The reliability, good judgment and efficiency of E. H. Rollins & Sons, founded 1876, are safeguards for you to employ without additional cost.

We have at all times safe, desirable bonds for sale—municipal, railroad and public service. Inquire about us of your banker and write for circular No. 557.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS
Investment Bonds

Founded 1876

Boston New York Chicago Denver
San Francisco Los Angeles



AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

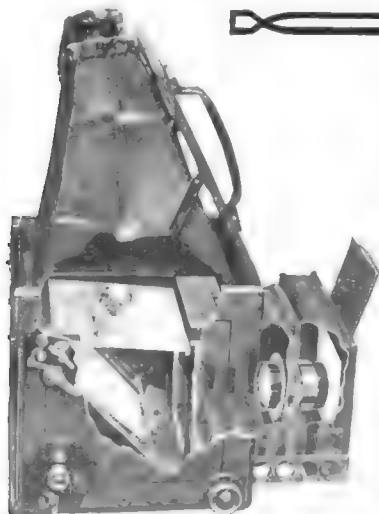
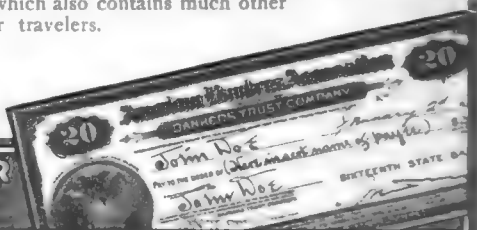
Pay Shopping Bills

Many travelers use "A.B.A." Cheques to pay shopping bills, as well as for hotel bills, railroad tickets, and other traveling expenses. Merchants, hotel people, and others who deal with travelers, understand that "A.B.A." Cheques are *safe* to accept, because they *identify* the holder and are *good for full value* at bank.

"A. B. A." Cheques (issued in \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100) are the best form of travel funds. Their many advantages are fully described in a booklet, "The Cheque for International Use," which also contains much other interesting and valuable information for travelers.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, Wall Street, New York, for the booklet, and for information as to where you can obtain "A.B.A." Cheques in your vicinity.

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



GRAFLEX CAMERAS

With this Camera you can
make better pictures.

There is no uncertainty with a Graflex. You see the image the size it will appear in the negative, up to the instant of exposure. You can watch the changing composition and expression until you see the picture just as you want it, when a slight pressure releases the shutter. There is no guess work—no finder nor focusing scale.

The Graflex shutter works at any speed from "time" to 1-1000 of a second. With the Graflex you can make snapshots indoors or in the shade.

Send for our illustrated catalog.

Folmer & Schwing Division, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.



Be Sure to See the

SEEGER THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY PATENTED
SIPHON REFRIGERATOR

before you decide upon your refrigerator. Have it demonstrated to you thoroughly. Note the air siphons between the food and ice chambers. This is the system that maintains a vigorous circulation of cold, dry air and carries off all moisture and impurities.

Cold, dry-air circulation is essential for perfect refrigeration. Your food storage should not be without it. Ordinary ice boxes are unsafe. The Seeger Siphon System is the only way to get a circulation that will keep foods pure.

Seeger Refrigerators are splendidly made. One-piece white elastic enamel lining (not paint) that will neither chip nor peel; fourteen-layer insulated walls, and beautifully-finished kiln-dried red oak exterior.

**SOLD BY DEALERS UNDER
THE SEEGER GUARANTEE**

COMPLETE CATALOG of all sizes and styles of Seeger Refrigerators upon request. Gives description and illustrates full details of construction and Siphon System. You ought to read it before deciding upon your refrigerator.

If we have no dealer in your city, we will ship you a "Seeger" direct.

Seeger Refrigerator Co.

854-870 Arcade St.

ST. PAUL, MINN.



Father Time
cannot affect
**a Terra Cotta
TILE ROOF**

The roof is the most important part of a building. If it is a Tile roof, it lasts forever without repairs—requires no aid of paint or stain to retain the original shade.

Terra Cotta Tiles defy time. They are permanent themselves and gives permanence to the structure which they shelter.

They are so laid that vibration or settlement of the building cannot dislodge them.

No moisture can enter under them to rot or rust the wood or other material beneath. No flame can warp, distort or crumble them.

Wind and weather leave them unscathed. No extremes of climate dim their beauty—no changes from heat or cold affect them.

They are there to stay, accomplish the purpose intended—afford protection and safety, and add to the beauty of the building.

The Tile roof adds more selling value to a structure than any other feature. In an ordinary house the roof first shows decay.

A Tile-roofed house never looks old. Tiles prevent depreciation, and this is of vital importance when investment as well as home-building is to be considered.

The Tile roof is not only absolutely fire-proof, but is the only sanitary roof. Besides being leak-proof and moisture-proof, it is also non-porous and non-conducting.

The total cost of a tile roof is the original price—cheaper in the end than any other.

Every piece of Tile produced by us has our name—a guarantee of highest quality—stamped on the inner side. Look for it.

Write for our illustrated booklet "The Roof Beautiful," printed in colors, referring to the origin and use of Tiles. It contains views of many beautiful homes with roofs of Terra Cotta Tiles, and is sent free upon request.

LUDOWICI-CELADON CO., CHICAGO

Manufacturers of

Terra Cotta ROOFING TILES

Ask Your Dealer About "CREX"

If he be posted, he will tell you that the genuine "CREX" floor coverings are a boon to discriminating housekeepers—that from a sanitary view point, "CREX" products have no equal—that for constant cheerfulness, natural cleanliness and durability, they are in a distinct class by themselves.

Your dealer may also truthfully add that "CREX" coverings are ideal for the summer home—especially for the living-porch. They produce an effect of cheerfulness and hospitality. Rain and dampness do not affect—they never curl. They are also reversible.

For bed chambers, closed during the hot hours, "CREX" coverings impart a delightful, refreshing perfume to the room when opened up.

You cannot appreciate all the numerous advantages of "CREX" products, unless you know the whole story. Write for our illustrated, descriptive booklet and 1912 catalogue of patterns and dimensions showing actual colorings.

**All grass floor coverings are not "CREX."
Look for trade-mark on every rug.**

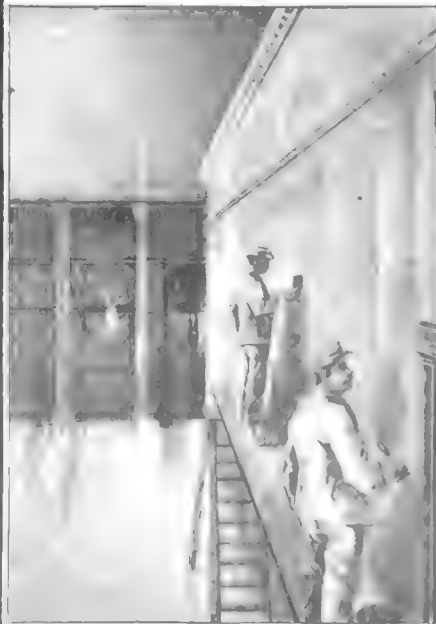
For sale by all first class department stores and furniture dealers.

CREX CARPET COMPANY

S. W. Cor. Broadway and White Street, New York City.
Mills—St. Paul, Minn.



Use OXIDE of ZINC Paints



THE MODERN INTERIOR is made wholesome and attractive with paint—flat wall finishes or enamels. These paints can be kept clean and inviting because they are washable.

The satisfactory kinds contain liberal percentages of

OXIDE OF ZINC

Paint your walls and ceilings; see that the paint used contains Oxide of Zinc; "house clean" the walls as you clean the woodwork. You will save the extra cost (if any) in length of service.

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil. A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc Paints mailed on request.

The New Jersey Zinc Co.
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
55 Wall Street, New York

Mellin's Food— Starch free

Mellin's Food supplies the carbohydrates which are deficient in cow's milk as compared with "baby's" natural food. These carbohydrates are the important food elements that create bodily heat and energy and are necessary to the good growth and development of "baby." Furthermore, Mellin's Food furnishes these carbohydrates in a form free from starch.

A young baby has no power of digesting starch, and if starch is added to a baby's milk, it is liable to cause colic, constipation or other digestive disturbances.

Starchy food requires cooking. Mellin's Food is free from starch; therefore, requires no cooking—simply dissolve the Mellin's Food in water and then add the milk.

We are glad to answer questions from mothers in regard to the use of Mellin's Food. Write today for a free sample bottle of Mellin's Food.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO. - Boston, Mass.

Lou Berne Reyner
La Plata
Missouri



TRADE MARK

HEISEY'S GLASSWARE

You have no idea what beautiful things—sparkling, clear as crystal and of attractive shapes—can be had for a very small outlay. Quality and durability considered,

HEISEY'S GLASSWARE

is not only the lowest priced tableware made, but is guaranteed, when used under like conditions, to last twice as long as ordinary glassware. Write us for our book "Table Glass and How to Use It."

A. H. Heisey & Co.
Department 21 NEWARK, OHIO



STEWART

Speedometer's word is good in court

When the judge fines you more than the cost of a Stewart it's too late to discover that you chose the wrong speedometer.

The Stewart can't tell a lie — it isn't built that way. It represents maximum efficiency in speedometers. Other makes may cost more, not because they are better than the Stewart, but because their manufacturers make less of them.

You pay for all the business they don't do, when you pay more than the price of the Stewart Speedometer.

Four out of every five speedometers in use are Stewarts.

Magnetic principle, employed in 85 per cent of all speedometers, making possible the use of slow moving parts; no wear; ball and jewel bearings; beautiful workmanship; remarkably accurate; 100,000-mile season odometer, 100-mile trip register, can be set back to any tenth of a mile; positive drive; no springs; unbreakable flexible shaft; drop forged swivel joint that will outwear car; noiseless road wheel gears.

SPEEDOMETER GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS

Write for handsome 1912 catalog telling you why in our big factory we can make the best speedometer at the lowest price. Write Today.

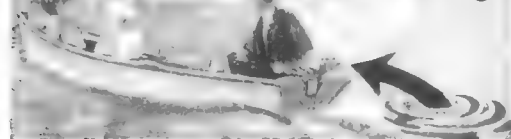


Speedometers, \$15 to \$30
Rim Wind Clock Combinations, \$45 to \$70

STEWART & CLARK MANUFACTURING CO.
1877 Diversey Boulevard, CHICAGO

Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Boston,
Cleveland, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis,
Indianapolis, London, Paris

WHYROW?



WHY tire yourself pulling a boat? Why perspire, get over-heated and all tired out, when a few cents worth of gasoline and an

EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE
ROW BOAT
MOTOR

will quickly and easily propel your boat all day.

The "Evinrude" Detachable Rowboat Motor can be attached to any rowboat in a minute. A turn of the wheel and your rowboat is a motorboat.

WEIGHS BUT 50 POUNDS. WILL PROPEL A BOAT UP TO 8 MILES AN HOUR

Thousands in use all over the world. So simple a child can run it. A strictly high-class outfit. The Czarina of Russia has four in use on her yacht. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for 24 page booklet illustrated in colors.



EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.

New York Salesrooms.
260 W Broadway,
Dept. Z

309 Reed St.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Learn Trapshooting



"The Sport Alluring" for Men and Women

Fascinating, Safe, Healthful. Second only to Base-Ball as a National Sport.

A large picture of the above scene (17" x 12"), in eight colors, for framing, sent on receipt of 14c in stamps. Ask for Free Booklet No. 222, "The Sport Alluring," profusely illustrated with pictures of royalty and celebrated Americans Trapshooting, and "Hints to Beginners."

DUPONT POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.
Pioneer Powder Makers of America Established 1802

THERMOS

Makes Traveling and Vacation Trips Safe

Public drinking cups are a fertile source of contagion—a serious menace to health. The Thermos Bottle is the sanitary means of having drinking water pure, cold and sparkling when traveling. A Thermos Bottle in your room at Summer Hotels and boarding houses prevents sickness from impure water. Boil the water, chill it, and keep it cold in a Thermos Bottle. Hot or cold drinkables or hot soup carried in Thermos, doubles the pleasures of refreshment hour on picnics or outings.

Thermos keeps liquids ice cold for 3 days or steaming hot for 24 hours.

Thermos Bottles \$1 up **Thermos Lunch Kits \$2.50 up**
On sale at Best Stores

Some dealers and some people are of the opinion that there are different makes of Thermos Bottles. *There is only one Thermos.* If your dealer will not sell you genuine Thermos, we will ship you direct, prepaid, upon receipt of price. Write for catalog of all Thermos products.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., Thermos Building, New York City
Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

THERMOS

Original from



Refuge from the Summer Sun

When the heat of the sun becomes unbearable and indoors there is not a trace of air—you can always go on the porch and be cool and comfortable, if it is equipped with

Vudor Porch Shades

Then the porch becomes the best room in the house day and night. Always light and breezy. You can look out but the people can not look in.

Ordinary porches can be equipped for from \$3.50 to \$10.00—a screwdriver is all that's needed to put them up. Neither weather nor sun affects them in any way—they last many seasons. Be careful to look for the "Vudor" name-plate so as to avoid the flimsy imitations which barely last one season through.

Write for handsome book—FREE—describing Vudor Porch Shades and showing them in their actual tints—they will harmonize with any color your house may be painted. Write today.

Hough Shade Corporation, 226 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

The Small Game Rifle That's Big Enough For Deer

Price \$15

New Model 27

.25—20 or .32—20 calibres



Marlin REPEATER

RABBIT, woodchuck, hawk, fox, wolf and deer fall ready prey to its high velocity smokeless or black and low pressure smokeless loads. For target work it is unexcelled.

Built with the famous Trombone Action and Smokeless Steel Barrel, unobtainable in any other rifle of its calibre.

Its solid top and side-ejection protect shooter's face and eyes, and prevent dirt from entering action.

The desirable take-down construction and Ivory Bead sight cost extra in other .25—20 and .32—20 rifles. You pay nothing additional for these in the Marlin.

See this hard-hitting, accurate shooting, perfectly-balanced rifle at your dealer's today.

Send 3c in postage for new catalog showing the complete line of Marlin repeaters, rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 12 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Used by U. S. Signal Corps

GENEVA

Superior Binocular

Delivered to you for



\$15.

Money back if you are not satisfied.

Its magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition is seldom equaled, even in those binoculars costing twice as much. Ask your dealer for it or send us \$15 and receive one on approval. If not satisfactory, return it (at our expense). We will cheerfully refund your money.

Our Handsome Book The Near Distance sent free on request

GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 39 Linden St., Geneva, N. Y.

ALSO FOR SALE BY

Chas. H. Wood, 1305 Washington St., Oakland, Cal.

J. Weiss & Sons, Montgomery, Ala.

S. Galeski Optical Co., Richmond, Norfolk and Roanoke, Va.

Globe Optical Co., Boston, Mass. Geneva Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.

INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS

The final guide to a careful choice of Luggage is the Indestructo Trade Mark.

If you are not an expert in leather knowledge, you can still buy Indestructo Luggage and know that you are receiving full value.

Indestructo Trunks are insured for five years of hard travel usage.

Indestructo Leather goods are guaranteed as to genuineness of material and high grade workmanship.

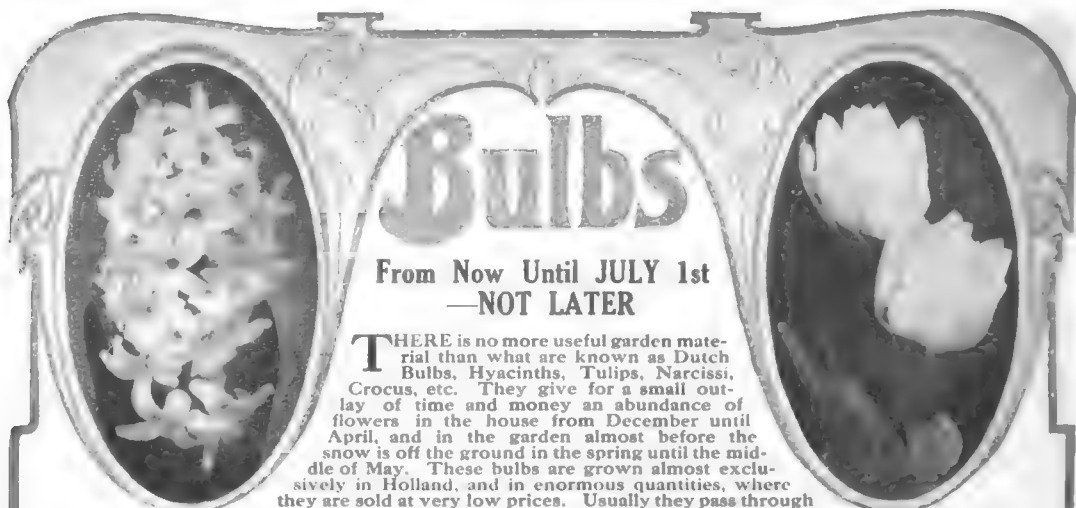
Do you ask stronger assurance of value in your purchase?

Write today for our Free Trunk and Baggage Table.

THE NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO.

224 Beiger Street,
Mishawaka,
Indiana.





Bulbs

**From Now Until JULY 1st
—NOT LATER**

THERE is no more useful garden material than what are known as Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give for a small outlay of time and money an abundance of flowers in the house from December until April, and in the garden almost before the snow is off the ground in the spring until the middle of May. These bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, and in enormous quantities, where they are sold at very low prices. Usually they pass through the hands of two dealers, and more than double in price before reaching the retail buyer in America. By ordering from us **now** instead of waiting until fall, you save from 20 to 40 per cent. in cost, get a superior quality of Bulbs not to be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers in the original packages immediately upon their arrival from Holland, perfectly fresh, and in the best possible condition.

If you wish to take advantage of our very low prices, we must have your order **not later than July 1st**, as we import Bulbs to order only. They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not of a satisfactory quality. (References required from new customers.) Our Import price-list, the most comprehensive catalogue of Bulbs published, is now ready, and may be had for the asking.

A FEW OF THE PRICES

	Per 100	Per 500		Per 100	Per 500
Fine Mixed Hyacinths . . .	\$3.00	\$13.75	Narcissus Poeticus . . .	\$.70	\$3.00
Fine Mixed Tulips . . .	.75	3.50	Double Daffodils . . .	1.85	8.50
Extra Fine Mixed Tulips . . .	.95	4.75	Narcissus Bicolor Empress . . .	2.70	12.50
Narcissus Emperor . . .	\$2.75	\$12.50			
Narcissus Golden Spar . . .	1.35	10.50			
Narcissus Bicolor Victoria, splendid free flowering . . .	2.50	10.00			
Spanish Iris, Splendid Mixture . . .	.45	1.75			

ELLIOTT NURSERY COMPANY, 346 4th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.




The Man and the Factory Behind the Steger Piano

The success of the **Steger & Sons** Piano proves that music-lovers have been quick to recognize its excellent qualities. The Steger Institution, as in the past, is determined to perpetuate its reputation by producing a piano of artistic worth and offering it at a moderate price. As an instrument of splendid musical sound, durable construction and graceful, refined designing it reflects the sincerity of this ambition.

Steger & Sons

Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos

Are offered at attractive prices—quality considered. Most exacting methods of manufacturing, the result of many years of experience, and the extensive Steger purchasing-power reduce remarkably the cost of each instrument. They are made in the great Steger piano-factories, at Steger, Illinois, the town founded by Mr. J. V. Steger.

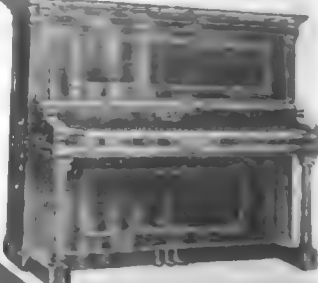
The Steger & Sons Catalog is a real necessity to those contemplating the purchase of a piano

PLANS FOR PAYMENT THAT MAKE BUYING CONVENIENT

Secure our new catalog—it will give you valuable information. Liberal allowance made for old pianos.

Steger & Sons

PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Steger Building, Chicago, Illinois



Why Suffer Pain ?

Pain is Nature's warning that something is amiss.

To *cure* pain, deep-seated conditions may have to be changed.

To *relieve* pain, simple and harmless means often can be found.

A First Aid

Vaseline Analgic is a first aid to sufferers from rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, etc. It is a scientific combination of Vaseline, Menthol and Methyl Salicylate. Any doctor knows the value of this combination. First a feeling of cold; then warmth; then a fading of the pain.

Vaseline Analgic

For external use only

For *neuralgia, rheumatism, etc.*, rub well in, then cover with soft linen or cloth.

For *catarrh or cold in the head*, rub on the forehead and bridge of nose.

For *toothache*, put a little on cotton and insert in the cavity of the tooth.

Vaseline Analgic has no bad after effects, and *it does relieve pain*. If you have an aching nerve, get a tube at once.

There are other valuable "Vaseline" preparations—some simple home remedies, others choice specialties for the toilet. Write today for an interesting booklet about them.



Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.
(CONSOLIDATED)

19 State Street

New York

Branch Offices: London—Montreal



Graduation gifts \$3 to \$5

One-fourth the cost of solid gold

12 to 14 karat gold—the part you see—beautifully wrought and thick enough to wear for years.

The Simmons process saves the gold at the center, where it is not needed.

Call at any good jeweler's—and see them

You'll find the finish to be better than solid gold. You get the same service—for a solid gold chain wears away to where the links are too thin for safety before a Simmons chain is worn out.

SIMMONS CHAINS

Fobs, bracelets, chatelaine pins and lockets for young women. Chains and fobs for young men. "SIMMONS" on each piece. Sold by jewelers everywhere since 1873.

Get Simmons Style Book before June 10th

If your jeweler hasn't Simmons, write us today for Style Book—make your selection from it and we'll see that you are supplied in time for any graduation.

R. F. Simmons Co., 179 N. Main St.
Attleboro, Mass.

R. F. Simmons Co.,
179 N. Main St., Attleboro, Mass.

Please send me FREE your
1912 Spring Style Book.

Jeweler's Name

His Address

Mr Name

Mr Address

KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR



With CUTICURA SOAP

A lifetime of disfigurement and suffering often results from the neglect, in infancy or childhood, of simple skin affections. In the prevention and treatment of minor eruptions and in the promotion of permanent skin and hair health, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are absolutely unrivaled.



Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 32-p. book, free, address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. At stores or by mail, 25c.



Can You Afford to Look Old?

Of course not. Then do not wear old-fashioned two-vision glasses—those conspicuous badges of increasing age.

KRYPTOK LENSES

(Worn by over 200,000 people)

are perfect double-vision lenses that look exactly like regular single-vision lenses. Two pieces of glass are perfectly fused into one lens—no line or seam can be seen.

No pasted edges to collect dust.

No cement to cloud the vision.

Your optician can supply you. If he *will not*, write us for the name of an optician who will. A glance reveals how different Kryptoks are from all other two-vision lenses. They are smooth to the touch. They can be put into any style frame or mounting, or into your present one.

Write for Descriptive Booklet

fully explaining Kryptok Lenses and containing many facts of interest and importance to every person who wears glasses.

KRYPTOK COMPANY

108 East 23d Street

New York City

Boating

Incidents in the life of My
Lady (Picture No. 7)

A thoughtful escort and the essence of gallantry. While rowing on river or lake, no matter how pleasant the day, the sun's rays are apt to cause a slight head-ache. A few drops of "4711" Eau de Cologne on the handkerchief, and touched to the brow and temples, relieves instantly the discomfort. Don't go on any trip without it. A "pocket size" wicker covered is our specialty.

Insist on "Forty-seven-eleven" —
Accept no substitute. — Sold
Everywhere — 4 oz. bottles,
55 c; other sizes,
plain and wicker,
85 c to \$ 3.00.

Ferd. Mülhens,
No. 4711 Glockengasse
Cologne o/R, Ger.

U.S. Branch — Mülhens & Kropff, New York.

House Founded 1792.

4711.



Eau de Cologne

Airyknit
The \$50,000 UNDERWEAR



wear made—576 air-pores to the inch. Ask your dealer for *Airyknit*.

Airyknit Booklet on request.

UTICA KNITTING CO., Mill 30, Utica, N. Y.

Look for the Bodygard Shield

We paid
\$50,000. for the
Airyknit idea. You
can buy *Airyknit* sepa-
rate and union garments
at 50c and \$1. *Airyknit*
is the finest, coolest under-

EVERYONE knows that homes must be heated to be comfortable, but few people know just how their own homes should be heated—not alone for comfort but for sanitation and economy—

We have published an interesting and comprehensive book on all forms of Home Heating—

A MODERN HOUSEWARMING

which we will send free to anyone about to build or remodel their present home.



A MODERN HOUSE WARMING explains in a simple way every heating problem and gives the reasons for every system now in use. It is intended to throw light on the Home Builder's individual heating problem—no matter where he lives—and to enable him to decide intelligently for himself the best and most economical method for making the home warm, comfortable and sanitary. Compiled by expert heating engineers with direct reference to the individual need of just such a book. Beautifully illustrated with photographs of actual interiors.

A MODERN HOUSE WARMING tells in addition the scientific application of United States Radiators and Boilers to the peculiar needs of the home builder. How, rightly installed and used, they heat the home to a healthful, even warmth, with low fuel cost—no matter what the weather—and how they bring health to the family.

United States Radiators and Boilers mark the highest achievement in modern and sanitary heating, the result of over 20 years' expert experience in successful designing and installation. The United States Government specifies them for its public buildings, and architects install them in their own homes.

Let us enlighten you as to what your heating system should be. Learn from authorities to judge your own needs.

To The Complete Line of Radiators and Boilers—the United States Radiator Corporation has added two Vacuum Cleaning systems of tried and proven excellence for both portable and light and heavy installation. The Capitol-Invincible Electric Renovator (turbine) and the Capitol-Connersville (positive rotary type). Write for our booklet, "How to Buy a Vacuum Cleaner," if you would have a clean, sanitary—dustless home.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

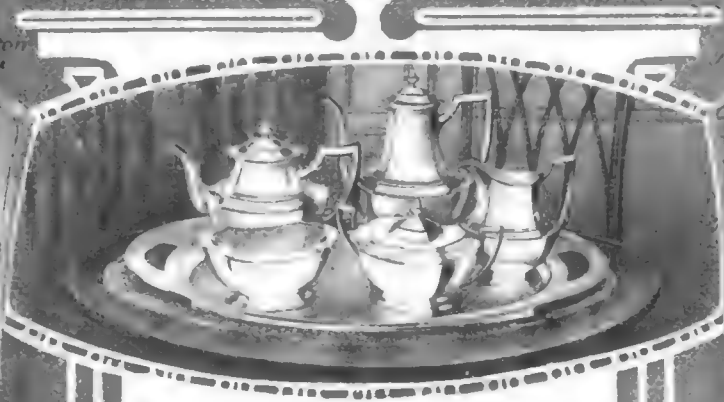
37 East Grand River Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

NEW YORK 3-5-7 West 29th Street
PHILADELPHIA 122 North 13th Street
PITTSBURGH 4th Av. and Wood Street
DETROIT 139 Jefferson Avenue

BRANCHES AND SHOW ROOMS
ST. LOUIS 14th and Pine Streets
BOSTON 236 Congress Street
BALTIMORE 709 North Howard Street

CHICAGO 124 North Dearborn Street
MINNEAPOLIS 901 Washington Av., S.
OMAHA 916 Farnam Street
KANSAS CITY 250 East 10th Street

R. WALLACE SILVER

Washington
PatternLaurel
Pattern

TRADE MARK
R. WALLACE & SONS
STERLING

THE unpretentious grace of our Washington pattern in Sterling Silver Service unfailingly suggests the Colonial period. It is as worthy in craftsmanship as though actually handed down from former generations.

"1835 —
R. WALLACE"

*Silver plate that **RESISTS** wear*

The Laurel Pattern in silver plate—is less severely classical. Outwardly as fine as sterling, its wearing quality is scarcely less. Reinforced with pure silver at all wearing points, it gives three-fold service.

Both our sterling and plate must give positive satisfaction or we replace it.

A delightful little book, "Table Decorations for Celebrations," and "How to Set the Table," by Mrs. Rorer, will be sent free to anyone interested in Wallace Silver.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. COMPANY
BOX 25 WALLINGFORD, CONN.

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

London

R. WALLACE
STERLING

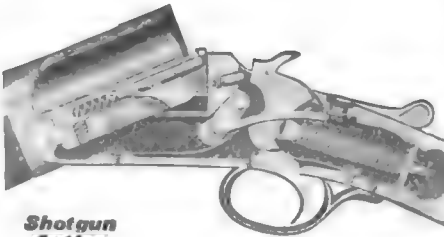
IVER JOHNSON DESIGN

Obviously the element of design is all important. Take our revolver as an example. In the harmony of parts, in simplicity, in the refinement of every detail it is years in advance of other firearms.



**Safety
Revolver
Action**

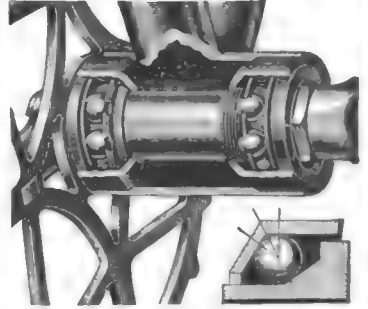
Our department of design is independent of all other departments. It is in charge of a corps of able, creative, mechanical engineers whose only task is to improve old, and produce new mechanisms. A wonderfully equipped, experimental machine shop is at their disposal.



**Shotgun
Action**

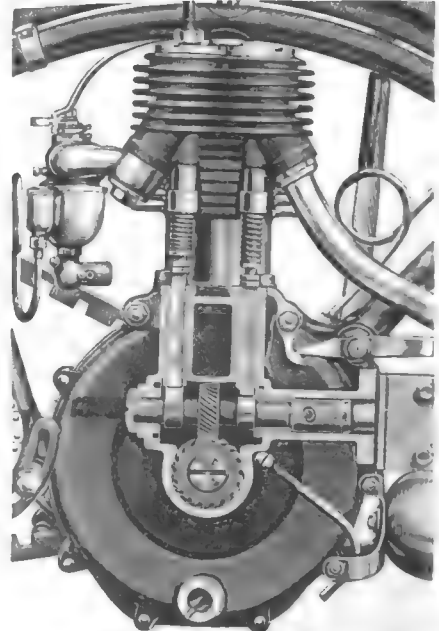
These designers have developed an absolutely perfect bicycle; rugged, light running, long-lived; a bicycle which has obtained dominating popularity because of its efficiency, durability and elegant design.

The final triumph of this department is a motorcycle which has been pronounced by impartial experts to be the finest example of mechanical design and construction ever produced in a motor driven vehicle. A motorcycle which is fast, long-lived, sensitive in control, easy riding and graceful in appearance.



Bicycle Crank

Comprehensively illustrated catalogs are yours for the asking; catalog A on firearms; catalog C on cycles.



Motorcycle Engine

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers St. Pacific Coast: Phil B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco

*May we send you this
dainty silver plated
Vanity
Box?*

How to get it

Simply buy a box of Williams' Talc Powder, any odor; send us the name of the dealer from whom you bought it, the date of purchase and ten 2-cent stamps (20 cents), and we will send the Vanity Box to you at once.



A woman who uses Williams' Talc Powder likes to have it with her when automobiling, calling, shopping, traveling, etc. To make this possible we have had manufactured expressly for us a beautiful little **Silver-plated Vanity Box**. This is not a flimsy, highly

decorated advertising novelty, but an article of real value—one that you would willingly pay a dollar or more for at a jeweler's, at least a good many women have told us so.

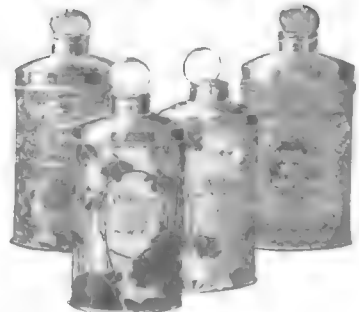
It has a Hinged-cover, Concentrating Mirror and a French Powder Puff. The little mirror, alone, makes the Vanity Box indispensable to every woman.

Williams'

Talc Powder

Its whiteness pleases the eye, its fineness delights the touch, its softness refreshes the skin, and its fragrance holds first place with a host of discriminating women.

Your choice of four odors: Violet, Carnation, Rose (flesh tint), Karsi, a rich Oriental perfume



Address The J. B. Williams Company, 130 Maple Avenue, Glastonbury, Conn.

Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Soap, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Matchless Cold Cream, Etc.

Dioxogen

How it helps to prevent Infection

GRIP, scarlet fever, typhoid, measles, tonsilitis, diphtheria—and all other infectious diseases are caused by germs.

There are germs in the mouth and throat, and on the surface of the body, all the time.

The slightest inflammation of the delicate membranes of the throat, or the smallest cut or scratch, gives the germs foothold, where they multiply with amazing rapidity.

Dioxogen affords the best protection against diseases caused by germs. It can be used freely as a mouth wash, gargle, or spray from an atomizer.

Apply it as soon as you can to any cut, scratch, bruise or burn.

It allays inflammation; and prevents local infection.

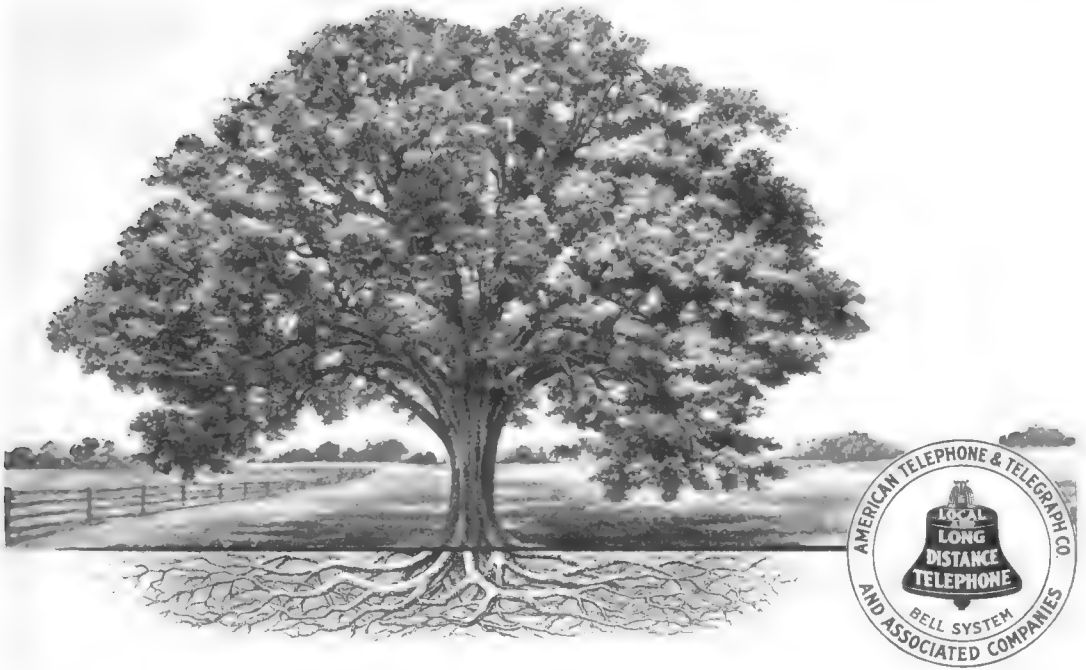
Those who use Dioxogen consistently, secure the greatest protection against contagious diseases.

Have a bottle always at your office and at home.

Put it where the children can get at it easily.



Dioxogen, 98 Front Street, New York City



The Tree System—The Bell System

A NOBLE tree thrives because the leaves, twigs, branches, trunk and roots are all working together, each doing its part so that all may live.

Neither the roots nor the branches can live without the other, and if the trunk is girdled so that the sap cannot flow, the whole tree dies.

The existence of the tree depends not only on the activity of all the parts, but upon their being always connected together in the "tree system."

This is true also of that wonderful combination of wires, switchboards, telephones, employes and subscribers which helps make up what is called the Bell Telephone System.

It is more than the vast machinery of communication, covering the country from ocean to ocean. Every part is alive, and each gives additional usefulness to every other part.

The value of telephone service depends not only on the number of telephones, but upon their being always connected together, as in the Bell System.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

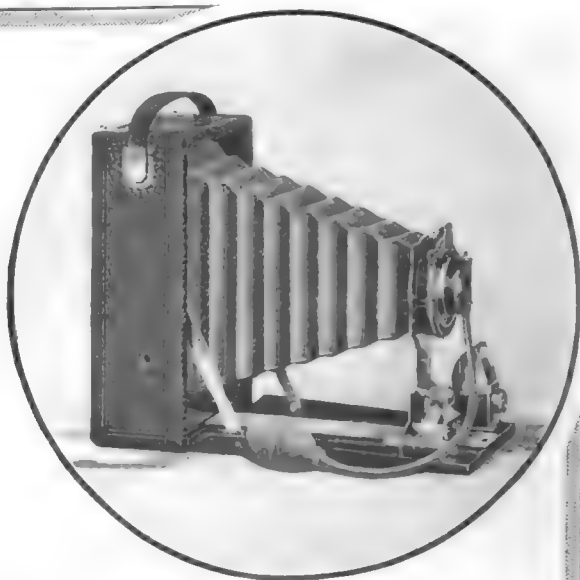
Digitized by Google

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to all advertisers or visiting your dealer.

*The more
pleasant
your vacation
the more you
will need a*



PREMO

The more you will want pictures of the good times you are having—the interesting people you meet—the unusual sights you see. You can easily make and bring back such pictures if you have one of these ideal vacation cameras. For instance, the

FILM PREMO NO. 1

A vacation camera should be simple to use. The Film Premos are the easiest to load and operate of all cameras.

A vacation camera should be convenient to carry. Film Premos are the lightest and most compact cameras to be had for pictures of equal sizes.

A vacation camera should be reliable. Film Premos are fitted with tested lenses and the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter. They use film from the same stock as the famous Eastman N. C. You can develop this film by the tank or tray system, or have the dealer do it for you, as you prefer.

The new Premo catalogue will give you many pointers on just the outfit you need. It describes many Premos at prices from \$1.50 to \$150.00. It's free at the dealer's or will be mailed to any address on request. Get it to-day.

IMPORTANT—In writing be sure to specify Premo catalogue.

Rochester Optical Division, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.



"How
silver-sweet
sound lovers'
tongues by
night"

—Romeo and
Juliet

Famous Sweethearts

CENTURIES have unchanged the wooing and winning of lovely maid by stalwart man.

But the Juliet of to-day offers her Romeo delectable sweets undreamt of in Shakespeare's time. Nabisco Sugar Wafers are subtle charmers indeed. In ten cent tins, also in twenty-five cent tins.



**A
Famous
Sweet**

Chocolate Tokens — another exquisite confection, enveloped in rich chocolate.

**NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY**

"Standard"

GUARANTEED
PLUMBING
FIXTURES



EVERY night is tub night when "Standard" Fixtures are in the home. The delight which the convenience, beauty and refinement of "Standard" Fixtures create in the use of the bathroom, makes daily bathing the rule in every home possessing them. Children especially are drawn to cleanliness by the appeal of their attractiveness. Their resistance to time and use, makes their purchase the most economical of all the homebuilder's expenditures.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameled, and thus meet the requirements of those who

demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label*. In order to avoid the substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. G

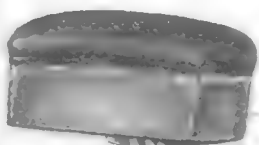
PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York 35 W. 31st Street
Chicago 415 Ashland Block
Philadelphia... 1128 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can. 59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh..... 106 Sixth Street
St. Louis..... 100 N. Fourth Street
Cincinnati..... 663 Walnut St.

Nashville..... 315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans, Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can..... 215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston..... John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville..... 319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland..... 648 Huron Road, S. E.
Hamilton, Can..... 20-28 Jackson St., W.

London.... 53 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Houston, Tex., Preston and Smith Sts.
San Francisco... Metropolis Bank Bldg.
Washington, D. C..... Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio..... 311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex., Front and Jones Sts.

*Good Luck With
Every Baking
—Certain*



The Guaranteed
OCCIDENT FLOUR

Many times you have wished you could be *sure* your *baking* would turn out *all right* and save the *anxiety* of baking day.

Then why not Bake with the flour that Guarantees your Baking?

You may have used one kind of flour for years. Just have your grocer deliver one sack of OCCIDENT. Try it. See what the family thinks of the bread and pastry. Then if you *don't* like OCCIDENT better in every way than your other flour, your grocer will pay back the price.

You can't buy any other flour like OCCIDENT. It is made entirely from Hard Northern Wheat—the best bread-making wheat grown. Eight of our Mills with their eighty Elevators are in the midst of the wonderful wheat fields of North Dakota where we get **FIRST CHOICE** for OCCIDENT flour.

Costs More—Worth It

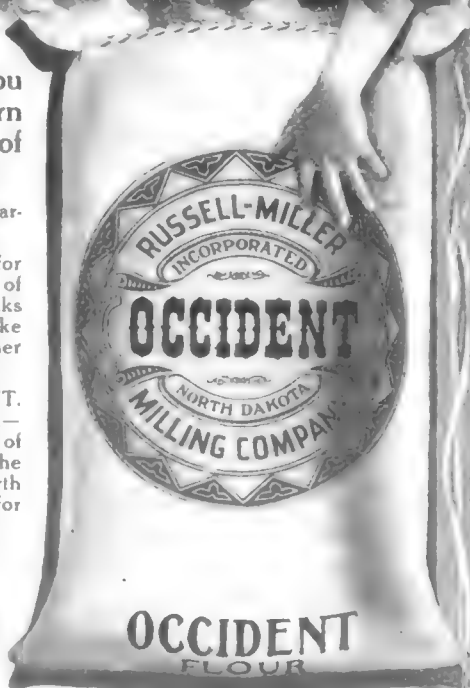
We mill more thoroughly—take more time spend more money in washing and scouring our wheat, in purifying and testing our flour than any other mill. Every ounce is always up to the highest standard.

That's why you pay a trifle more for OCCIDENT than ordinary flour. And it goes further, makes more bread to the sack and every loaf has more nutriment.

Every housewife should send for our Free Booklet, "Better Baking."

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING COMPANY - Minneapolis, U. S. A.

**Our Written Money-Back
Guarantee in Every Sack.**



Father really ought to have his picture taken — he hasn't had a photograph since that funny looking one in the cut-away coat that he was married in. ('Twas a noon wedding you know.)

Yes, mother says 'twas a good one of him as he looked *then*, but really, for the sake of the family, there should be one of him as he looks *now*.

There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

ÆTNA-IZED?



A SINKING SHIP

Is the most tragic of all disasters. But the lives lost in such disasters are few compared to those lost in the ordinary course of human activity on shore. Such a disaster ought therefore to bring you to the realization of the common dangers of everyday life against which an **ÆTNA Accident Policy** will protect you.

This policy will protect your income and the income of your family. For \$25 the **ÆTNA Life Insurance Company** will insure your income against loss by accidental injury or death. \$25 per week while you are disabled by **ACCIDENT**.

And in addition

\$5,000 to your family if your **ACCIDENT** results fatally.

\$5,000 to YOU if it causes loss of both hands; or both feet, or one hand and one foot; or one hand and one eye; or one foot and one eye.

\$2,500 to YOU if it causes loss of one hand, or one foot; or one eye.

These amounts (except for weekly indemnity) **INCREASE ONE-HALF IN FIVE YEARS** without extra cost and are **ALL DOUBLED** if your accident happens in a public passenger conveyance or elevator, or in a burning building.

Larger or smaller amounts at proportionate cost.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY—LIBERAL CONTRACTS—PROMPT SETTLEMENTS

Send in the coupon to-day

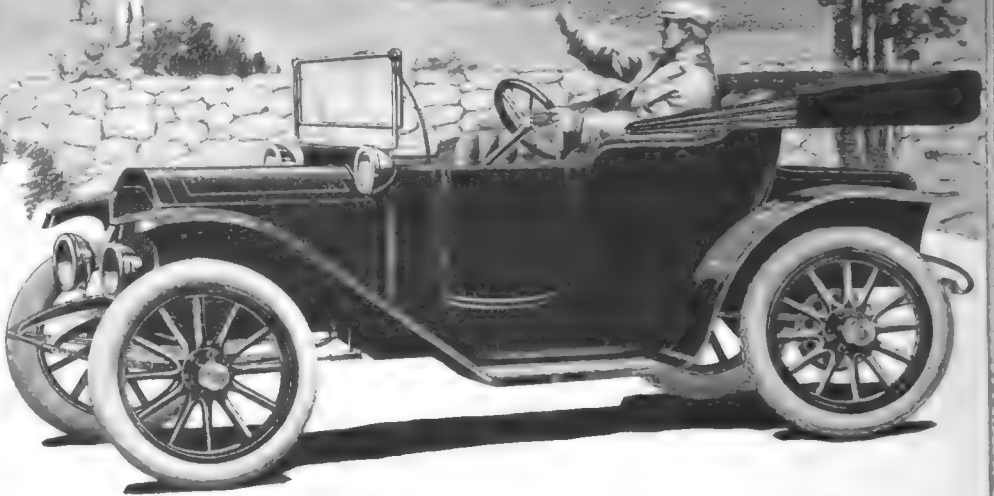
Ætna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn.

Tear off

I am under 65 years of age and in good health. Tell me how to **ÆTNA-IZE** my income.
My name, business address and occupation are written below.

Digitized by Google Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE
Detroit
ELECTRIC



The Gentleman's Town Car

WHETHER on business or pleasure bent—in crowded city thoroughfares or to and from country club, golf links or suburban home—the *unfailing* service of this trim, aristocratic roadster will win your admiration.

It is the ideal automobile for men who demand an all-around Town Car. It is speedy, noiseless, clean, odorless. With it you can present a well-groomed appearance from morning until night—independent of a chauffeur. It is always ready. Nothing to do but go.

It has the quickest "get-away" in traffic of any automobile made.

A greater speed is possible with the Detroit Electric than the traffic ordinance of any city allows. Its mileage is more than ample for an entire day's use.

One to five speeds *instantly* attainable—all controlled by one lever on the steering wheel.

Hills have no terrors for the Detroit Electric. Scores of Kansas City and Seattle people drive them daily.

Further information gladly sent upon request.

Anderson Electric Car Company

402 Clay Ave., Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches:

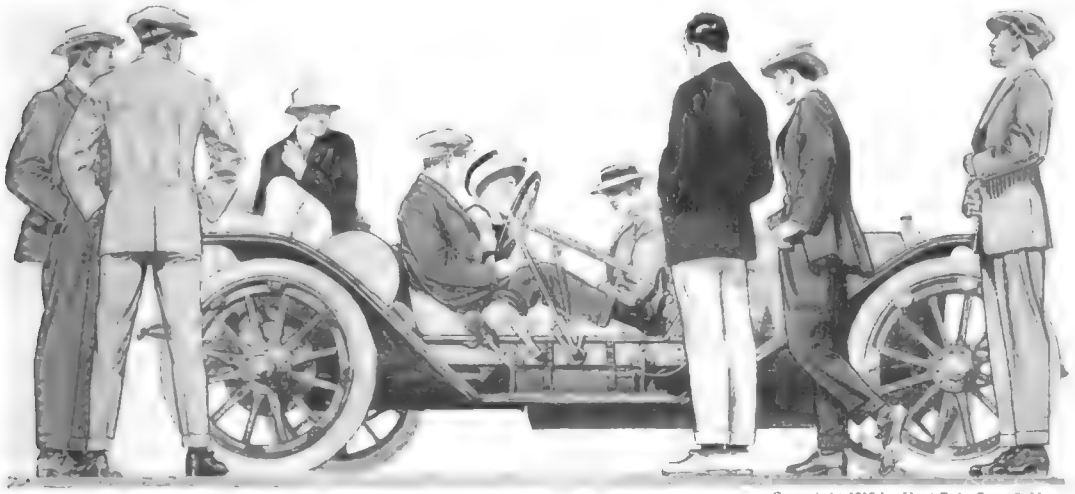
New York:—Broadway at 80th Street. Chicago:—2416 Michigan Ave.

(Also Branch at Evanston)

Selling representatives in most leading cities

Brooklyn
Buffalo
Cleveland

Kansas City
Minneapolis
St. Louis



Copyright 1912 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

THIS illustration of a group of young fellows will give you some idea of the kind of clothes we've made for young men this season.

At the right, notice the smart summer suit; patch pockets; slender, shaped-in waist; long-roll lapel; trousers worn with a belt; no waistcoat. Made in a very great variety of pattern weaves, grays, tans, browns, blues.

The Norfolk, at the left, is one of the most favored of all the season's models. The dark serges and worsteds are always favored by men who dress well; the blue serge coat with flannel trousers is the regulation style for summer lounging.

In any good stock of our clothes, anywhere, you will find these styles ready-to-wear. The fabrics are all-wool always; carefully shrunk by the most scientific process known; the tailoring is as carefully done as we know how to do it. The styles are right to the last small detail; they'll stay stylish.

Our mark in a garment is your guide to satisfaction;
a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

New York

40 years building



1869

Long before there were any rubber-tired vehicles, we were learning about rubber—how to add durability, yet retain the elasticity of the pure gum. When the automobile arrived, this experience made Goodrich Tires—

The Original American Clinchers

—the standard of value, because they were “*made of real rubber*”—and made *right*.

GOODRICH TIRES

Experience, also, led us to adopt from the first, the right method of construction;—the mileage-producing tire

Integrally Molded—Wearing as a Unit

Last of all, over 30 years of experience was responsible for the first really tough tread, the wonderful

White Tough Tread

—the most durable form of rubber known, made inseparable with the tire, so that it *cannot* peel, part or come loose.

Like the Sole of a Good Shoe

the White Tough Tread stays on, wears slowly, and protects the “upper” or flexible part from injury and contact with the ground...Goodrich users never “*travel on their uppers!*”

the Tough White Tread

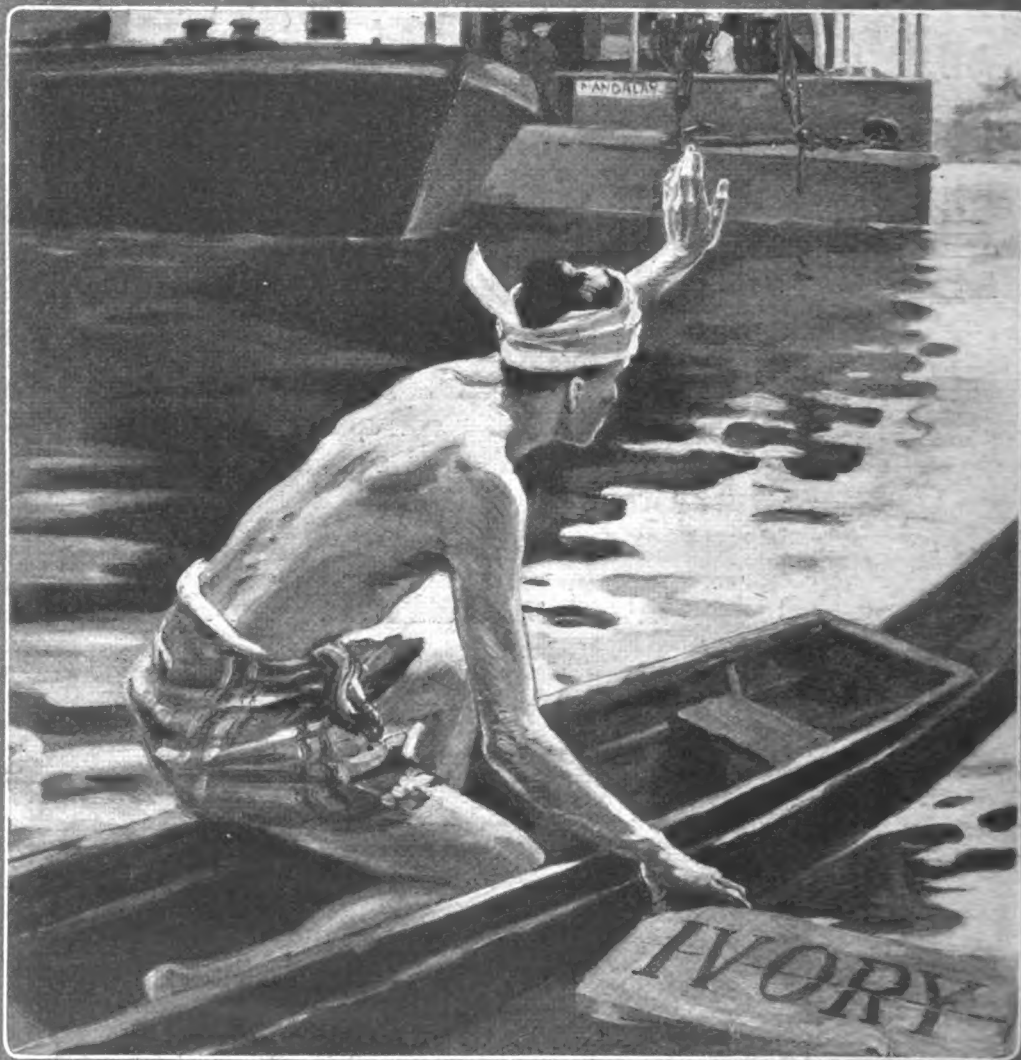
Goodrich Service is a "Good Will Service". One hundred branches and supply stations furnish all styles, to fit all rims—and take care of the user *after sale*.

Which will you have this year:
Pleasurable Mileage, from tires
that started right and *are* right,
together with generous service, or
—"just tires?"

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Akron, Ohio

Largest in the World





THERE are two striking things about the incident on the Burmese coast pictured above. The first is the box of soap floating on the water. The second is the presence of Ivory Soap so far from home.

In carrying the case from one boat to another, a Chinese coolie dropped it overboard. But a native in his sampan quickly recovered it for, as you know, Ivory Soap floats.

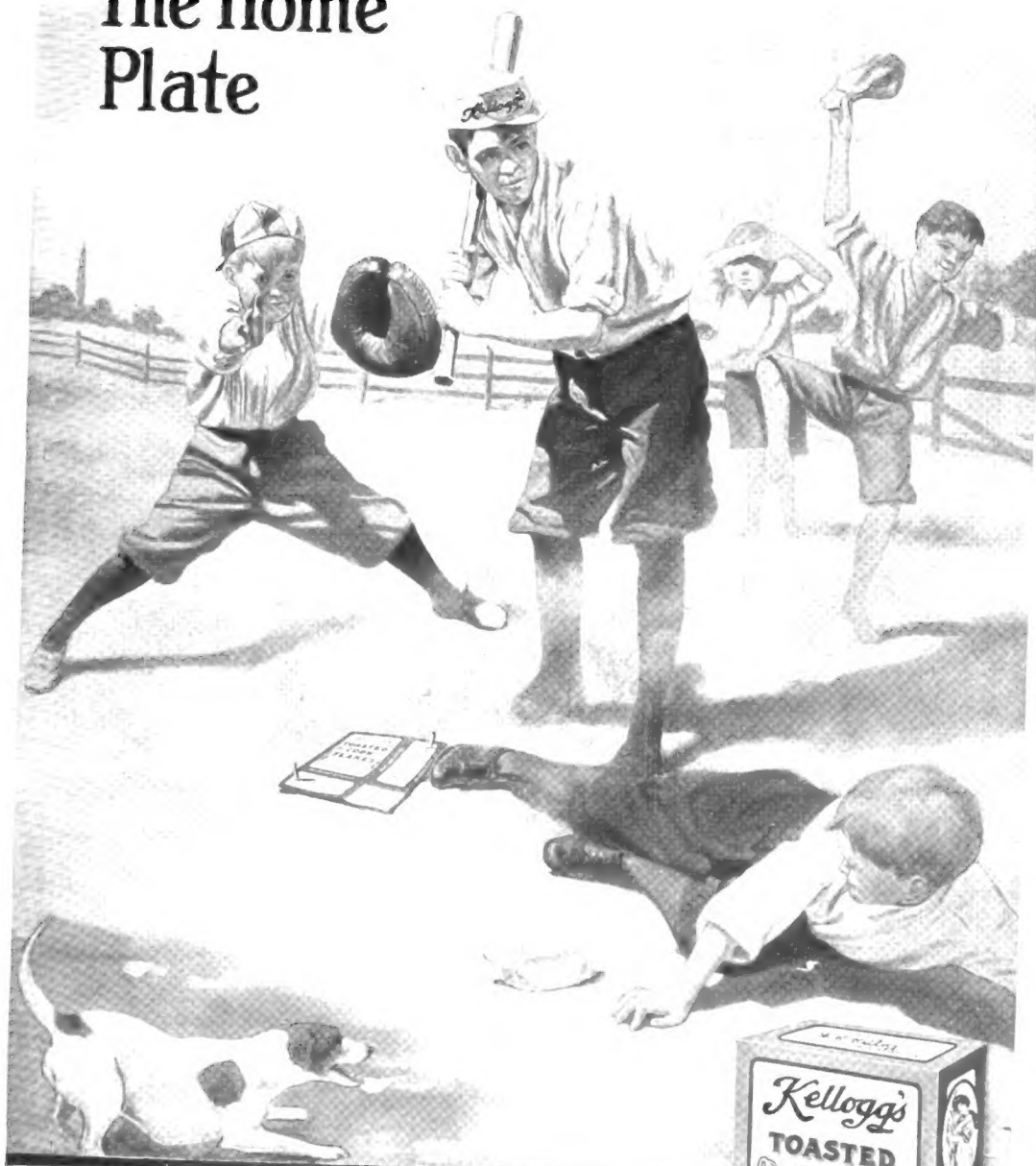
The soap was on its way to one of the shops in Mandalay catering to the trade of foreigners. These residents, coming to the tropics from cooler countries, suf-

fer greatly with prickly heat. They find that frequent bathing with Ivory Soap so cools, soothes and refreshes the skin that it is kept free from irritation.

Ivory Soap is delightfully effective—cleanses so thoroughly and so gently—because it lathers freely, rinses easily and contains no “free” (uncombined) alkali.

Ivory Soap It Floats

The Home Plate



W. K. Kellogg

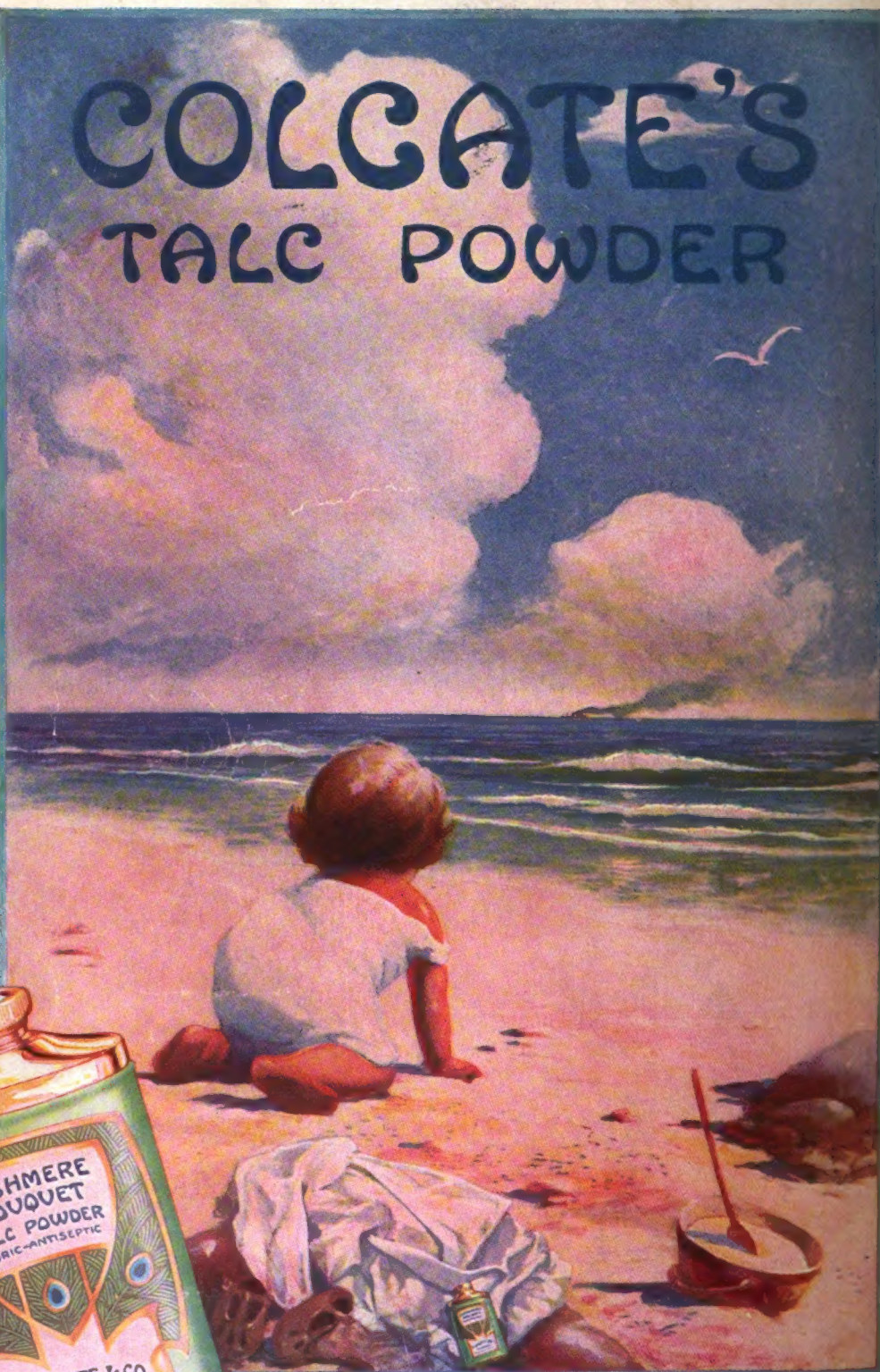
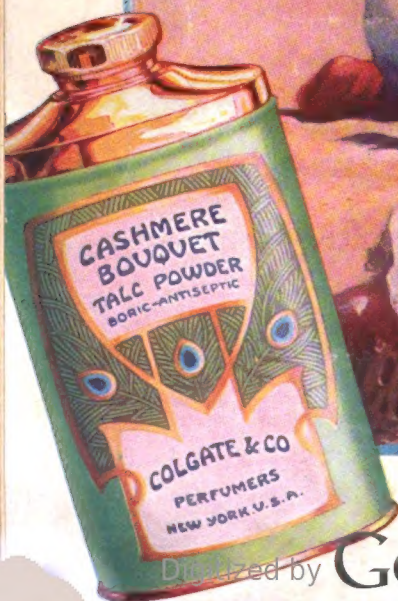
LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER



Cooling, soothing, refreshing, Colgate's Talc relieves the irritation of sunburn and removes hot weather stickiness. Daintily scented, with the widest choice of perfumes, Colgate's Talc meets every preference. The five perfumes at your dealer's—Éclat (new), Cashmere Bouquet, Violet, Monard Violet (new), Dactylis—and a dainty trial size of any one sent for 4 cents postage.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. E, 199 Fulton Street, New York
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.